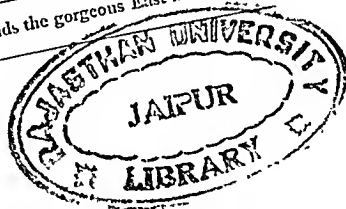


EPISODES
OF
ANGLO-INDIAN HISTORY.

A SERIES OF CHAPTERS
FROM THE ANNALS OF BRITISH INDIA, SHOWING
THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

BY
W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

'And now she holds the gorgeous East in fee.'—WORDSWORTH.



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PREFACE.

It is a frequent complaint that the English public know little of India. It is certainly curious that, until within the last few years, the study of Indian history formed no part of the ordinary curriculum of our schools; though it might have been supposed that a record so full of brilliant deeds would have had a strong and special attraction for our English youth. One reason, however, for this general indifference or ignorance may have been the want of popular books upon the subject, calculated to engage the attention of the ordinary reader. Down to quite a recent date, almost the only compositions of this kind were Lord Macaulay's picturesque essays on Clive and Warren Hastings. And though much, it is true, has recently been done in this direction, there still remains room, if I mistake not, for a compilation such as the present, in which the leading facts of Anglo-Indian history are presented without unnecessary detail. In truth, it has been my desire to tell my story with the utmost simplicity, believing that its deep, intrinsic interest cannot fail to secure the reader's attention. The many difficult problems connected with our position in India and our relations towards its people have necessarily been left untouched, as out of place in a work which simply indicates *the way* to the student—furnishes him, as it were, with a map

of broad outlines, which he may fill up hereafter from the original sources. But the general public, I think, will find in the following pages a tolerably clear and succinct view of the various stages by which our Indian Empire has attained to its present development. I venture to believe they may rely upon its accuracy of statement; and for this purpose I have carefully consulted the best authorities, from Orme and Mill down to Kaye, Malleon, and Wheeler, while subjecting every page to a searching revision.

It will be seen that my narrative terminates with the suppression of the Indian Mutiny: later events it is difficult to judge with that absolute freedom from political partisanship which is incumbent upon the humblest historical writer.

W. H. D. A.

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- Warren Hastings, April 13th, 1772.
 Sir John Macpherson, February 1st, 1785.
 Marquis Cornwallis, September 12th, 1786.
 Sir John Shore (Lord Teignmouth), October 28th, 1793.
 Marquis Cornwallis (did not serve).
 Sir Alured Clarke (provisional), April 6th, 1798.
 Marquis Wellesley, May 17th, 1798.
 Marquis Cornwallis, July 30th, 1805.
 Sir George Barlow (provisional), October 10th, 1805.
 Earl of Minto, July 31st, 1807.
 Marquis of Hastings, October 4th, 1813.
 Hon. John Adam (provisional), January 13th, 1823.
 George Canning (did not serve).
 Earl Amherst, August 1st, 1823.
 Hon. W. B. Bayley (provisional), March 13th, 1828.
 Lord William Bentinck, July 4th, 1828. First Governor-General, by Act 3 & 4 William IV., c. 85.
 Lord (Sir Charles) Metcalfe (provisional), March 20th, 1835.
 Earl of Heytesbury (did not serve).
 Earl of Auckland, March 6th, 1836.
 Earl of Ellenborough, February 28th, 1842.
 W. Wilberforce Bird (provisional), June 15th, 1844.
 Viscount Hardinge, July 23rd, 1844.
 Marquis of Dalhousie, January 12th, 1848.
 Earl Canning, July, 1855. Proclaimed the first Viceroy November, 1858.
 Earl of Elgin, appointed August, 1861. Died, November 20th, 1863.
 Sir John (afterwards Lord) Lawrence, December, 1863.
 Earl of Mayo, October, 1868. Assassinated, February 8th, 1872.
 Earl of Northbrook, February, 1872.
 Lord Lytton, 1877.

BOOK I.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND THE FRENCH.

I.

THE reports of the treasure which the Portuguese brought from their possessions in India stimulated the Elizabethan merchants to seek a footing in the East. It was for this purpose such persevering efforts were made to discover a north-west passage to 'Far Cathay'; and, when these failed, an expedition under Sir Hugh Willoughby attempted a voyage to the north-east, only to perish miserably on the frozen shores of Lapland (1554). The north-west route again rose into favour, and Frobisher and Davis (1576-1587) found their way into the recesses of the Arctic Ocean. But a new channel to India still remained undiscovered; and English enterprise resolved to dispute the pretensions of the Portuguese, and undertake the voyage round the Cape of Good Hope. Drake, in the course of his famous circumnavigation of the globe, returned to England by this route, after visiting the Molucca Islands, and opening up a friendly intercourse with the King of Ternate (1580). Thomas Cavendish, an adventurer of noble birth, who followed in the great sea-king's track, visited the Philippines, the Ladrões, the Moluccas, and accumulated a mass of information

relative to the Indian Archipelago (1588).* The effect thus produced on the popular imagination is attested by the numerous figures and illustrations which occur in the poets and dramatic writers of the age ; and it was intensified by Drake's capture of a Portuguese carrack in 1587, and Burroughs' capture of a still larger and richer argosy in 1593. Laden with silks, spices, gold, pearls, porcelain, precious woods, and other articles, this treasure-ship inflamed the minds of our merchants with an impatient desire for a share in 'so opulent a commerce.' Their jealousy as well as their cupidity was excited when, in 1595, the Dutch despatched four ships to trade with India by the Cape of Good Hope.

In 1599 an association of 'adventurers' was formed, with a view of engaging in the Indian trade. The capital amounted to £30,133 6s. 8d., and consisted of 101 shares; and the management rested with a committee of fifteen shareholders,† the origin and foundation of the Court of Directors of the East India Company. A petition was addressed to the Queen for a warrant to equip three ships and export bullion, and also for a charter of privileges. The reply was favourable; but the political situation necessitated some delay, until, in 1600, the adventurers lost all patience, and once more applied for the sanction of the government. This was eventually obtained, and, on the 31st of December, a charter of privileges was issued, constituting the adventurers a

* 'I navigated,' he says, 'to the islands of Philippines, hard upon the coast of China, of which country I have brought such intelligence as hath not been heard of in these parts; a country, the stateliness and riches of which I fear to make report of, lest I should not be credited. I sailed along the islands of Moluccas, where, among some of the heathen people, I was well entreated; and where our countrymen may have trade as freely as the Portugals, if they themselves will.'

† Afterwards enlarged to twenty-four, with a chairman.

body politic and corporate by the name of, 'The Governor and Company of Merchants of London, Trading to the East Indies.' A fleet of five ships, under Captain James Lancaster, sailed from Torbay on the 2nd of May, 1601. The voyage was by no means unsuccessful, and the Company felt encouraged to persevere in their design. In the course of ten years, from 1603 to 1613, ten other voyages were undertaken, and their general result fully satisfied the expectations of their promoters. The fleet which sailed in 1611 met with a favourable reception at Surat; and the Company obtained permission to establish factories at Surat, Ahmedabad, Cambaya, and Goya. A firman, or decree, of the Great Mogul, or emperor, bestowed various commercial privileges upon them. It was issued on the 11th of January, 1613, and authorised the first establishment of the English on the mainland of India, then 'the seat of one of the most extensive and splendid monarchies on the surface of the globe.'

The Mogul court was at that time well inclined towards the English, having been rudely and unjustly treated by the Portuguese government; and Sir Thomas Roe, who was sent on an embassy in 1614, was received with special distinction. He obtained redress of certain grievances alleged by the English merchants, and concluded a treaty by which they were allowed to trade and plant factories in any part of the Mogul dominions, Surat, Bengal, and Sindy being specially named. In 1617 the Company raised a capital of £1,600,000. They were then possessed of thirty-six ships, from 100 to 1,000 tons burden. Their operations, however, were not carried on without some risk, owing to the formidable competition of the Portuguese, and more particularly of the Dutch, who finally succeeded in monopolising the commerce

of the Spice Islands. What they lost in the latter direction, however, was counterbalanced by their success against the Portuguese, whom they totally defeated at Jasques in 1620, and expelled from Ormuz in 1622. An attempt to recover Ormuz in 1630 was baffled by the English fleet. Soon afterwards the Company was called upon to face a new danger in the formation of a rival association, that of the Merchant Adventurers, to trade with India (1635); and a tedious hostility sprang up between them, which lingered on for several years, until terminated by a coalition in 1657. In the interval the Company obtained a footing on the coast of Coromandel, and Fort St. George was erected at Madraspatam, on land ceded by the Raja of Chandra-gheri (1640-41). This settlement was constituted a presidency in 1653-4.

From lack of funds the proceedings of the united Company were for many years conducted on a limited scale. The influence of the Dutch increased both at Surat and on the Coromandel Coast, and that of the English steadily declined. Yet during this period of weakness and obscurity several events occurred which, as the elder Mill observes, proved by their consequences to be of considerable importance. The island of Bombay was ceded to Charles II. as part of the dowry of Catharine of Braganza; and the King, in 1668, ceded it to the Company. The English factory at Hugli, established in 1640, threw off branches at Balasur and Cossimbazar. The native energy of the race asserted itself on every favourable occasion; and at length the increasing wealth of the country enabling the directors to augment their capital, the Company gradually emerged from the shadows in which it had been involved. Its yearly fleets were larger, and the cargoes more profitable. In 1667 it began to import tea; in 1673 it obtained a grant of the island of St. Helena.

Ten years later the Company was again threatened with the misfortune it most dreaded, that of competition. A scheme was set on foot to subscribe the capital of a new East India Company, and assumed such proportions, that it engaged the attention of the King and his Council. The old Company, meanwhile, went on its way, which was often a blundering and ill-considered way,—removing the seat of government from Surat to Bombay, and elevating the latter, in 1687, into a regency; forming Madras into a corporation, governed by a mayor and aldermen; and engaging in unsuccessful hostilities with the Nawab of Bengal. The reverses they experienced at Hugli, however, were afterwards retrieved through the skill and courage of their agent, Charnock, who deserves to be remembered as the first of the long line of energetic and able leaders who have built up the Anglo-Indian empire. A new Nawab had ascended the viceregal throne; and being well disposed towards the English, he invited Charnock to re-establish the Company's factories in Bengal, offering a compensation of 80,000 rupees for the losses the English settlers had sustained. Charnock,* who had retired to Madras, accepted the Viceroy's offer, embarked for Bengal with the Company's commercial establishments; and on the 24th of August, 1690, hoisted the English standard on the bank of the Hugli, thus laying the foundation of the city of Calcutta. Eight years elapsed, however, before the Company's agents obtained permission, by a present of 16,000 rupees to the Viceroy, to purchase the three villages of Calcutta, Chuttanutty, and Govindpur, on which the 'city of palaces' now stands.

* Charnock died in 1692. His name survives at Barrackpur, which the natives still designate Achanuk, and a plain monument in St. John's graveyard, Calcutta, marks his last resting-place.

From this date the directors relapsed, for half-a-century, into a strictly commercial policy, and contented themselves with doing their best to secure the possessions they had acquired. Moreover they were called upon for some time to withstand the opposition of the new Company, which caused much embarrassment in their dealings with the native rulers. 'Two East India Companies,' they exclaimed pathetically, 'can no more subsist without destroying each other than two kings regnant at the same time in the same kingdom; that now a civil battle was to be fought between them, and two or three years must end this war, as the old or the new must give way.' In this view, selfish as it might appear, they were quite right; the national interests in India could be protected only by a monopoly

the latter composed sometimes of nine, and sometimes of twelve members. Law and order were preserved among the natives dwelling within the Company's territory by the usual zemindarry courts; namely, the foudary court, for criminal law; the cutcherry, for civil causes; and the collector's court, for deciding questions respecting revenue. The judges in these courts were servants of the Company, appointed by the president and council, and removable at pleasure. The commercial transactions of the Company were carried on through agents, called factors, or chiefs of factories, who resided at convenient points, and had charge of the factories and warehouses there erected. The Company also maintained a small body of troops in each presidency, partly Europeans, regularly trained and uniformed, and partly native sepoys,* who were armed principally with sword and shield, though accustomed to the use of the musket, and commanded by native officers.

Briefly tracing the progress of the Calcutta Presidency, we find the Company's agents constantly remonstrating against the extortions of the native government. At one time, a demand is made of 30,000 rupees, at another of 60,000, by the Nawab or Viceroy; while the 'king of Patna' exacts 22,000, and 'the horse-leeches of Murshedabad' obtained 25,000. The Viceroy of the three soubahs of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa in 1702 was Mir Jaffier; and his interference was found so vexatious that an embassy was sent to Delhi to obtain redress of grievances. It succeeded, owing to the happy circumstance that the surgeon of the embassy, Mr. Hamilton, cured the Emperor of a troublesome disease, and was rewarded with a grant of the privileges which the Company

* From *spahi*, a soldier.

sought. These privileges proved very beneficial to Calcutta, the trade of which began to assume important dimensions.

Mir Jaffier, on his death in 1725, was succeeded in the government of Bengal and Orissa by his son-in-law, Sujah-ud-din, who ruled for fourteen years, and made a considerable display of power and state. His son, Serferu Khan, next took possession of the government, but was supplanted by Aliverdy Khan, the governor of Behar, who bribed the imperial ministers to appoint him subadar of the three provinces. He was involved in a long war with the Mahrattas, or Marathis, who invaded Bengal, and laid waste its fairest districts. The miserable peasantry fled for protection to Calcutta, and the president sought and obtained permission from the Nawab to surround the Company's territory with an entrenchment. This was the celebrated 'Marathi ditch'; but it was never completed, and has long since disappeared. The Marathi invasions continued until 1751, when the Nawab purchased peace by ceding Orissa, and agreeing to pay twelve lacs of rupees annually as the *chorat*, or tribute, of Bengal.

But a new influence now arose upon the scene; and that great struggle began which for so many years left it doubtful whether the supreme power in India would fall to England or to France. A French East India Company, 'La Compagnie des Indes,' had been founded in 1642, under the patronage of Cardinal Richelieu. Its early efforts were devoted to the formation of a settlement in Madagascar; and it was not until 1668 that an expedition was sent out under François Caron, which founded at Surat the first French factory in India. A fleet under Admiral Lehayé made an unsuccessful attempt upon Point de Galle, in Ceylon, towards the end of 1672. It was more fortu-

nate at Trincomalee, which it captured and garrisoned; and it also captured St. Thomé, or Meliapur, on the coast of Coromandel. The Dutch, however, were not inclined to yield precedence to these aggressive rivals; and a strong squadron retook Trincomalee within a few weeks, while St. Thomé was recovered early in 1674. So far the French had accomplished nothing; but some sixty adventurers, set free from St. Thomé by virtue of the articles of capitulation, acknowledged the leadership of François Martin, a man of exceptional energy and courage, and marched first to a plot of territory which they had purchased north of the Coleroon. Martin there ingratiated himself with the native governor, Shere Khan Ledi; and secured permission to raise such buildings as were necessary for the accommodation of his followers, and to surround them with some slight defences. Wise treatment of the natives (the French never display abroad so much pride of race as characterises the English) induced many of them to settle within the walls of the new town, which was at first called *Phortchery*, but was afterwards and is now known as Pondichery.

Martin's administration was prudent, energetic, and sagacious; so that Pondichery waxed richer and stronger every year, until it became such an eyesore to the Dutch, that they determined upon its reduction. A large fleet, having on board 1,500 European troops, with brass guns, mortars, and a siege train, appeared before the French fortress at the end of August, 1693, and after a twelve days' bombardment compelled it to surrender. With all his hopes baffled, Martin returned to France. There, however, he was received right worthily; and his representations of the value of Pondichery were so vivid, that when the Peace of Ryswick was concluded, the restoration of this fortress was one of the conditions on which France specially

insisted (A.D. 1697). Martin went out as governor of the recovered settlement; and with great vigour proceeded to enlarge and strengthen the fortifications, to collect a strong garrison, and to lay out the town on a new and extensive plan. And such was his skill in dealing with the natives that at his death in 1738 the population of the native town amounted to nearly 40,000 souls.*

For some years after the death of Martin a cloud hung over the prospects of the French in India, owing to the uncertainty which attended the fortunes of their India Company. But these received an unexpected impetus in 1719, in connection with the dazzling financial schemes of the speculator Law. He amalgamated with it his own Company of the West, greatly enlarged its capital, and secured to it the monopoly of tobacco. Outliving the ruin of Law's other colossal projects, the 'Perpetual Company' (as it was designated in a royal decree of 1720) resumed its commercial operations in India. The prosperity of Pondichery revived; the town was enlarged and embellished; a Jesuit mission was set on foot; the defences were considerably improved. It owed a still greater increase of fortune, as the years rolled on, to

* 'It is a remarkable result of Martin's skilful policy, that the progress of Pondichery caused neither envy nor apprehension to any of the native rulers of the country. It is a result which can only be ascribed to the confidence which that policy had inspired. The guns on the ramparts were regarded, not as threatening to a native power, but as a means of defence against one of the rival nations of Europe. When a native prince visited Pondichery, he was received as a friend, he was carefully waited upon, he was pressed to stay. The idea of regarding the natives as enemies was never suffered by any chance to appear. Acknowledging them as the lords paramount of the country, the French professed to regard themselves as their best tenants, their firmest well-wishers. Pondichery rose, therefore, without exciting a single feeling of distrust.'—*History of the French in India*, pp. 37, 38.

the daring and original genius of Joseph François Dupleix, the first councillor and military commissioner of its supreme council.* This man's brain was fertile in bold ideas; and it occurred to him to make Pondichery the centre of a large coasting and inland trade, as well as a *dépôt* for foreign commerce. The government of Pondichery had no funds to embark in such an undertaking; but the European residents were glad to follow Dupleix in a course which, as they speedily found, led to wealth and fortune. In 1730 Dupleix was appointed intendant or director of Chandernagur, a French settlement which, having received little attention from the Company, had fallen into a state of stagnation and decay. Dupleix, however, saw its capabilities, and proceeded to make the most of them. Colonel Malleson informs us that he had not occupied the intendantship four years when, in place of the half-dozen country boats which, on his arrival, were lying unemployed at the landing-place, he had at sea thirty or forty ships,—a number which increased before his departure to seventy-two,—engaged in carrying the merchandise of Bengal to Surat, to Jeddo, to Mocha, to Bassora, and to China. His brilliant success in this sphere of activity marked him out for promotion; and in October, 1741, he arrived at Pondichery, to take the oaths as Governor-General and to assume the title and dignity of Nawab, which the Emperor had conferred upon his predecessor, with the command of 4,500 horsemen. He was now in a position in which his genius could find ample scope for its energies. The settlement was suffering from the disastrous effects of a recent Marathi invasion; and though war between France

* Dupleix, the son of a director of the Company of the Indies, was born at Landreux, in the province of Flandre, in 1697.

and England was daily expected, Pondichery had no fortifications which could resist the attack of an European army. The whole territory of the Carnatic, moreover, was convulsed with anarchy, and its prince was threatened by two rivals, Chunda Sahib and Nizam-ud-Mulk, the Subadar of the Dekkan. Dupleix rose at once to the need of the occasion. With a firm hand he reduced the public expenditure, with a strong will he reorganised the administration, and with incessant activity he superintended the erection of formidable military defences. He was then free to embark in any daring enterprise to which his imagination might point; and that on which he resolved was worthy of his genius,—the foundation of a European empire on the ruins of the Mogul monarchy. He was probably revolving this idea when, in 1746, his capital was visited by La Bourdonnais, the governor of the Mauritius, at the head of an expedition which the French government had fitted out against the English possessions in India. La Bourdonnais was not the inferior of Dupleix in boldness of intellect or activity of character; and both men being animated by a boundless ambition, it was not long before differences arose between them. La Bourdonnais showed a hesitation and a want of decision very unusual in him, and some weeks elapsed before he could be induced to proceed to the attack of Madras. He embarked, however, on the 12th of September, and on the 15th appeared before the town with a formidable force. Mr. Moore, the governor, could muster only 200 soldiers; and after a siege of five days was forced to surrender both the town and Fort St. George. His instructions prevented La Bourdonnais from retaining his conquest;* and he therefore agreed to ransom the

* Such, at least, was La Bourdonnais' own statement; but there seems some doubt of its accuracy.

town for forty-four lakhs of rupees, independently of the merchandise, the naval and military stores, and the money belonging to the Company. It was also provided that the town should be evacuated by the French troops in three months, and should not be again attacked during the war.*

The indignation of Dupleix when he became acquainted with these lenient terms knew no bounds. He had conceived the design of the total expulsion of the English from India, and now found himself thwarted by one whom he considered his subordinate. La Bourdonnais, on the other hand, refused to acknowledge any authority in India as superior to his own, and arrested the deputies whom Dupleix had sent to undertake the government of Madras. Upon the intrigues which followed it is not necessary to dwell. Dupleix, unable to use force, resorted to craft, and entered into negotiations with La Bourdonnais for the possession of Madras on the understanding that he should observe the conditions of capitulation to which the latter had agreed. While these were pending the monsoon set in with unusual violence; and though the ships laden with the spoil of Madras escaped its disastrous effects, the French men-of-war were either wrecked or disabled. The loss in men alone exceeded 1,200. Dispirited and exhausted, the unfortunate La Bourdonnais wrote to Dupleix: 'My part is taken regarding Madras; I abandon it to you. I have signed the capitulation; it is for you to keep my word. I am so disgusted with this wretched Madras, that I would give an arm never to have put foot in it. It has cost us too much.'

Refitting his little squadron as best he could, he

* Mill, iii., 77; Marshman, i., 151, 152; Malleeson, pp. 141—150; Gleig, ii., 10, 11.

returned in all haste to Pondichery, fired with a design to revive the naval supremacy of France in the Indian seas. But he found Dupleix hostile to his project, and anxious only to rid himself of the presence of a man with a force of character equal to his own, but with a higher sense of honour. He was compelled to return to the Mauritius, and thence to Europe. On his arrival in France, the government, which had been prejudiced against him by the representations of Dupleix, ignored his illustrious services, and threw him into the Bastille. There he remained in captivity for three years, to die of a broken heart on his liberation.

The Nawab of the Carnatic, Anwar-ud-din, on the appearance of the French force before Madras, sent an agent to Pondichery to express his displeasure at an attack on a settlement which enjoyed his protection. Dupleix sought to conciliate him by declaring that the town should be delivered to him when captured, that the ransom might go into his treasury. When this promise was not fulfilled, the Nawab despatched his son with an army of 10,000 men to expel the French. As the garrison left by La Bourdonnais did not exceed 1,000 men, they anticipated an easy triumph (November 2nd). The French, however, did not wait to be attacked, but pushed forward a body of 400 men, with a couple of field-pieces, and boldly charging the Mogul's cavalry, by their rapid fire so disconcerted them that they fled precipitately, abandoning all their tents and baggage. The young Nawab, mounted on a huge elephant which bore the standard of the Carnatic, was the first to turn his back on his handful of foes. This swift repulse of 10,000 native troops by a single European battalion forms a memorable event in Indian history. It dissolved at once and for ever the spell which had hitherto kept Europeans in dread of native armies. It demon-

strated their inherent weakness, however strong in numbers; and it gave the English that confidence in their own valour and strategy which contributed more than anything else to the successive subversion of the native thrones.* The victories gained by small European detachments over the immense forces of the native princes are to be explained by three considerations: first, they had the advantage of discipline: and it is known that even an English mob, in its extreme fury, or a Parisian proletariat, animated by revolutionary enthusiasm, can effect nothing against a small body of regular troops; second, their weapons were superior, the Indian soldiers being armed with rusty matchlocks or with sabres, which were useful only in hand-to-hand encounters; and third, they had the *vivida vis* of race. They believed in their superiority, and this belief doubled their offensive power; nor was the belief unfounded. They were physically, morally, and intellectually stronger than the natives, enfeebled by an enervating climate, a spare diet, and a life of apathetic indolence.

Dupleix, secure in the possession of Madras, and relieved from the presence of La Bourdonnais, hastened to cancel the treaty which the French leader had concluded with the governor of Madras. He confiscated all the property of the English, public and private; and ordered the English inhabitants who refused to take the oath of allegiance to the French, to quit the town within four days. Governor Moore and the principal residents, in spite of their protests, were conveyed to Pondichery, and paraded through its streets, though in other respects they were courteously treated. Some of the English succeeded in effecting their escape to Fort St. David, and among them was a young writer, named Robert Clive, who was destined to revenge

* Marshman, i. 191.

The French hurriedly retreated to Pondichery, which the English admiral proceeded to menace, and blockaded for several months. In August, 1748, he was joined by Admiral Boscawen, who had been despatched from England for the purpose of defending the English settlements in India. The English armament then consisted of upwards of thirty vessels, none under 500 tons, and thirteen of them ships of the line,—the largest maritime force that had ever appeared in Indian waters. Boscawen, who took the chief command, determined on the capture of Pondichery, and disembarked an army, which, when reinforced by the troops at Fort St. David, amounted to 3,720 Europeans, and about 2,300 natives. The English were sanguine that the disgrace and disaster at Madras would be avenged; but, unfortunately, Boscawen was not equal to his opportunity. He had had no experience in military operations, and the siege lasted from the 6th of September to the 17th of October without any progress being made. The defence was gallantly maintained; but the attack failed, not from want of courage or perseverance on the part of the besiegers, but the lack of skill in their commander. Having lost 1,065 men from sickness or the fire of the enemy, Boscawen raised the siege, and re-embarked the sailors and heavy stores, while the army, chagrined and dispirited, retreated to Fort St. David. It should be noted that young Robert Clive, who had abandoned the civil service for the profession of arms, served in this expedition as an ensign, and won distinction by his courage and high military spirit. None can doubt but that victory would have crowned the exertions of the English, had they been led by the genius of Clive.

The repulse at Pondichery produced a great effect on the native mind. The Indian princes, including even the Mogul, lavished their compliments upon Dupleix. France was regarded by all as the para-

mount European power in the Dekkan; and of the English, discredited and defeated, it might truly be said, none were so poor as to do them honour. Dupleix was thus invested with an influence and an authority such as no European leader had previously enjoyed upon Asiatic soil. He was meditating fresh measures for the expulsion of his rivals when information arrived of the conclusion of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, by which peace was concluded between England and France, and, to the great mortification of the French Viceroy, Madras was restored to the East India Company (A.D. 1749).*

* The consequences of this three years' war were of the most momentous character. In 1746 the French and English appeared to the Indian princes as 'inoffensive traders,' intent only on the extension of commerce. In 1749, they assumed the position of great military powers, whose friendship or hostility was a serious consideration. The position as regarded the two nations was also altered. The bitter rivalry between both, exemplified in the capture of Madras and the attacks upon Fort St. David and Pondichery, had provoked a lasting enmity, which could be satisfied only by the destruction of one or other of the adversaries. 'Then, again,' says Malleon, 'the superiority evinced by the Europeans over the natives in the decisive battle at St. Thomé, had given birth, especially in the mind of the French leader, to an ambition for empire, which, if at first vague and indistinct, assumed every day a more and more practical shape. Added to this, the expense of keeping up the greatly increased number of soldiers sent out from Europe pressed heavily on the resources of both nations, and almost forced upon them the necessity of hiring out their troops to the rival candidates for power in Southern India. Thus, during five years which elapsed between 1745 and 1749, their position had become revolutionised. No longer simple traders, regarded only as such by the rulers of the Carnatic, they were then feared, especially the French, by all the potentates in the neighbourhood, their alliance was eagerly sought for, their assistance an object of anxious entreaty. From vassals they had jumped almost to the position of liege lords.' (Malleon, pp. 225, 226). In like manner Mr. Orme remarks: 'The war had brought to Pondi-

chery and Fort St. David a number of troops greatly superior to any which either of the two nations had assembled in India ; and as if it was impossible that a military force which feels itself capable of enterprises should refrain from attempting them, the two settlements, no longer authorised to fight with each other, took the resolution of employing their arms in the contests of the princes of the country, the English with great indiscretion, the French with the utmost ambition.'

II.

THE first act of the stirring drama of French and English rivalry in 'the gorgeous East' closed, as we have seen, to the signal advantage of the French. This advantage was due, partly to their superiority in resources, but more to their good fortune in being led by a man of fertile and daring genius.* No such leader, capable alike of forming and executing great conceptions, had hitherto appeared on the English side. Neither civilians nor soldiers had been wanting in the hereditary courage of the race; but all history proves that the courage of the many is useless when not directed and controlled by the capacity of the few. And the English were powerless in India until they produced a man not inferior to Dupleix himself in the highest qualities of a commander. In that second act which now opens we shall hail the appearance of such a hero; and we shall find that his appearance immediately changes the course of events; just as, in the Homeric poem, when Achilles comes upon the field, the favour of the gods is straightway given to the Greeks.

The Carnatic, in 1749, was under the rule of the

* 'The man who first saw that it was possible to found a European empire on the ruins of the Mogul monarchy was Dupleix. His restless, capacious, and inventive mind had formed this scheme at a time when the ablest servants of the English Company were busied only about invoices and bills of lading. Nor had he only proposed to himself the end; he had also a just and distinct view of the means by which it was to be attained. He clearly saw that the greatest force which the princes of India could bring into the field would be no match for a small body of men trained in the discipline and guided by the tactics of the West.—Macaulay.

Nawab Anwar-ud-din, or, as he is called in English contemporary records, Anaverdy Khan. The vice-royalty of the Dekkan, to which the province of the Carnatic was subordinate, was held by Nazir Jung. Both princes, however, were threatened by competitors. Mozuffer Jung, a grandson of the former Viceroy, disputed the title of Nazir Jung; and Chunda Sahib, a son-in-law of a former nawab, disputed that of Anwar-ud-din. The two entered into an offensive and defensive alliance, and resolved to apply for assistance, in carrying out their ambitious projects, to the Marathis. But as soon as Dupleix obtained intelligence of their design, he conceived the idea of entering into their alliance, with the view of placing over the Dekkan and the Carnatic two princes who would be bound to the French by their interests and gratitude. Accordingly, he promised them all the influence and power which he as ruler of French India could exercise; and, in return for the cession of a small tract of land near Pondichery, despatched to their assistance 400 Europeans and 2,000 sepoys, disciplined after the French fashion. Chunda Sahib, at the head of 6,000 men, had meanwhile reached the frontiers of the Carnatic, where he was joined by Mozuffer Jung, at the head of 30,000. The combined forces immediately hastened to attack Anwar-ud-din at Amboor (August 3rd), and a great battle ensued, in which the French, under M. de Bussy, greatly distinguished themselves. The Nawab, who is said to have been 107 years of age, perished in the encounter. His troops fled in complete disorder, and his camp, baggage, elephants, horses, and artillery fell into the hands of the conquerors. One of the aged Nawab's sons, Muphaz Khan, was made prisoner; the other, Mohamed Ali, afterwards too well known as the Nawab of Arcot, and who 'owes to the eloquence of

Burke a most unenviable immortality,' saved himself by an ignominious flight.

The next day the victorious adventurers entered Arcot, where Mozuffer Jung at once proclaimed himself subadar, or viceroy, of the Dekkan, and nominated Chunda Sahib Nawab of the Carnatic. By means of flying columns they made themselves masters of the surrounding country, and then proceeded on a visit to Pondichery, where they were received with the utmost pomp and exultation. The ships in the harbour were dressed with colours, the guns from the batteries pealed their salutes, and Dupleix, attired in the garb worn by Moslems of the highest rank, rode in the same *palanquin* with the Nizam, when he entered the town. Deeply impressed with a sense of the services he had rendered, the Nizam conferred upon Dupleix the sovereignty of eighty-one villages, with a population of thirty millions; poured into his private coffers two hundred thousand pounds, and gave him the command of 7,000 cavalry. He would read no petition which did not bear the great Frenchman's signature; he bestowed no honour or emolument except by his advice.

Mohamed Ali, meanwhile, had retired to Trichinopoly, but soon convinced himself that the fortress could not long be defended against Chunda Sahib and his French allies. He turned, therefore, to the English for assistance; but the Madras government, half-hearted, undecided, and incapable of appreciating 'the situation,' sent only a wretched detachment of 120 men; while, at the same time, as if resolved to play into the hands of Dupleix, they allowed Boscawen's fleet, and the greater part of the land forces, to return to England. Dupleix, with his characteristic sagacity, urged Chunda Sahib to deliver an immediate attack upon Trichinopoly, and reinforced him with 800

Europeans. But Chunda Sahib turned aside to avenge an old grievance upon the Raja of Tanjore, and lay siege to his capital. After a resistance protracted over a couple of months, the Raja consented to pay seventy lacs of rupees to the allies, and to cede numerous villages to the French. He did his utmost, however, to delay compliance with those conditions; and before the first instalment was paid, the allies broke up their camp, and fell back upon Pondichery, having received information of the advance of Nazir Jung, with a formidable army.

A formidable army, in truth, for it consisted of 300,000 men, one half of whom were cavalry, with 800 guns and 1,300 elephants. On their arrival at Valdaur, about fifteen miles from Pondichery, they were joined by 600 English, under Major Lawrence, an officer of considerable military skill and experience. The forces of the allies did not exceed 40,000 men, and these were in a demoralised condition, mutinous from want of pay, and terror-stricken by rumours of the vastness of Nazir Jung's host. Dupleix, in these circumstances, did not abate one jot of heart or hope. He advanced the money required to pay up the arrears; he increased the French contingent to 2,000 men, and he endeavoured, by secret communications, to incline Nazir Jung to favour French interests. But on the eve of the day fixed for battle (April 3rd), thirteen French officers, who did not consider that their services had been sufficiently rewarded, resigned their commands, and returned to Pondichery. The only course left to the French contingent was to follow their example; and, accompanied by Chunda Sahib, they began their retreat at midnight. The Marathi cavalry pursued them, and captured some prisoners and guns; but they succeeded in reaching the French capital without any considerable loss. Mozuffer Jung

surrendered to his uncle, Nazir Jung, who threw him into prison; and having established himself as undisputed Viceroy of the Dekkan, hastened to appoint Mohamed Ali Nawab of the Carnatic. Thus, by a change as rapid and as startling as any in the kaleidoscope, the grand schemes of Dupleix were rendered abortive. But the abundant genius of this extraordinary man knew neither exhaustion nor despondency; and having lost one game, he composedly rearranged his cards in the hope of playing another more successfully.

While exerting himself to restore the discipline and reanimate the spirits of the allied army, he despatched envoys to Nazir Jung to insist on his strict observance of French interests. They had instructions at the same time to intrigue with any of the Nizam's officers who might be willing to betray him. In the former part of their mission they failed; a failure which mattered little, as in the latter they were successful. Three Patan nawabs were found in a ripe condition of revolt. To secure their confidence Dupleix despatched an expedition of 300 men against the Marathi camp, which they surprised and destroyed; and another against Masulipatam, which was captured without bloodshed. A body of 500 men, under D'Auteuil, marched

three steep mountains. The daring enterprise was entirely successful; and on the 2nd of September the French standard waved on each castled height, to the astonishment of all Southern India.

These wonderful successes and the complaints of Mohamed Ali roused Nazir Jung from his luxurious indolence at Arcot, and collecting his scattered forces, he marched out against the French, at the head of an army consisting of 60,000 foot and 45,000 horse, with 700 elephants and 360 cannons. His movement against Gingee was interrupted, however, by the occurrence of the periodical rains; and two months of inaction followed, during which the Nizam's camp was ravaged by disease, and the loyalty of his chiefs undermined by French intrigues. Weary of a profitless war, the Nizam opened negotiations with Dupleix, and offered to make whatever concessions he required. A treaty was accordingly drawn up, but before it could be signed the French commander at Gingee, ignorant of all that had transpired, secretly agreed with the Nizam's discontented nawabs to attack their master. On the 4th of December, with only 800 Europeans and 3,000 sepoys, he delivered the assault. By a skilful use of his guns he dispersed the enemy's droves of cavalry, and then advanced against the infantry, whom, after a sharp struggle, he put to flight. While rejoicing in his success, he descried a body of 20,000 men advancing on his left flank. The hearts of the French began to sink within them; but on their nearer approach it was seen that they bore the colours of France. They proved to be the soldiers of the traitorous nawabs, who conveyed to the French general the intelligence that Nazir Jung was no more, having been shot through the heart by the Nawab of Kuddapah.

Mozuffer Jung was now recognised as Subadar of

the Dekkan ; and his earliest act was to pay a visit to his powerful French ally at Pondichery. He was received with the same gorgeous ceremonial as on the former occasion, and on the following day (December 27th) was installed as Subadar in the presence of his tributaries and vassals. 'This imposing ceremony,' says Malleson, 'a ceremony noticeable as indicating the period when French power in India had almost attained its zenith, took place in a magnificent tent pitched in the great square of Pondichery. The splendours of that day, the honours granted to Dupleix, the high position he assumed, have scarcely yet been obliterated from the traditions of Southern India. Let us imagine, as we well can, either side of the gorgeously-draped tent lined by the armed nobility of the Dekkan. Mozuffier Jung enters, and takes his seat at the head of the assembly. Quickly behind follows the governor of French India, and presents to the Subadar, as he salutes him, the offering due to his rank. Mozuffier Jung advances to meet the French Governor, and places him on a seat designedly set there, and betokening a rank equal to his own. . . . The Subadar

Chunda Sahib to his side, presents to the Subadar his old and tried companion, and urges that if he himself is to hold the nominal dignity of nawab over the country south of the Kistna, the real sovereignty and emoluments of that part of it known as the Carnatic may be bestowed upon one who had shown so much steadfastness and fidelity. We can well imagine the impression that would be conveyed to the minds of an oriental assembly by an act so generous and graceful. He who could thus give away kingdoms, who, in the height of his prosperity, could recollect and reward those who, under all circumstances, had been true to him, showed the possession of qualities which, in that rude day, the princes of Asia could admire, though they could not imitate. From such a one, practising such lofty sentiments, there was nought, they would believe, for them to fear. That one act of abnegation was sufficient to make them acquiesce without envy, without the least hesitation or doubt, in the substantial acquisitions that had been made that day by Dupleix. He, indeed, was the hero of the day's ceremony. He emerged from that tent the acknowledged superior of the lord of Southern India.'

Unquestionably this day was the most splendid in the romantic and varied career of Dupleix; and he hastened to commemorate it by the erection of a stately column, on the four sides of which, in four languages, was traced the record of his achievements. Around it speedily sprang up a town, which he boastingly entitled Dupleix-Futtehabad; that is, the place (or city) of the victory of Dupleix. His sun had now reached its zenith; thenceforth it was to decline rapidly, and set amidst clouds and shadows.

Mozuffer Jung did not long enjoy his sovereign dignity. As he was marching from Pondichery to Haidarabad, accompanied by a French contingent,

under M. de Bussy, a mutiny broke out among his forces, inspired by the three Patan nawabs; and though it was speedily suppressed by Bussy, the Subadar was slain in the conflict (February, 1751). M. de Bussy, with great promptitude, raised to the throne, as a prince whose good will to the French might be relied upon, Salabut Jung, a younger brother of the old nizam; and he was solemnly invested with the dignity at Aurungabad on the 29th of June.

We may here pause to examine the enormous extent of the area over which the French influence prevailed at this date. All the country between the Kistna and the Vindya Mountains was virtually ruled by a French general; for a French army occupied the capital, and French adventurers predominated in the councils, of the Subadar. Turning to the south of the Kistna, we find the governor of French India acting as nawab of the entire territory; a territory comprehending the Carnatic, as well as Mysore, the kingdoms of Cochin, Tanjore, and Trichinopoly, and the provinces of Madura and Tinivelly. If Dupleix did not hold these places under his direct control, it was mainly because it was a part of his statecraft to rule through the native princes, and not put forward his own authority too ostentatiously. Nevertheless he exercised a real and an undisputed supremacy; for even Mohamed Ali, the rival of Chunda Sahib, had promised obedience and agreed to withdraw from Trichinopoly.

Yet it was through this very Mohamed Ali that the first great blow was dealt at the glittering fabric of French power. He delayed the cession of Trichinopoly, excusing himself on various pretences; and at length, having obtained a promise of substantial assistance from the English, he flatly refused to fulfil his engagement. Wherefore, as without the possession of Trichinopoly his grasp of the Carnatic would not be secure,

Dupleix, though foreseeing that the movement would bring him into collision with the English, directed Chunda Sahib's army to march against the coveted city, adding to it a French detachment of 400 men, under M. d'Auteuil (March, 1751).

The English had by this time awakened to the fact that their existence in Southern India was menaced by the rapidly increasing preponderance of French power and influence. Mr. Saunders, the governor of Madras, saw that the only hope of retrieving the past lay in an active support of Mohamed Ali. He despatched, therefore, a reinforcement to the strength of the small English garrison in the fort of Trichinopoly; but after all his exertions the troops at the disposal of Mohamed Ali were outnumbered in the proportion of two to one by those of Chunda Sahib. To avert the fall of Trichinopoly seemed impossible, and yet the fall of Trichinopoly would signify the collapse of English interests in Southern India. The full extent of the emergency was realised by the clear, strong intellect of that Robert Clive whom we have already seen as a writer at Madras and a volunteer at the siege of Pondichery. He was now twenty-five years old, and by his services had obtained the post of commissary to the troops, with the rank of captain. Clive had a natural genius for war; as William Pitt said of him, he was 'a heaven-born general'; and an opportunity having come for the exercise of his powers, he was swift to take advantage of it. He saw that nothing could be done at Trichinopoly, where the English garrison was dispirited and had lost all confidence in their officers. He knew that to raise the siege by attacking the investing army was impossible; but he conceived that it might be raised if the war were suddenly carried into the enemy's country,* by operating at some distant

point which the enemy could not afford to neglect. He proposed, therefore, to Mr. Saunders the daring plan of an attack upon Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, and the seat of the Nawab's government; and happily for the fortunes of England, Mr. Saunders discovered the merit of the idea, and consented to its realisation. From the scanty garrisons of Madras and Fort St. David he drew a small force of 200 Europeans and 300 sepoy, and at the head of it he placed Robert Clive with unlimited powers.

On the 6th of September Clive left Madras, and, through a terrible storm of lightning, thunder, and rain, pushed forward to the gates of Arcot. The news of his daring march had preceded him; and the native garrison, consisting of about 1,000 men, surrendered without a blow to a man who seemed contemptuous even of the elements. Thus far Clive's stroke had been successful. Knowing that he would not long be left unmolested, he set to work to strengthen and enlarge the fortifications, which were of trivial value and to make other preparations for withstanding a siege. Meanwhile, the garrison had mustered a little courage, and, reinforced from the neighbourhood until it numbered 3,000 men, took up a threatening position close to the town. Clive, under cover of the night, led out his scanty force, surprised the enemy's camp, and put them to flight with considerable loss.

Chunda Sahib now detached 4,000 of his best troops from before Trichinopoly; Dupleix added 100 Europeans, and native levies increased the force to 10,000 men, who, under Raja Sahib, Chunda's son, marched upon Arcot. On the 6th of October they took possession of the town, and began the investment of the fort. This fort was upwards of a mile in circuit, with a low, unsubstantial parapet; several of the towers were in a dilapidated condition, and the ditch, where

not fordable, was 'dry and choked up.' Clive had done his best to repair and strengthen the defences; but they seemed still incapable of standing a siege. His garrison was reduced by casualties and disease to 120 Europeans and 200 sepoys. Of his eight officers, one had been killed and two wounded, and one had returned to Madras. His stock of provisions, originally only a sixty days' supply, was more than half exhausted. Yet with a dauntless heart, Clive opposed the enemy, infusing his own ardour into his followers, until every sepoy fought and suffered like a hero. These men, in their deep devotion to their leader, proposed that all the grain should be reserved for the use of the Europeans, who, they said, required more nourishment than Asiatics; for them the liquor in which the rice was steeped would abundantly suffice.

For fifty days Clive conducted the defence with indefatigable earnestness; but the breach made by the hostile artillery grew wider and wider. His only hope lay in the arrival of a body of 6,000 Marathis, under Morari Rao, whose services had been secured on behalf of Mohamed Ali. For some time they had remained inactive, unwilling to commit themselves to a cause which seemed hopelessly lost; but Clive's splendid defence of Arcot convinced them that the English could fight as well as the French, and they moved down to his assistance. Raja Sahib, learning that they were in motion, endeavoured to bribe Clive into surrender; and when his offer was scornfully refused, vowed that he would immediately storm the fort, and put every one of its defenders to the sword. Clive replied in stern, emphatic words, that his father was a usurper, his army a rabble, and that it would be well for him to think twice before he sent such cravens into a breach defended by English soldiers.

Raja Sahib resolved on an immediate assault;

and with much judgment fixed it for the day on which the great Mohammedan festival in memory of Hossein, the son of Ali, is celebrated. Drunk with *lang*, and mad with fanaticism, his warriors rushed to the attack. Clive had been apprised of their coming by a deserter, and was well prepared to receive them. The breach was filled with cannons; spare muskets were loaded and in readiness; the most skilful disposition possible had been made of the scanty garrison. The enemy advanced, preceded by elephants to burst open the gates; they mounted the north-west breach, passed the trench, and then encountered a fire so rapid, so continuous, and so deadly that elephants and men fell back in great disorder.* On the south-west a raft was thrown across the ditch; but Clive himself took charge of a piece of artillery at this point, and swept the raft clear in a few minutes. After losing 400 men. Raja Sahib was forced to recall his dispirited battalions; and the next morning he broke up his camp, and retired. 'Thus ended,' says Orme, 'this memorable siege, maintained fifty days, under every disadvantage of situation and force, by a handful of men, in their first campaign, with a spirit worthy of the most veteran troops, and conducted by the young commander with indefatigable activity, unshaken confidence, and undaunted courage; and notwithstanding he had at this time neither read books nor conversed with men capable of giving him much instruction in the military art, all the resources which he employed in the defence of Arcot were such as were dictated by the best masters in the art of war.'†

* Though the defenders did not exceed 200 in number, they fired off during the time that the attack lasted, no fewer than 12,000 musket cartridges, besides serving five pieces of cannon.—*Orme*.

† 'This siege not only presents one of the most glorious pictures of Anglo-Indian history, but it may be considered likewise

Soon after the siege was raised Clive received a reinforcement from Madras, and having provided for the safety of his conquest, prepared to pursue the enemy. He came up with them on the bank of the Arni. His force consisted of 200 English, 700 sepoys, and 600 Marathi horse; the enemy was reduced to 2,500 foot, 2,000 horse, and 300 French. The disparity of numbers was still formidable; but Clive did not hesitate. He threw himself on the flank of the enemy, and drove them from the field, with a loss of 250 killed and wounded and all their guns. Swiftly continuing his march, he attacked Conjeveram, which the French had taken, and gallantly recaptured it; after which he returned to Fort St. David to plan the relief of Trichinopoly. Raja Sahib profited by Clive's absence from the scene to recover Conjeveram, and to ravage the English territory almost to the walls of Fort St. George itself. Clive again took the field, and before the terror of his name the enemy retreated in hot haste, taking refuge in an intrenched camp at Vendalore. Then, while Clive marched upon Conjeveram, they plucked up heart to attempt the recovery of Arcot. Before they could reach that city, Clive, who had procured the surrender of Conjeveram on the first summons, outstripped their advance, and threw himself upon them at Coverpank, where they had taken up a strong position. He engaged them by moonlight, and their cannon was so well served that, at first, the English were hard pressed. But by a skilful movement Clive took their artillery in rear, and turning it upon the French, quickly changed the fortune of the battle. The enemy fled in great confusion, leaving nine guns, three colours, and many prisoners in Clive's hands. Their loss in killed amounted to 50 as the turning-point in the Eastern career of the English, the foundation stone of their present empire.'—*Malleson*.

Frenchmen and 300 sepoy; Clive had 40 Europeans and 30 sepoy killed and wounded.

Flushed with victory, Clive marched first to Arcot, and thence in the direction of Vellore; but while contemplating the reduction of this place he was recalled to Fort St. David. On the road lay the 'City of the Victory of Dupleix,' and he judged it politic to raze to the ground this ostentatious trophy of the French ascendancy. He arrived at Fort St. David to find that the governor had prepared an expedition for the relief of Trichinopoly, which was placed under his command. In three days the indefatigable hero was ready to march (March 25th, 1752); but on the morning of the fourth, Major Lawrence once more landed on the shores of India, and by right of seniority and experience assumed the leadership: Clive, though conscious of his own great military capacity, respected the character and conduct of Lawrence,* and willingly agreed to serve as his trusted lieutenant.

With 400 Europeans, 1,800 sepoy, and eight guns, the two Englishmen marched against Trichinopoly. They pushed forward with so much vigour and success, that M. Law, who was in command of the besieging army, hastily retreated across the Kavari, and took post in the island of Seringham. The choice of such a position exhibited Law's inca-

* It is pleasant to know that Lawrence did full justice to the ability of his subordinate. 'Some people,' he wrote, 'are pleased to term Captain Clive *fortunate* and *lucky*; but, in my opinion, from the knowledge I have of the gentleman, he deserved and might expect from his conduct everything as it fell out. A man of an undaunted resolution, of a cool temper, and of a presence of mind which never left him in the greatest danger; born a soldier,—for, without a military education of any sort, or much conversing with any of the profession, from his judgment and good sense he led on an army like an experienced officer and a brave soldier, with a prudence that certainly warranted success.'

capacity in a vivid light, as it absolutely prevented him from assuming the offensive, and exposed his communications to be cut off. Clive and Lawrence immediately threw their army across both branches of the Kavarî, and thus inclosed Chunda Sahib and his allies between them and the town. Dupleix hurried forward a reinforcement of 120 Europeans and 500 sepoy to strengthen Law; but Clive, who knew everything and was everywhere, intercepted them, and cut them to pieces. The enemy began to suffer from want of provisions, a strict blockade being maintained by the English; and having suffered greatly from casualties and desertions, at length surrendered. Chunda Sahib, who fell into the hands of the Marathis, was put to death, and Trichinopoly set free (June, 1752).

But this brilliant stroke of warfare had no sooner been accomplished than the English found themselves betrayed by the prince whom they had so successfully served. The regent of Mysore suddenly put forward a claim to Trichinopoly and its dependencies, and Mohamed Ali acknowledged that he had privately agreed, in return for the Regent's alliance, to cede to him the city and the territory south of it. Major Lawrence, disgusted at this duplicity, retired to Madras, having first thrown a garrison of 200 Europeans and 1,500 sepoy into the citadel of Trichinopoly, to hold it against his former allies.

Meanwhile, a reinforcement from France disembarked at Pondichery; and Dupleix, with his spirit unabated by the reverses he had sustained, proclaimed the son of Chunda Sahib Nawab of the Carnatic, and despatched an army of 400 Europeans, 1,500 sepoy, and 500 native horse to blockade Fort St. David, while the Mysoreans and Marathis, at his instigation, renewed the siege of Trichinopoly. Hasting

from Madras, where he had been laid up by sickness, Lawrence reached Fort St. David on the 27th of August; and on the following morning, with 400 Europeans, 1,700 sepoy, and 400 of Mohamed Ali's soldiers, moved out to intercept the French. By a well conceived manœuvre he brought them to battle at Bahur on the 6th of September, and after a desperate conflict put them totally to the rout, capturing all their guns and ammunition, and killing, wounding, or taking prisoners two thirds of their force.

The health of Clive had been so seriously impaired by the climate and his gallant exertions that at the close of the year he resolved to return to England. Before his departure he gave another illustration of his singular talent for command. It was considered desirable to drive their French garrisons from the forts of Covelong and Chingleput; but the only force available for the purpose consisted of 500 newly-levied sepoy and 200 recruits from England, the refuse of the English jails. It could hardly have been expected that an officer who had acquired reputation would willingly risk it by taking the command of them; but Clive did not hesitate. With this 'undisciplined rabble' he marched to Covelong. A shot from the fort killed one of these noble warriors, and the rest immediately ran so fast and so far, that it was with difficulty Clive could rally them. Yet such was the ascendancy of his genius, and so skilful were his measures, that he gradually educated them into brave and trustworthy troops, who found no difficulty in capturing Covelong, and defeating a division sent by Dupleix to its relief. Marching to Chingleput, the strongest place in that part of the country next to Gingee, he planted his guns before it, effected a breach, and was preparing to storm it when the French garrison prudently capitulated. Clive returned to Madras

victorious, and soon afterwards embarked for England.*

* In reference to this campaign, Colonel Malleon justly remarks: "With a rough and determined hand Clive broke down the foundations of French dominion, infused a confidence into the English soldiers that never afterwards left them, and showed the world that the natives of India, when well led and when possessing confidence in their commanders, are capable of evincing the best qualities of real soldiers, alike courage and constancy, heroism and self-denial. But for this one man no diversion would have been attempted on Arcot, the English garrison would have remained dispirited in Trichinopoly, and, it is more than probable, would have yielded that city to the superior numbers of Law. But it was Clive that broke the spell of French invincibility; he it was who first showed his troops and the natives of the Carnatic that it was possible to conquer even the soldiers of Dupleix. He transferred, moreover, to the English troops that opinion of their own qualities in the field, which till his coming had been monopolised by the French.^a It was a hard destiny that brought to the overthrow of the plans of Dupleix a genius so warlike, a mastery over men so unsurpassed.'

^a This seems to us the language of exaggeration. English troops had met the French on too many successful fields to admit that they were their inferiors in soldierly qualities. If they had encountered reverses in India, it was only because they had been badly led. When repulsed before Pondichery, they had not failed to show a truly British courage.

III.

EARLY in 1753 the siege of Trichinopoly was renewed by the combined forces of the Mysorean prince and Morari Rao, the Marathi leader, aided by a French contingent. It was pressed with the fiercest energy, and resisted with the most undaunted courage; the English troops, under Major Lawrence, displaying a prowess which recalled the days of Blenheim and Ramillies. We have no space to describe its various incidents. On one occasion, the English were surprised and discomfited, but recovered themselves boldly; while three several attacks of the French and their allies were successfully withstood. It seemed as if the ten years' struggle before Troy were about to find its analogue on Indian soil, when Mohamed Ali succeeded in detaching Morari Rao from the confederacy against him by a present of three lakhs of rupees. About the same time the attention of the home authorities both in England and France was drawn to the singular fact that, while the two countries were at peace, their subjects in India were involved in incessant hostilities; and the French government, acting on a remonstrance addressed to them by the English ministry, despatched M. Godeheu to India, with instructions to supersede Dupleix and effect an amicable settlement with the English officials. Godeheu's arrival at Pondichery on the 2nd of August, 1754, brought to a sudden and ignominious termination the great French Viceroys' splendid career. He immediately laid down office, and in the following month embarked for France, where he met with an

ungrateful reception. The imagination of the French people was influenced too powerfully by the dream of military supremacy in Europe to be kindled by that conception of a Franco-Indian empire which had inspired the genius of Dupleix; and not a voice was raised in honour of the brilliant achievements which had illustrated his viceroyalty.

The negotiations between M. Godeheu and Mr. Saunders proceeded with edifying smoothness; and a conditional treaty was speedily signed, by which both parties agreed to renounce for ever 'all Moorish government and dignity,' and to abandon all intervention in the quarrels of the native princes; that the possessions held by both nations should eventually be so regulated as to prove of equal value, but that they should retain their acquisitions until a definitive treaty was concluded in Europe. The ink of this weighty document was scarcely dry before the inextinguishable jealousies of race annulled its conditions. While the French despatched a body of soldiers to conquer Terrine, the English supplied Mohamed Ali with an auxiliary force for the subjugation of Madura and Tinnevely; and the prospect of a settlement of the question by the European governments vanished before the outbreak of hostilities between England and France in 1754, opening the Seven Years' War.

The reader will remember that, in 1752, the French general, M. de Bussy, on the death of Mozuffer Jung, raised Salabut Jung to the viceroyalty of the Dekkan, and accompanied him with great pomp to the city of Aurungabad. There he acted as his prime minister and commander-in-chief, and, while operating with great vigour against the enemies of his suzerain, was careful to extend the influence and promote the interests of the French. In 1753 he obtained the cession

of the four districts on the coast, six hundred miles in extent, known as the Northern Circars,—‘districts admirably adapted by the bounty of Providence and the industry of the inhabitants for a large and lucrative commerce,’ and affording ‘every facility for the introduction of reinforcements and munitions of war into the Dekkan.’ Three years later, however, the Nizam—who was greatly under the influence of a favourite councillor, endeavoured to free himself from the presence of his powerful feudatory, and suddenly ordered him to quit his borders. Bussy affected to receive his dismissal with contentment, and marched to Masulipatam, while secretly sending messengers to Pondicherry for all the reinforcements that could be spared. The Nizam’s minister then applied to the English for assistance; and the Madras government was on the point of sending a large expedition into the Dekkan when the massacre at Calcutta gave a different direction to its energies. Bussy, meanwhile, to procure supplies of ammunition and provisions, had turned aside to Hyderabad, and posted himself in a strong position in its immediate neighbourhood, where he was invested by Salabut Jung, (whom he had rescued from a dungeon and placed on the viceregal throne) with an immense army (June, 1756). Bussy resolutely held his ground for two months, but would probably have been compelled to submit, had not M. Law, with a considerable body of troops, crossed the highlands to his assistance and effected a junction with him. Salabut Jung seemed, to have sunk at once into an excess of despondency and sent abject proposals for an accommodation. Bussy behaved with great moderation, not even demanding the dismissal of the man who had plotted against him, and his sole condition was fulfilled when, on the 1st of August, the Subadar publicly reinstated him in all his dignities, titles, and honours.

with an

Towards the close of the year Bussy made a military progress through the Circars, in order to re-establish or confirm his authority. This occupied him until the following April. He was then preparing to march into Bengal, when tidings reached him of the surrender of Chandernagur, the French settlement on the Hugli. Abandoning his original design, he attacked and captured the English factory of Vizagapatam; after which he reduced in succession the factories of Madapollam, Bundermalanka, and Ingeram, situated on the three mouths of the Godaveri. But while he was thus engaged his enemies had effected a revolution in the Dekkan, one of Salabut Jung's brothers having usurped the royal authority, and his faithless minister having taken possession of the fortress of Dowlutabad. Bussy made all haste to Aurungabad to deliver the feeble and unfortunate Nizam. His presence quickly brought back affairs into their old channel. The authority of Salabut Jung was restored; the rebellious brother fled for his life, the treacherous minister perished in a tumult he himself had provoked, and the French flag speedily waved from the massive ramparts of Dowlutabad. These rapid changes do not seem to belong to the stately course of history so much as to the vivid pictures of romance; but then it is Oriental history which we are relating, and there is scarcely a chapter in it that does not glow with the strange excitement of fiction.

But with Bussy as with Dupleix, the moment he reached the zenith of his greatness was the moment when the swift revolution of fortune's wheel was to plunge him into the shadow of obscurity. The princes of the Dekkan were looking up to him as the arbiter of their fate, and gazing at him with reverence as at one who possessed the special favour of the celestial divinities, when, in the spring of 1758, Count de Lally

(de Tollendal) arrived at Pondichery as Governor-General of French India. One of Lally's first acts, dictated by jealousy or caprice, was to recall Bussy to Arcot, with all the French troops not required to maintain order in the ceded provinces. Bussy, like a good soldier, obeyed the orders of his superior, unwelcome and ungracious as they were, withdrew his garrison from Dowlutabad, bade farewell to Salabut Jung, who called him the guardian angel of his life and fortune, on the 18th of June, 1758, and proceeded to Pondichery.

Meanwhile, Lally, a man of great military talent as well as of boundless arrogance, had attacked and captured the English settlement of Fort St. David, and razed its fortifications to the ground. He would probably have marched against Fort St. George, which the Madras authorities hastened to prepare for a vigorous resistance, but for want of money to pay and feed his troops. To supply this deficiency he turned upon the Raja of Tanjur, who, some seven years before, had given a bond for fifty-six lacs of rupees to Mozuffer Jung and Chunda Sahib, and this bond they, in their turn, had transferred to their French allies. Lally now insisted that the Raja should discharge it, and enforced his demand by appearing before Tanjur with an army. The siege was interrupted, however, by the appearance of an English fleet on the coast; and Lally, with only two days' provisions and twenty cartridges for each soldier, was compelled to return to Pondichery.

grand design of expelling the English from India, and rendering France the supreme arbiter of the fortunes of the peninsula. Having obtained the consent of the council at Pondichery to an expedition against Madras, Lally mustered his forces, in the beginning of November, and with 2,000 European infantry, 300 cavalry,* and 5,000 sepoys, marched upon Madras. Bussy accompanied him as brigadier; and his army was divided into four corps, under De Soupire, D'Estaing, Crillon, and Saubinet. He seized Conjeveram on the 27th of November, and on the 12th of December he encamped in front of Madras.

The English government, fully sensible of the magnitude of the issue now forced upon them, had exerted themselves energetically to put Madras in a state of defence. Mr. George Pigott, the civil head, had wisely entrusted the military arrangements to the veteran Colonel Lawrence, who was well supported by Lieutenant-colonel Draper, Major Calliaud, Major Brereton, and others. The garrison consisted of 1,758 Europeans, 2,220 sepoys, and 200 horse, who were chiefly disposed in Fort St. George, though three fortified points were held in the Black Town. These, however, it was thought advisable to evacuate as the French advanced, and Lally took possession of the Black Town, abandoning it to pillage. The investment of Fort St. George was then commenced. On the following day the English made a sortie in force, in which they both sustained and inflicted heavy loss. The arrival of Lally's siege-train on the 21st enabled him to open a cannonade, but his progress was very slow, owing to the low discipline and demoralised condition of his soldiery. It was the 2nd of January, 1759, before his two batteries were ready. They con-

* This was the first employment of European cavalry in India.

tinued their fire for two-and-forty days, while the besieged incessantly harassed the French on their flanks and rear, and maintained the defence with unwavering gallantry. A breach having been effected, Lally determined on a general assault; but was compelled to defer it by the representations of his engineers and artillerists, who declared that, 'having regard to the situation of things, to our force compared with that of the enemy,' to try an assault would be to march to certain death. Before further dispositions could be made, Madras was saved by the opportune arrival of an English fleet, under Admiral Pocock (February 16th). Lally, whose army was greatly suffering from scarcity of supplies, had no resource but to abandon the siege; and, in a tempest of anger and mortification, he broke up his encampment, and retired to Conjeveram.

In other directions the French arms had sustained some notable reverses. The Raja of Chicacole, throwing off the authority of the Subadar, had taken possession of Vizagapatam, hoisted English colours, and despatched an envoy to Madras for assistance. Madras, threatened by Lally, could give no favourable response; whereupon the Raja turned to Clive, then governor of Bengal, and the great soldier-statesman, recognising at once the value of the opportunity thus offered, and of the gain which would result from the possession of the Circars, despatched Colonel Forde with 500 Europeans, 2,000 sepoy, and eighteen guns (October 12th),* by sea to Vizagapatam. The French army in the Dekkan

* 'The fact that by the despatch of this force Clive left himself in Bengal with little more than 300 Europeans, at a time when a hostile feeling had risen in the court of Mir Jaffier, and when Behar was threatened by the united forces of the son of the Emperor of Delhi and of the Nawab of Oudh, testifies in no slight degree to the strong, fearless, and intrepid character of the founder of the British empire in India.'—*Malletson*, p. 531.

was at this time under the command of the Marquis de Conflans, who took up a position at Condore, and awaited the attack of Colonel Forde. The latter commander, undeterred by his great superiority of force, marched rapidly against him; contrived to draw him from his entrenchments by well-conceived manœuvres; and soundly thrashed him, capturing his camp and guns, and making many prisoners (December 8th).

Conflans retreated to Masulipatam; Forde occupied Rajamundey. As soon as he had refreshed his men, he resumed his advance, though apprised by his scouts that Salabut Jung was preparing to crush him with a force of 20,000 foot and 15,000 horse. Pushing forward swiftly, and leaving the Subadar's army on his right, he reached Masulipatam; and on the night of the 7th, forming his little army into three divisions, stormed the fort, and compelled Conflans, with his entire force, to surrender. Though less known than Plassey, Assaye, and other memorable fields of Indian warfare, it may be doubted whether this splendid victory is not equal to any in boldness of conception and rapidity of execution. When the prisoners were mustered, it was found that they considerably exceeded in number those to whom they had yielded up their arms.

Its consequences were most important. In less than a week M. Moraim, with 300 troops, arrived off Masulipatam; but finding it in the hands of the English, he proceeded to Ganjan, which, however, he abandoned before the end of the year. Salabut Jung, deeply impressed by the signal discomfiture of the French, made overtures to Forde for the English alliance, and concluded a treaty by which he ceded the Circars to the English, and undertook that no French contingent should be again allowed in the Dekkan. Thus was the work of Dupleix and Bussy undone, and the dream of a Franco-Indian empire finally dissolved.

But let us turn our gaze to another scene of operations. While French ascendancy in the Dekkan was crumbling into the dust, it fared equally ill in the Carnatic and in the districts more immediately under the influence of the government of Pondichery. Lally, compelled to return to his capital by the disorder of the administration, left the command of the army to M. de Soupire, who posted himself at Arcot. The English, led by Major Brereton, made a feint to attack Wandewash, and having thus deceived the French commander, pushed on to Conjeveram, of which they became masters before De Soupire had heard of the movement. Later in the year, however, they suffered a repulse at Wandewash; and soon afterwards the command was assumed by Sir Eyre Coote. The difficulties of the French, meanwhile, were daily increasing. Their soldiers were unpaid, without sufficient food, and in rags. Distrusting their officers, whom they suspected of withholding their pay, they broke out into open mutiny at Wandewash (October 27th), abandoned their quarters, and marched six miles in the direction of Madras. By great exertions, and by conceding all their demands, Lally succeeded in recalling them to their colours; and assembling them at Arcot, where he was joined by Bussy with 350 Europeans and 2,000 native irregulars, and calling to his aid 2,000 Marathi cavalry, he prepared for the campaign which was to decide the fate of the Carnatic. Receiving intelligence of the capture of Carangoly and Wandewash by the English, Lally determined on assuming the offensive. Early in January, 1760, he moved rapidly upon Conjeveram, which he plundered, and then marched on to Tripatur. There he left Bussy, with the main body, while he made a dash at Wandewash, with 600 Europeans and some native troops.

The fort of Wandewash occupied the centre of the

town of the same name, which was protected by a wall flanked by small towers, and covered by a hedge and ditch. Lally's design was to surprise and take the town, and, under cover of the narrow streets, to plant a battery close to the fort, which he hoped to breach and carry before the English could come up. The first part of his plan succeeded, and the town was captured; but a delay took place in erecting the battery, and Coote came up to the relief of the place. There was now no alternative for Lally but to retreat or fight; and Bussy having joined him on the evening of the 20th, he resolved on the latter. According to Orme, the force which he drew up to meet the English attack consisted of 2,250 European infantry, 1,300 sepoy, 300 European cavalry, and 3,000 Marathis;* while Coote's army numbered 1,900 Europeans, of whom only 80 were cavalry, and 2,350 sepoy. The numerical superiority, therefore, was with the French; but, on the other hand, the French soldiers were discontented with their officers, and the officers with their commander.

Coote, a general of no mean ability, drew up his army in three lines. The first stretched out beyond the flank of the enemy's position, and manœuvred so as at once to turn their entrenchments and communicate at will with the garrison in the fort at Wandewash. The second, considerably weaker than the first, was composed of picked troops; and the third was formed by the reserve of cavalry, of whom only the Europeans were trustworthy. Lally's army consisted of a single line; the left, thrown forward, rested on a tank, and, supported by an entrenchment on the other side of it, formed an obtuse angle with the rest of the line, so as to command the ground over which the enemy must

* Lally himself represents his force as made up of 1,350 European infantry, 150 cavalry, 1,800 sepoy, and 2,000 Marathi cavalry; but he undoubtedly underrates its strength.

pass. About 400 yards in the rear of the centre were two defiles, guarded by fifty men and two guns. Between the intervals of the guns were posted the remaining guns, sixteen in number. The cavalry were stationed on the right. Lally commanded in the centre, Bussy on the right.

As the English steadily moved forward the guns in the French entrenchment opened fire; and Lally, fancying he detected as the result some confusion in the English left, decided on a charge. He galloped up to the right, placed himself at the head of the cavalry, and after some hesitation got them to advance; but being warmly saluted with grape from a couple of field-pieces, they fell into a panic, and fled from the field. Lally then hastened to the infantry, whom he formed into column, and led against the English line under a hot cannonade. The Lorraine regiment charged with so much impetuosity as to break through the battalion opposed to it; but Coote quickly brought up the rest of his line, hurled them on the French flank, and threw the columns into disorder. On the left of the French a tumbril blew up, killing and wounding eighty men, and causing considerable confusion. Coote immediately ordered Brereton to carry the entrenchment, and the English dashing forward with their usual vigour, drove the enemy before them, and swiftly gained possession of what was really the key of the French position. In the *mêlée* Bussy was taken prisoner; and in spite of all Lally's efforts, a panic spread throughout his disordered ranks, and the battle was hopelessly lost.

In this well-fought action, which dealt the last and decisive blow to French domination in India, the French lost upwards of 600 in killed, wounded, and prisoners; the English only 190. Eighteen guns fell into the hands of the victors, with a large quantity of ammunition, tents, stores, and baggage of every description.

Lally fell back upon Gingee, and as Coote advanced, upon Valdoren, whence he was compelled to retreat within the hedge that bounded Pondichery (April 15th).

Had Coote been aware of the destitute condition of the French capital, he might have pushed forward directly after the battle, and carried it before Lally could have brought his shattered army to its defence. As it was, he aimed at the reduction of all the lesser places held by the French before attacking them in their last stronghold. One by one the French settlements submitted; Clittaput and Arcot, Tenitry, Devicotta, Trincomalee, and Alamparva, Karical, Valdaur, Chilamburm and Cuddalur. So it came to pass that on the 1st of May the French possessions in the Carnatic were confined to the fortresses of Gingee and Thiagar, and the town and district of Pondichery. In the French councils at this time the most extraordinary dissensions prevailed. The civil authorities openly thwarted Lally in all his measures, while Lally made no attempt to conceal the scorn and disgust he felt for the civil authorities. Though the enemy was at their gates, they pursued each other with unrelenting hatred. Self-interest was the predominant passion, before which love of country and national pride and the sense of honour disappeared. Lally alone vindicated the character of his country and his own fame. He exerted himself to collect stores and provisions, so that the city might withstand a siege of some months; and he applied for assistance to Hyder Ali, the generalissimo of the armies of Mysore, who sent him 3,000 horse and 5,000 infantry; but these were recalled at the end of four weeks. After Coote had completed, about the middle of July, his investment of the city, Lally gave a striking proof of his energy and capacity. He arranged with consummate skill the details of a night attack on the British army, and so carefully did he keep his secret, that Coote

obtained no inkling of it, until he found his right and left simultaneously exposed to a heavy attack, and one of his most important redoubts in the hands of the enemy. Had not a third column, which was intended to fall upon the British rear, contrived to lose its way, and fail to co-operate, Lally would have succeeded in delaying, if he had not wholly prevented, the capture of the city. As it was, the troops actually engaged, when they found themselves unsupported by their comrades, lost heart, and were repulsed with terrible slaughter.

About this time some ships from England arrived at Madras with instructions to Coote to hand over the army to Major Monson, and proceed to take the command of the army in Bengal. Monson was not unworthy of the promotion, for he was a brave and an able officer; but the Madras Presidency murmured greatly at the supercession, at such a moment, of Colonel Coote. The colonel, however, immediately resigned his command, and Monson hastened to carry out a favourite plan, by which he hoped to drive the enemy from the boundary hedge and the redoubts and batteries that guarded it. He delivered his attack in the night, and succeeded, though at a great cost of life, in forcing back the enemy upon the glacis. In the fray Monson was badly wounded, and at his urgent request Coote again assumed the command. He returned to the camp on the 20th of September, and was welcomed by the soldiery with much enthusiasm. The advances were prosecuted with redoubled vigour, and the enemy's communications with the open country being gradually cut off, while the English fleet, under Admiral Stevens, prevented him from receiving supplies by sea, the city began to suffer severely from famine. On the 14th of January Lally sent a deputation to the English commander to propose

a capitulation on terms favourable to the besieged; but Coote insisted on an unconditional surrender, and on the 16th the French submitted. The exultant victors entered the Villeneuve gate of the town, and in the evening took possession of the citadel. The garrison drew up under arms, with their conquerors facing them. Colonel Coote then reviewed the line, which, exclusive of commissioned officers, invalids, and others who had hidden themselves, numbered 1,100 men all bearing sad traces of famine, fatigue, or disease. 'The grenadiers of Lally and Lorraine [two brigades so called], once the ablest bodied men in the army, appeared the most impaired, having constantly put themselves forward to every service; and it was recollected that from their first landing, throughout all the services of the field and all the distresses of the blockade, not a man of them had ever deserted to the English army. The victor soldier gave his sigh (which none but banditti could refuse) to this solemn contemplation of the fate of war, which might have been his own.'

The fall of Pondichery was quickly followed by that of Thiagar (February 4th), Mahé (February 13th), and Gingee (April 5th); and the French empire in India ceased to exist.*

* 'Thus ended a war which, at its commencement, promised to lead to widely different results. It inflamed to the highest pitch the already irritated feelings of the French Company, who, as a matter of course, cast the whole blame of failure upon Lally; whilst a feeble and corrupt government readily espoused the cause of numbers against a single brave man, who had nothing to urge in his own defence except the truth. Lally returned home to suffer a fate which stamps with indelible disgrace the character of his judges. He was cast into prison (where he lingered three years), tried, condemned, and executed with an indecent haste, of which, it may with truth be asserted, that none except the Parisians could be guilty.'—*Gleig*, ii. 142, 143.

'Thus ended a war between the English and French for the

exclusive possession of commerce and power in India, which, with the exception of less than a twelvemonth, had lasted for fifteen years, and it terminated by leaving the French without an ensign in the country. Their settlements were restored at the Peace of Paris, two years subsequently, but they have never again been able to raise their heads in India.'—*Marshman*, i. 263.

‘Beginning with small means, then suddenly astonishing the world by its dazzling promise, the venture of the French in India was destined to end thus early in humiliation and failure. It was the sad fate of France in this, the most unfortunate of her wars, to be disgraced on the continent, and to lose simultaneously her possessions in the East and the West.’—*Malletson*, p. 562.

BOOK II.

THE ENGLISH IN BENGAL.

I.

On the 9th of April, 1756, Seraja Dowlah, a cruel and profligate youth of twenty years of age, succeeded to the viceroyalty of Bengal. His tranquil possession of power was menaced by his cousin, Sokut Jung, who endeavoured to bribe the Mogul Emperor at Delhi into bestowing the dignity upon him. The first thought of the new Viceroy was to crush this possible rival, and collecting a large army he marched towards Purneah, the seat of Sokut Jung's government; but his wrath was suddenly diverted towards the English settlement of Calcutta, the fortifications of which Mr. Drake, the governor, had refused on the Nawab's order to demolish. Halting his columns, he turned them furiously against the factory of Cossimbazar, of which and of the person of its chief, Mr. Watts, he speedily made himself master; and disregarding the protests and remonstrances which reached him from the English governor, he pushed forward against Calcutta.

The town was wholly unprepared for a siege, and Fort William itself was in a decayed condition. The repairs begun by Mr. Drake had made but little progress, and its garrison consisted of only 174 Euro-

peans, who had had no experience in the field, and 1,500 natives, who were hastily armed with matchlocks. The Nawab's army, 50,000 strong, drew up before the place on the 17th of June, and on the following day carried some batteries which had been thrown up in front of the fort. A Clive would probably have made a stout and successful defence; but Mr. Drake was no Clive, and early on the morning of the 19th he effected his escape with the women and children and as many others as could crowd into the boats, on board the vessels lying in the river, which immediately weighed anchor, and dropped down two miles below the fort. When this shameful act of desertion was known, imprecations arose on every side; but the imminence of the danger restored something like calmness and concord, and the 170 Europeans who remained unanimously placed Mr. Holwell in command, and resolved to defend the fort to the last extremity. For eight and forty hours they held out, while constantly exhibiting signals of distress to the vessels in the reach. These might have approached with ease and carried off the gallant little company, but with incredible ignominy not one of them moved to the rescue. On the 21st the Nawab sent a flag of truce, and Mr. Holwell, knowing that further resistance would be impossible, agreed to a parley, of which the enemy took advantage to pour into the fort. Mr. Holwell was brought before the Nawab, who after complaining of the smallness of the amount he had found in the treasury, ordered him to be unbound, and dismissed him with a promise of protection.

No doubt he intended to fulfil his promise; but the native officers to whose charge he and his companions had been entrusted, not being able to find suitable accommodation for them, thrust them into a small chamber, which had been used as the garrison prison.

Scarcely twenty feet square, and imperfectly ventilated, to so great a number as were thus cruelly shut up in it, it simply meant death. The climate of Bengal in June is not to be endured easily by Europeans, even with every safeguard of fresh air and suitable clothing; what then must have been the torture inflicted on 146 persons, confined in a small, close room on a sultry summer night? They themselves poisoned their own atmosphere; every breath they breathed rendered existence less tolerable. The terrible heat and their consuming thirst soon drove them frantic. Some perished in an unavailing attempt to fight their way to the little windows; others vainly offered bribes to their gaolers to furnish them with water, or remove them to a larger place of confinement. At length the groans, the mingled prayers and curses, and the useless struggle ceased, as one by one the unhappy victims met their fate. A few survived, owing their safety to the fresh air they secured by standing on the bodies of the dead. When the morning came and the door was opened, only twenty-three poor wretches staggered out of the charnel-house alive, and these so wan and ghastly that their own mothers would have failed to recognise them.

This most needless massacre was not committed, it is true, by the orders or even with the knowledge of Seraja Dowlah; but when he became acquainted with it he showed neither regret nor compassion, and he inflicted no punishment on the men to whose brutal indifference it was owing. The survivors were transferred to airier prisons, but fed only with grain and water. Then he addressed a pompous letter to the Emperor at Delhi, in which he described what he was pleased to call his conquest of the English. He placed a garrison in Fort William, prohibited Europeans from settling in the neighbourhood, directed that Calcutta should thence-

forth be known (in commemoration of his achievements) as Alinagur, 'the port of God,' and returned to Murshedabad. Thus, for the second time, was the English East India Company expelled from Bengal.

When news of these events reached Madras an expedition for the recovery of Calcutta and the punishment of Seraja Dowlah was quickly organised, and placed under the command of Clive. It consisted of 900 Europeans and 1,500 sepoy, who were embarked on board five of the Company's vessels and Admiral Watson's squadron of five men-of-war (October 10th). Adverse winds delayed its progress, and it did not reach the mouth of the Ganges until the 15th of December. Ascending the river, Clive took the Moslem fortress at Budge-budge (January 2nd), and, a week afterwards, recovered Hugli. Then he marched upon Calcutta. The Nawab, who believed that English feet would never again tread the soil of Bengal, was not less amazed than indignant at the reappearance of the irrepressible islanders; and with an army of 40,000 men he prepared to drive them into the sea. Clive made pacific proposals, but his envoys were covered with contempt; and it was seen that the sword alone could decide the issue. Thoroughly understanding the temperament of the natives, the English leader did not wait to be attacked. Strengthening his small force with some 600 marines, he advanced against the Nawab's camp, which dominated the town on the north-east. But a dense fog prevailed; he strayed from his intended line of march, and his men became enveloped by the hostile masses. After a desperate struggle, they succeeded in opening a way back into the town, and Clive withdrew them, with a loss of 200 men. He had failed in his object; but the Nawab was so confounded by the audacity of the attempt, that he deemed it prudent to make peace

with its author, and concluded a treaty by which he, on his part, restored the English to their original position, and compensated them for their losses; while the English, on their part, agreed that his friends should be their friends, and his enemies their enemies. Neither party believed, however, in the sincerity of the other; and while the Nawab began to negotiate secretly with the French generals in the Dekkan, Clive urgently pressed the home authorities to maintain a considerable force in Bengal.

There, though he had promised to return to Madras after the recovery of Calcutta, Clive himself resolved to remain. Intelligence had reached him of the outbreak of war between England and France, and he conceived it his duty to make the English settlements secure against a possible French attack. He knew that Bussy, with a veteran army, was posted in the northern Circars, at less than 300 miles from Calcutta, and that Chandernagur was garrisoned by 700 Frenchmen. If these two armies joined with the Nawab, Calcutta would be again in danger. Clive, therefore, made up his mind to attack Chandernagur before Bussy could strengthen its garrison or the Nawab concoct any new projects. He took the command by land; Watson directed the naval operations. As Clive prepared for the attack, he let drop some words which embodied a prophetic view of our Anglo-Indian history: 'If we take Chandernagur, we cannot stop there!' Nor did we.

Chandernagur fell after a nine days' siege; and the English gained possession of all the artillery and military stores, besides taking 500 prisoners. The Nawab, who had sanguinely calculated upon their defeat, was alarmed and exasperated by a success so absolute. Without the French to check them, what might not those Englishmen demand? With the characteristic

instability of the passionate Oriental temperament, he vacillated between fear and arrogance. One day he sent sums of money to Calcutta as a peace-offering: the next he despatched a gift of jewels to Bussy, and implored him to march against Clive, 'the daring in war, on whom,' said the Nawab, 'may all ill-fortune wait!' He posted his army at Plassey, forty miles south of Murshedabad, and appeared to contemplate an immediate hostile movement. He tore Clive's letters into fragments, and yet replied to them in terms of the most extravagant adulation. But throughout all these changes of mood towards the English, he was ever the same towards his subjects, all classes of whom he oppressed and disgusted. His ministers and officers never felt themselves secure against the caprice of his cruelty. At length his tyranny grew so intolerable that Mir Jaffier, the commander of his troops, Roy-dollub, his minister of finance, and the Setts, the richest bankers in India, conspired to dethrone him. They took into their confidence a certain Calcutta merchant, equally well known for his abilities and his avarice, Omichund, who had become a favourite with the prince, and whose influence rendered him too formidable to be ignored. Their object was to depose Seraja Dowlah, and place on the throne some other Mohammedan noble, of firmer character and greater talent. Jugut Sett, the banker, soon convinced them that their plans would fail unless they obtained the co-operation of the English; and accordingly communications were opened up with the representatives of the Company. The council hesitated; but Clive overruled their hesitation, and at once agreed to support the conspirators. In the negotiations that followed, Omichund contrived to take a leading part, and by his representations induced Clive to regard him as the author and chief mover of the proposed

revolution. Eventually a secret treaty was concluded, by which Clive undertook to carry his army to Murshedabad, and place Mir Jaffier upon the throne; while the latter agreed to compensate the English for all their losses, public and private. So far, the action of Clive is free from blame. If ever prince deserved deposition it was Seraja Dowlah. His subjects were fully justified in endeavouring to remove him; while the English knew, to use Clive's words, that while such a monster reigned there could be neither peace nor security.

Just when the plans of the confederates were ripe for execution, the doubly treacherous Omichund threw off the mask, and threatened to reveal them to the Nawab unless bribed to silence by the insertion of an article in the treaty guaranteeing to him a payment of thirty lakhs of rupees, and a commission of five per cent. on all payments. At this act of duplicity Clive was vehemently indignant, and being guided by no very exalted principles of morality, he protested that 'art and policy were warrantable to defeat the designs of such a villain.' With Omichund, who was equally willing to betray both parties, and whose greed of gold had rendered him insensible to every sentiment of honour or loyalty, it is unnecessary to sympathise; but the reader will blush for the fair fame of English gentlemen which was sullied by the fraud conceived and executed by Clive. His position was difficult, no doubt; but he might have dared Omichund to do his worst and basest, and saved his own character from an ineffaceable stain. Unfortunately Clive is not the only English statesman who has taken to himself the maxim, that it is allowable to fight an Oriental with his own foul weapons.

To the confederates who sought his counsel, he replied: 'Promise all that Omichund asks, and draw

up any form of engagement which will satisfy him and make us secure against his treachery.' Afterwards he detailed his scheme to Mr. Watts;—'I have your last letter, including the articles of agreement. I must confess the tenour of them surprised me much. I immediately repaired to Calcutta, and, at a committee held, both the admiral [Watson] and gentlemen agree that Omichund is the greatest villain upon earth, and that now he appears in the strongest light, what he was always suspected to be, a villain in grain. However, to counterplot this scoundrel, and at the same time to give him no cause to suspect our intentions, enclosed you will receive two forms of agreement,—the one real, to be strictly kept by us, the other fictitious. In short, this affair concluded, Omichund shall be treated as he deserves. This you will acquaint Mir Jaffer with.' The genuine treaty, from which Omichund's name was omitted, was endorsed upon white paper; the false, which conceded all he asked, upon red. It was with some reluctance that the members of council attached their signatures to the latter document. Admiral Watson absolutely refused; and as the absence of his name would have awakened Omichund's suspicions, Clive boldly forged it. The public conscience of the present generation refuses to accept any extenuation of her conduct in this transaction; yet it is only just, on Clive's conduct to the last, he asserted the integrity of his motives, and declared that he 'would do it a hundred times over.'

Mir Jaffer having sworn upon that; his engagements, and withdraw his force from the Nawab's army on or before the day of battle. Clive addressed a letter to the prince in which he enumerated the grievances of the English, and set out on his march with 1,000 Europeans, 2,000 natives, and eight pieces of

cannon. He reached Cutwa on the 17th, and captured the fort; but Mir Jaffier, who, in the interval, had been compelled to take a fresh oath of allegiance to his suspicious sovereign, held aloof. On the 19th the rains began, and Clive for a moment doubted the prudence of the enterprise on which he had embarked at so unfavourable a season. He was not a man accustomed to retrace his steps, however, and he determined on crossing the Ganges. But the extent to which the difficulties and dangers of his position had affected him is seen in the fact that, for the first and last time in his life, he called a council of war, which, as is customary with such bodies, decided on a retrograde movement, by a majority of nine against seven. Strange to say, Clive himself was in the majority; not, we may be sure, from any timidity or from the considerations which guided his colleagues, but because he recognised only too clearly the magnitude of the stake for which he was playing. At the conclusion of the discussion, dissatisfied with the result to which he had contributed, he wandered away alone from the camp; and sitting down under a clump of trees, continued in profound thought for upwards of an hour. Suddenly he arose, with his mind made up; and made up against delay or retreat. Disregarding the vote of the council, he issued immediate orders to his army to prepare for crossing the river on the morrow.

At daybreak on the 22nd, his little force was set in motion; and by four o'clock in the afternoon the passage of the Ganges was successfully completed. The boats being towed against the stream with indefatigable perseverance, the infantry and guns pushed forward; and after a march of fifteen miles the army bivouacked, about three in the morning of the 23rd, in a grove or small wood near the village of Plassey.

From the reports of his spies Clive had expected to

Seraja Dowlah, on reaching his capital, found himself deserted by his court; and after a day spent in gloomy despondency, disguised himself in a peasant's dress, escaped from his palace, attended only by a eunuch and a favourite concubine, and under cover of the night embarked in a little boat for Behar. There he hoped to find M. Law, with his force of 200 Europeans. But landing at Rajmahal for refreshment, he chanced to enter the hut of a fakeer, whose ears had been cut off by his orders some months before. The man immediately gave information of his whereabouts to his pursuers, who seized him, and carried him back to Murshedabad, where he was secretly put to death on the very night of his arrival.

Clive entered Murshedabad on the 29th of June, and formally installed Mir Jaffier as Subadar of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa. Only a year had elapsed since the massacre of Calcutta; and already the English had recovered their capital, driven out the French, defeated and dethroned the hostile Nawab, and placed the government of three provinces, with a population of twenty-five millions, in the hands of a partisan and instrument of their own! History records few examples of a revolution so rapid and so vast. In accordance with the conditions of the treaty concluded by Mir Jaffier, the losses of the Company and of private individuals were compensated by the gradual payment out of the Subadar's treasury of two crores and twenty lakhs of rupees; an exaction which fell heavily on the unfortunate population of the three provinces. In his territorial demands Clive was exceptionally moderate, demanding only the fee simple of the land for six hundred yards round the Marathi Ditch, and the zemindary rights of the district lying to the south of Calcutta. For himself he refused everything but sixteen lakhs of rupees which Mir Jaffier pressed upon him in the first

fervour of his gratitude. As for Omichund, when he claimed his promised reward, he was coolly informed of the trick of the two treaties, and dismissed without a rupee. His mortification was so great that for a time his reason trembled in the balance ; but he afterwards recovered, and Clive exerted himself to obtain for the man, when he fell into poverty, a suitable pension.

II.

THE directors of the East India Company, when they were apprised of Clive's great achievements, appointed him to the government of their possessions in Bengal; and it needed a hand as firm as his to maintain the fabric which he had erected. The new Nawab professed that he could do nothing without him; and an amusing illustration is on record of the awe with which he regarded the English king-maker. One day the prince was reprimanding a native chief of high rank for having allowed his retainers to engage in an affray with some of the Company's sepoys: 'Have you yet to learn,' he said, 'who Colonel Clive is, and in what station Allah has placed him?' The chief, an old friend of the Nawab, replied with a smile: 'I affront the colonel?—I, who never get up in the morning without making three low bows to his jackass?' The influence he had acquired was justified by his extraordinary activity and readiness. No emergency found him unprepared, and no enemy could prevail against him. Mir Jaffier, in order to replenish his exhausted treasury, levied contributions on all classes of his subjects; and provoked a movement of resistance which, but for Clive's interposition, must have been successful. The chiefs of Patna, Purneah, and Midnapur rebelled against him; and, to add to his embarrassments, the Subadar of Oudh prepared to invade his dominions. He turned to Clive to save him; and Clive could not reject the appeal, though his whole disposable force at this period amounted only to 500 Europeans and 2,000 sepoys. But he knew the causes of the existing discontent; and he felt convinced

that the Hindu chiefs were more inclined to look to him than to the Subadar as their protector. He had no sooner made known his willingness to negotiate between the parties than they threw themselves upon him for protection. 'He did not reject them,' says Mr. Gleig, 'while at the same time he spared, as far as it was possible so to do, the feelings of the Nawab; and the result was, first, a progress by Mir Jaffier and the English leader and his troops through the disaffected provinces, and by-and-by the full re-establishment of that Hindu influence at court which the Nawab had hoped, by the assistance of the English, to overthrow. There is no doubt that, by the part which he took in these domestic quarrels, Clive wrought the Nawab good service. It is equally certain that he did not forget either the Company or its servants. He unquestionably extricated the former out of perplexities from which he could never have extricated himself; but he did so on his own terms. He caused Mir Jaffier to make an assignment of the revenues of certain districts for the purpose of liquidating the residue of the debt still due to the Company and to individuals; and he obtained, over and above, a grant of the monopoly of saltpetre, which is produced to a considerable extent in the province of Patna. Finally, the necessary forms for investing the government of Calcutta with the zemindary were made out. In a word, "we may pronounce," as he himself expresses it, "that this expedition, without bloodshed, was crowned with all the advantages that could be expected or wished, both to the Nawab and the Company." ' Such would seem to have been the Nawab's own opinion, and he bestowed on his ally and friend a princely token of princely gratitude. The jaghire, or quit-rent, which the East India Company paid to the Nawab for the large territory which they held to the south of Calcutta, amounted to nearly

£30,000 a year. This considerable income he now made over to Clive for life.

Oriental gratitude, however, like other oriental virtues, has but a fleeting existence. Moralists have told us men soon learn to hate those from whose hands they have received benefits; and so it was with Mir Jaffier. He began to mistrust the hand that supported him; might it not some day pull him down as it had set him up? He looked round him, therefore, to secure a counterbalance against the supremacy that galled, and might destroy him; and resolved on seeking a Dutch alliance. For centuries the Dutch flag had proudly waved in the Eastern seas; and it was not yet distinctly known in Asia how considerably the ancient power of Holland had declined. The Nawab invited the Dutch to introduce a European force into their trading settlement at Chinsurah; and the Dutch, anxious as other European nations for a share in the spoils of 'the pagoda land,' and jealous of the sudden rise of the English, eagerly accepted the invitation, despatching a fleet of seven vessels to the Hugli, with 700 Europeans on board, and 800 disciplined Malay sepoys (October, 1758). Clive, who had resolved that no foreign power should menace the ascendancy of England in Bengal, acted with his usual promptitude and decision. He compelled the Nawab to issue an order that the ships of Holland should ascend the river no higher than Fulda, and provided for obedience to this order by arming all the forts which lined the river banks with heavy guns, calling out the militiamen of Calcutta, and patrolling the river with his guardboats, which examined any small craft that presented itself, and allowed nothing to pass that contained troops or military stores. Urgent were the protestations of the Dutch. Clive contemptuously ignored them, while he proceeded to wring from the reluctant

Nawab an order for their immediate departure from his territories.

The Dutch refused to move. Meantime, Clive ascertained that they had despatched agents to various points, who raised recruits for their service, and forwarded them to Fulda or Chinsurah in small bodies. Though somewhat hampered by the fact that England and Holland were at peace, Clive resolved on striking a sharp, swift blow. It was justified, perhaps, by an act of hostility on the part of the Dutch commander, who had seized on some British vessels, hauled down their colours, and removed their guns and stores to his own ships. Clive immediately sequestered the ships which had arrived from Batavia, and placing Colonel Forde at the head of a division of 300 Europeans and 800 sepoy, with six guns, instructed him to attack the Dutch force. Colonel Forde, shrinking from the responsibility of attacking the soldiers of a friendly power, requested his superior to furnish him with a written order. Clive was engaged at a game of whist when the letter reached him, and without rising he pencilled on one of the cards: 'Dear Forde, fight them immediately; I will send you the order of council to-morrow.' This was sufficient for Forde, who had much of the daring spirit of his chief. He advanced to meet the Dutch army, came up with them near Chinsurah, defeated them with considerable slaughter, and took fifteen officers prisoners. The action was scarcely ended, when the Nawab's son, with a force of 7,000 men, appeared on the scene, prepared to fall upon the English, had the issue of the day been otherwise. Simultaneously with the land expedition, Clive equipped and armed some merchant vessels which lay near Fort William, and sent them against the Dutch squadron. Another victory was the result, and the Dutch, beaten to their knees, sued for peace.

Clive's biographer is surely right in maintaining that no series of transactions in his hero's eventful career did him higher honour both as soldier and patriot than those we have just recorded. He cannot have been inspired by any other impulse than that of the loftiest patriotism, for he hazarded both fame and fortune in the adventure. Had he failed, the Company and the English government might have made him responsible for the failure; and even success was a risk, considering the relations that existed between England and Holland. Yet he deliberately prepared to expose himself to these chances, and to jeopardise his large investments, of which the Dutch had charge, rather than involve the great interests he held in trust to the perils with which they seemed to be threatened. He who risks nothing, wins nothing; Clive risked everything, and gained everything. The Dutch, well aware that their conduct was outside the comity of nations, endured their punishment with tolerable grace; apologising for 'the misconduct' of their officers, and undertaking to defray the expenses of the war, if war it can be called, provided the English would be satisfied with these concessions. It is needless to say that the English *were* satisfied.

Having firmly established the government of the Company in Bengal, Clive prepared to return to England. Before embarking, he embodied his views on the future administration of India, the prospects of British supremacy, and the relations that ought to exist between the mother country and its dependency, in a letter to William Pitt, which is remarkable for its grasp of the subject, its political foresight, and its open disregard of the principles of honour and justice. Though it belongs rather to the biography of Clive than to the history of British India, some portions of it may be transferred to these pages with advantage. He says :

‘The great revolution that has been effected here by the success of the English arms, and the vast advantages gained to the Company by a treaty concluded in consequence thereof, have, I observe, in some measure engaged the public attention; but much more may yet in time be done, if the Company will exert themselves in the manner the importance of their present possessions and future prospects deserves. I have represented to them in the strongest terms the expediency of sending out and keeping up such a force as will enable them to embrace the first opportunity of further aggrandising themselves; and I dare pronounce, from a thorough knowledge of this country’s [Bengal is referred to] government, and of the genius of the people, acquired by ten years’ application and experience, that such an opportunity will soon offer. The reigning Subadar, whom the victory at Plassey invested with the sovereignty of these provinces, still, it is true, retains his attachment to us, and probably, while he has no other support, will continue to do so; but Mussulmans are so little influenced by gratitude, that, should he ever think it his interest to break with us, the obligations he owes us would prove no restraint. . . . Moreover, he is advanced in years; and his son is so cruel, worthless a young fellow, and so apparently an enemy to the English, that it will be almost unsafe trusting him with the succession. So small a body as two thousand Europeans will secure us against any apprehensions from either the one or the other; and, in case of their daring to be troublesome, enable the Company to take the sovereignty upon themselves.

‘There will be the less difficulty in bringing about such an event, as the natives themselves have no attachment whatever to particular princes; and as, under the present government, they have no security

for their lives or properties, they would rejoice in so happy an exchange as that of a mild for a despotic government; and there is little room to doubt our easily obtaining the Mogul's *sunmul* (or grant) in confirmation thereof, provided we agreed to pay him the stipulated allotment out of the revenues; viz., fifty lacs annually. This has, of late years, been very ill paid, owing to the distractions in the heart of the Mogul empire, which have disabled that court from attending to their concerns in the distant provinces: and the vizier has actually wrote to me, desiring I would engage the Nabob to make the payments agreeable to the former usage; nay, further, application has been made to me from the court of Delhi to take charge of collecting this payment, the person entrusted with which is styled the king's dewan, and is the next person both in dignity and power to the suba[*dar*]. But this high office I have been obliged to decline for the present, as I am unwilling to occasion any jealousy on the part of the subadar, especially as I see no likelihood of the Company's providing us with a sufficient force to support properly so considerable an employ, and which would open the way for securing the subadarship to ourselves. That this would be agreeable to the Mogul can hardly be questioned, as it would be so much to his interest to have these countries under the dominion of a nation famed for their good faith, rather than in the hands of people who, a long experience has convinced him, never will pay him his proportion of the revenues, unless awed into it by the fear of the imperial army marching to force them thereto.

‘But so large an object may possibly be an object too extensive for a mercantile company; and it is to be feared they are not of themselves able, without the nation's assistance, to maintain so wide a dominion. I have therefore presumed, sir, to represent this matter

to you, and submit it to your consideration, whether the execution of a design, that may hereafter be still carried to greater lengths, be worthy of the government's taking it into hand. I flatter myself I have made it pretty clear to you that there will be little or no difficulty in obtaining the absolute possession of these rich kingdoms, and that with the Mogul's own consent, on condition of paying him less than a fifth of the revenues thereof. Now I leave you to judge whether an income yearly of upwards of two millions sterling, with the possession of three provinces abounding in the most valuable productions of nature and art, be an object deserving the public attention, and whether it be worth the nation's while to take the proper measures to secure such an acquisition,—an acquisition which, under the management of so able and disinterested a minister, would prove a source of immense wealth to the kingdom, and might in time be appropriated in part as a fund towards diminishing the heavy load of debt under which we at present labour. Add to these advantages the influence we shall thereby acquire over the several European nations engaged in the commerce here, which these could no longer carry on but through our indulgence and under such limitations as we should think fit to prescribe. It is well worthy consideration that this project may be brought about without draining the mother country, as has been too much the case with our possessions in America.'

We have here a policy of acquisition and aggression unblushingly indicated. No pretence is made that the welfare of the peoples of India required a moment's consideration. 'British interests,' the aggrandisement of England, the payment of the national debt of England from the resources of India, are exclusively and confidently advocated. The national conscience at the

present day would, it may be hoped, unhesitatingly condemn such a project, if now for the first time brought before it; would, at least, feel that if we interfered in Indian affairs it should be for the benefit of the Indian population. To Clive, and men like Clive, moral scruples did not occur; had they occurred, it is probable that our Anglo-Indian empire would never have been built up, or, at all events, would have been built up on a very different foundation. We have now no choice but to accept the burden transmitted to us by our forefathers; consoling ourselves with the thought that if the responsibility be great, so are the opportunities. The government of India England holds as a solemn trust, to be discharged with a constant and careful regard for the welfare of the two hundred millions over whom it extends. Apart from this point of view, Clive's letter is a masterpiece of political shrewdness. It is clear that he had conceived the idea of ruling India through her princes; and that he also saw the inconveniences of committing so large an enterprise to a company of private adventurers.*

The condition of India at this juncture (1761) was

* 'Let it not be forgotten that in 1759 there was the Board of Control in existence, and that the directors were as independent both of the Crown and of the Houses of Parliament as if they had belonged to a foreign state and were entrusted with its government. Now, no man possessed of Clive's knowledge in Indian affairs could look upon such a state of things with complacency. Anticipating, as he did, constant accessions of territorial empire to his country, and foreseeing that this must inevitably lead to an entanglement more and more complicated in Asiatic policy, he was desirous that the mainspring of action should be established where it was likely to move with a vigorous and a consistent impetus; and being without experience of any other source of political power than the Crown, he desired to place at once the territories won by the valour of the king's subjects under the protection, and of course under the control, of the Crown and its ministers.'—*Gleig: 'Life of Lord Clive,'* pp. 125, 126.

eminently favourable to the rapid growth of a foreign power. The great Mogul empire, over which the achievements of Baber, Akbar, and Aurengzebe had thrown a picturesque splendour, had crumbled into ruin, and the descendant of Timour was roaming over Behar vainly in search of succour and support. The crushing defeat at Paniput (January 7th) had temporarily broken up the power of the Marathis, and extinguished their hopes of succeeding to the imperial throne of Delhi. The Nizam at Haidarabad had been compelled to cede some of his richest territories to his formidable neighbours. In Mysore the genius of Hyder Ali was rapidly establishing a new kingdom. In Oudh a large army was spread over a country abounding in resources; but the Nawab was deficient in the qualities which belong to a successful rule. The Rajput rajas had never recovered from the losses inflicted upon them by a series of Marathi invasions. Thus India was partitioned out among numerous states, which were separated from one another in several instances by religious differences and broad distinctions of race; in all, by antagonistic interests and traditional animosities. Incapable of combining against a common foe, their subjugation, one by one, might easily be accomplished by a foreign power in possession of a well-disciplined army, acting on a deliberate and well-conceived plan. It can hardly be said that any such plan presented itself, for many years, to the English government in India; hence the irregular character of its progress, which was constantly being modified by temporary influences. But it could not fail to come in contact with the ill-governed principalities that surrounded it on every side, and the necessary result of such contact was their gradual defeat and absorption. In this way the area of conquest was constantly extended, until the supreme administration of India fell

to England as a necessity, and the sovereign of the British isles succeeded to the empire of the Moguls; nay, to a vaster and more splendid empire than any Mogul had dreamed of.

Shah Alum ascended the imperial throne in 1760, and, reinforced by the Nawab of Oudh, whom he had named his vizier, invaded Behar, which he hoped to annex to his diminished empire. Colonel Cailliaud was appointed to the command of the English army in Bengal, to which Mir Jaffier contributed 15,000 horse, under his son Meerun. Cailliaud immediately marched to the relief of Patna, which the Emperor's forces threatened. On the 20th of February the two armies came into collision, and the Moslems were defeated. Shah Alum, however, had formed an alliance with the Marathis, and rapidly re-collecting his troops, he led them across the hills to Murshedabad, not less rapidly followed by the English. The Marathis did not appear; and Murshedabad, gallantly defended by a garrison of 200 Europeans, showed no intention of surrendering. But the daring march of Cailliaud had left Patna again exposed; and with considerable military skill, the Emperor suddenly broke up his camp, and retraced his steps across the hills, with the view of taking Patna by surprise. In carrying out this well-conceived design he was encouraged by the news that M. Law, with the French troops who had escaped from Chandernagur, was on the march to join him, and that the Nawab of Purneah was also advancing to his assistance with 30,000 men and thirty pieces of cannon. He arrived before Patna, and immediately invested it. The siege was pressed with astonishing vigour. Two attempts were made to carry the city by storm; and though these failed, it would probably have yielded to a third, had not Cailliaud despatched to its relief a

flying column under Captain Knox. This able and energetic officer marched to the scene of action with almost incredible swiftness. His troops entered Patna covered with dust and sweat, and suffering much from their rapid progress under a blazing Indian sun. But after resting them for an hour or two, he hurled them, like a bolt, at the imperial host, which, with its bannered crescents and shining tents, spread over the river-watered plain. He chose that period of the afternoon when the natives are accustomed to refresh themselves with sleep; and the Emperor, daunted by the audacity and vigour of the attack, abandoned his position and retreated in all haste. Immediately afterwards the level was thronged with the gathering battalions of the Nawab of Purneah, who brought up his promised contingent. Knox, though his force consisted of only 200 Europeans, a battalion of sepoy, and 300 horse, with five pieces of light artillery, resolved on risking a battle, and issuing from the city, crossed the Ganges, and dashed upon the enemy. So desperate seemed the enterprise that the inhabitants of Patna, in breathless anxiety, mounted the walls to watch its issue. Success crowned the efforts of that little band of heroes, not one of the least of whom was a Hindu prince, the Raja Shitabroy. The Nawab, defeated with great loss, hastily withdrew from the field. Knox was too weak to venture on pursuit.

Cailliaud, still accompanied by Meerun, now reached Patna; and crossing the Ganges, he undertook to follow up the Nawab. His progress was arrested, however, by an unforeseen incident, the death of Meerun, who, as he lay on his couch listening to the recital of a professional storyteller, was killed by a thunderbolt. On the death of its leader an Indian army dissolves like snow before the sun; and Cailliaud therefore hastened back to Patna, where all his vigilance barely succeeded

in holding together a few of the Nawab's troops until the season arrived for sending them into winter quarters.

Meerun, if as cruel and profligate as a Tiberius, was not less able and energetic; and the Nawab having sunk into a state of imbecility, his death threw the administration of the viceregal provinces into confusion. The army, badly paid and half-starved, threatened the palace, and clamorously demanded their arrears. Mir Cassim, the Nawab's son-in-law, stepped forward promptly with an offer to satisfy the troops out of his own funds if the prince would consent to recognise him as Meerun's successor. To this Mir Jaffier readily agreed; and at once despatched him to Calcutta to arrange with the English authorities for payment of the moneys due to them. Mr. Holwell, of whom we have already heard in connection with the massacre of the 'Black Hole,' was then a member of council. He cherished a strong animosity against the Nawab; and, deeply impressed by Mir Cassim's shrewdness and practical talents, he urged his colleagues to depose the Nawab and elevate him to the viceregal throne. The advice was taken; and Mir Jaffier found himself compelled to abdicate. His son-in-law stepped into his seat, and gratefully rewarded the good offices of Mr. Vansittart, the governor, and Mr. Holwell, with gifts of five and three lakhs respectively; while he ceded to the Company the fertile districts of Midnapur, Chittagong, and Burdwan. The reader will know how to apply to this transaction the strong terms of censure it undoubtedly deserves.

Mir Cassim, having surrendered the lands which furnished a third of his revenue, was under the necessity of reducing the expenditure of his court and government and levying an increased taxation, in order to meet his financial engagements with the English. This done, he resolved on throwing off the

yoke of their influence, and restoring the independence of the Subadar. Removing his seat of government to Monghir, 320 miles from Calcutta, he was able to work out his plans in comparative security; and, calling to his councils an Armenian clothseller, named Gurghin Khan—a man whose genius, at another time and in another sphere, must have raised him to a foremost position in the eyes of the world,—he contrived, in the space of three short years, to raise and train an army of 25,000 foot and 15,000 horse. He established a foundry for casting cannon, and his government factory turned out matchlocks superior even to the English firearms. A few years of leisure, and it is possible that Mir Cassim would have made for himself a position dangerous to the English ascendancy. Well was it for England and for India that his daring schemes were eventually frustrated; but we can afford to do justice to the boldness with which they were conceived, and the vigour with which they were carried out.

The Mogul emperor, Shah Alum, with his motley and tumultuous host, still tarried upon the frontiers of Behar, burning, plundering, and slaying with true Mohammedan ferocity (A.D. 1763). Colonel Carnac, who had been despatched against him, at Gya came up with the imperial horde, accompanied by some French adventurers under M. Law. A well-fought battle ensued, in which the English arms were victorious, and M. Law was made prisoner. Though his partisans had fled, the gallant soldier had refused to quit the field; and Carnac discovered him sitting astride upon a gun, as if waiting for death to release him from his shame. He refused to yield his sword. Carnac received him as a prisoner of war on his own conditions, and treated him with that courtesy which always accompanies true courage. The Emperor was not slow, after his defeat, to accept peace from the hands of his con-

querors, who received him at Patna with politic deference. Mir Cassim, taking alarm at the prospect of friendly relations springing up between the English and the Emperor, repaired to Colonel Carnac's camp. At first he refused to do homage to the Emperor, but his obstinacy was overruled by the English commander; and the homage having been paid, he received from Shah Alum formal investiture of the subadarship in return for a promised tribute of twenty-four lakhs of rupees yearly.

For nine months the ambitious Subadar pursued the even tenour of his way, devoting all his energies to the task of strengthening his position. At length he came into collision with the Calcutta government on the question of the transit duties; that is, the toll levied on merchandise passing through the three provinces by land or water. The Company claimed and exacted that the trade of their servants should be taxed only nine per cent, though that of the natives was taxed twenty-five per cent. An arrangement to this effect was concluded between Mr. Vansittart and the Nawab, but it was immediately repudiated by the other members of council, who declared they would pay no duty except upon salt, and in that case, only two and a half. As a rejoinder the Nawab abolished *all* duties, in order that the natives might compete upon equal terms with the foreigners. It will scarcely be believed that the council pronounced this measure 'an act of glaring hostility towards the Company,' insisted on its immediate recall, and when the Nawab showed no signs of compliance, disregarding the remonstrances of Mr. Vansittart and Mr. Warren Hastings, they prepared for war. Mr. Hay and Mr. Amyatt meanwhile proceeded to Monghir to coerce the Nawab into submission.

Mr. Ellis was at this time the Company's repre-

sentative at Patna. A man of violent and unscrupulous temper, he resolved to seize on the city; but he made his preparations with so much publicity, that the Nawab, while allowing Mr. Amyatt to return to Calcutta, detained Mr. Hay as a hostage. On the evening of the 24th, the day originally fixed for the departure of both Hay and Amyatt, Mr. Ellis, concluding they were out of the Nawab's reach, carried out his design, led his troops against Patna, surprised the guards, scaled the walls, and took possession of the town. Flushed with their easy victory, the English soldiers spread through the streets, plundering and drinking, and fell into such disorder, that the native commandant recovered his courage, returned to the charge, and regained the place. Mr. Ellis and the other servants of the Company fled to their boats, and proceeded up the river, but were overtaken and made prisoners. The same fate befell the Europeans at Cossimbazar, while Mr. Amyatt, in pursuit of whom the indignant Nawab sent some armed vessels, refusing to surrender, was killed in the *mêlée*.

These untoward events exasperated to fever heat the bellicose members of the Calcutta council. They would hear of nothing but war *à outrance*, though Vansittart and Hastings strongly recommended the peaceful settlement of a dispute which the English had themselves provoked. Mir Jaffier was recalled from his obscurity and declared Nawab. Burdened with the weight of seventy-two years, and afflicted with leprosy, he readily conceded every demand which the Calcutta authorities pressed upon him; and the allies then took the field (July 2nd). The English division, under Major Adams, consisted of 650 Europeans, 1,200 sepoy, and a troop of native cavalry; Mir Jaffier's, of 12,000 horse and the same number of foot. We have seen that Mir Cassim had bestowed much

care on the formation and training of an effective military force; but though his soldiers fought well, they were defeated by the allies at Cutwa (July 19th), and compelled to fall back. Mir Cassim then took the command in person, and having brought up all his army, attacked Major Adams at Gheriah (August 2nd) with unusual vehemence. The action lasted four hours, and was the most stoutly contested our troops had yet fought in India. At one time the English lines were broken, and the 84th regiment, attacked both in front and rear, was in danger of annihilation; but the firm courage of the men, and the coolness of their officers, restored the battle, and drove the enemy into headlong flight, with the loss of all his cannon, stores, and provisions. He was saved from utter destruction only by taking refuge in an intrenched camp at Udwanulla.

Mad with rage and mortification, Mir Cassim turned to revenge himself on the natives he suspected and the English prisoners whom he held in bond. Raja Rajbullub, his former governor of Dacca, was put to death, with all his sons. The Setts, the rich Murshedabad bankers, were flung into the Ganges from the ramparts of the fort of Monghir. A favourite and faithful servant entreated to be allowed to share their fate; and being refused, plunged into the river, and perished. Ramnarayun, ex-governor of Patna, was also cast into the river, with weights suspended from his neck. For the present, however, the lives of the European prisoners were spared, but their captivity was made more rigorous. Early in November, a deserter betrayed to the English commander a secret approach to Udwanulla. Major Adams hurled his army against the camp; it was surprised and captured. The Nawab, with a few followers, fled first to Monghir, and then to Patna; but before his departure gave orders for the

sentative at Patna. A man of violent and unscrupulous temper, he resolved to seize on the city; but he made his preparations with so much publicity, that the Nawab, while allowing Mr. Amyatt to return to Calcutta, detained Mr. Hay as a hostage. On the evening of the 24th, the day originally fixed for the departure of both Hay and Amyatt, Mr. Ellis, concluding they were out of the Nawab's reach, carried out his design, led his troops against Patna, surprised the guards, scaled the walls, and took possession of the town. Flushed with their easy victory, the English soldiers spread through the streets, plundering and drinking, and fell into such disorder, that the native commandant recovered his courage, returned to the charge, and annihilated the English. Mr. Ellis, following the mutinous spirit of the English sepoys necessitated a retreat from the frontier; but Major (afterwards Sir Hector) Munro arriving to take the command, soon restored order by the vigour of his measures. Twenty-four of the ringleaders were tried by court-martial and condemned to be shot. Four of them were blown away from the mouth of a gun, the most appalling form in which death presents itself to the native mind; but when preparations were being made for the punishment of the remainder, the sepoys loudly protested they would not allow it. Munro, with admirable promptitude, directed his artillery to load their cannon with grape, and point them at the native regiments. He drew up his English troops in the intervals between the guns, and peremptorily ordered the discomfited sepoys to ground their arms. Submission was their only resource; the execution was carried out, and the discipline of the army restored.

In September, 1763, Munro took the field against the Nawab of Oudh, who was threatening British territory with an army of 50,000 men. Crossing the Soane

with great rapidity, he pushed forward to Buxar, where, on the 23rd of October, he attacked the enemy. The battle lasted three hours, and notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, resulted in a glorious victory for the English. The enemy lost all his stores and 130 pieces of cannon, and fled in irretrievable confusion. This was one of the most decisive battles won by our arms in India. It completely broke down the power of the Nawab of Oudh, the only enemy in the north whom the English had any occasion to fear, placed the Emperor himself under their protection, and secured to them the entire command of the rich valley of the Ganges, from the Himalaya to the sea. A definitive treaty was concluded with the powerless occupant of the throne of the Moguls, which gave the Company the possession of Ghazipur, and the remainder of the territories of the Raja of Benares; while the Company undertook to conquer Allahabad and the forfeited territories of Oudh, on condition that the Emperor defrayed the expenses of the war by which he was to profit.

Before this arrangement could be carried out, a change came over the scene in Bengal which led to fresh combinations. The Calcutta government was in desperate straits for money; and to replenish its empty treasury, put a severe pressure on the hapless Mir Jaffier, notwithstanding his old age and his dangerous illness. He was required to furnish an additional sum of five lakhs monthly during the continuance of the war, while private individuals demanded 'compensation for losses,'—that is, 'for losses sustained, or said to be sustained, in an illicit monopoly of the Company, of life, carried on against the orders of the native merchants,'—to the extent of fifty-three lakhs. At this very time the Company possessed one-half of the

and lost fame of the British nation—irrecoverably so, I fear.’ He added: ‘However, I do declare, by that great Being who is the searcher of all hearts, and to whom we must be accountable if there be a hereafter, that I am come out with a mind superior to all corruption, and that I am determined to destroy these great and growing evils, or perish in the attempt.’ These were no words of course, no formal phrases; they came straight from Clive’s heart, and he fulfilled their promise nobly. In spite of all opposition, he effected a complete remodeling of the whole system of government. He prohibited the receiving of presents from the natives; he put down the private trading of the servants of the Company; he rendered speculation and corruption unnecessary by fixing the official salaries on a sufficiently liberal scale; he enjoined, and by his own example recommended, a tolerant and gentle conduct towards the people; he insisted on the impartial administration of justice. The discipline of the army, which had been dangerously relaxed, he carefully renewed; and when two hundred officers, in their impatience to baffle his reforms, resigned their commissions on the same day, he calmly trusted himself to the fidelity of his sepoy, until he could bring officers from Fort St. George, and train some civilians from the mercantile service. His sagacity and his courage were successful. Into the entire administration was breathed a purer and more patriotic spirit, and the general tone of the European community was elevated. Thenceforth it became more and more difficult for the English adventurers in India to accumulate an immense fortune at the expense of the wretched natives; and that character which our dramatists ridiculed and our poets satirised,* the Anglo-Indian ‘nabob,’

* Here is Cowper’s indignant sketch:

‘Hast thou, though suckled at fair Freedom’s breast,
Exported slavery to the conquered East?’

enriched by violent shaking of 'the pagoda tree,' appeared more and more rarely.

The relations of the Company to the natives next came under his consideration. He had long foreseen the time when the Company would be called upon to decide whether they would or would not assume the position of a sovereign power. The time had come; the position was forced upon them; there was no help for it but to rule as the real Nawab, acknowledging the nominal supremacy of Delhi. Clive deprived the Nawab of Murshedabad of all share in the military defence of the country and the management of the revenue; but gratified him with an annual allowance of fifty-three lakhs of rupees for his court and household. 'Thank God!' exclaimed the delighted prince; 'I can now have as many dancing girls as I like.' The Nawab of Oudh, whose army had been crushed and his capital taken, submitted himself humbly to the irresistible English; but Clive's 'earth-hunger' was controlled by political foresight, and he avoided the dangers inherent in sudden territorial aggrandisement by restoring to the Nawab all his kingdom, except the two districts of Allahabad and Corah. These, with an annual revenue of twenty-six lakhs of rupees, were given to the Emperor, who, in return, conferred the *dewanny* of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, by imperial firman, on the 12th of August. In 1756, the English were driven

Pulled down the tyrants India served with dread,
And raised thyself, a greater, in their stead?
Gone thither, armed and hungry; returned full,
Fed from the richest veins of the Mogul,
A despot big with power obtained by wealth,
And that obtained by rapine and by stealth?
With Asiatic vices stored thy mind,
But left their virtues and thine own behind?
And, having trucked thy soul, brought home the fee,
To tempt the poor to sell himself to thee?

from their factories at Calcutta and Cossimbazar to take shelter in the vessels that lay anchored in the Ganges,—a handful of adventurers, defeated and discredited; in 1765 we find them deciding the fate of kingdoms, bending to their will the heir of Aurungezebe, and exercising sovereignty over three rich provinces and thirty millions of people. Did ever any decade in the world's history witness a more surprising revolution of fortune?

After spending two and twenty months in India, and accomplishing a great and beneficial work, Clive was compelled by illness to return to England. 'It has fallen to the lot of few men,' remarks Mr. Marshman, 'to exercise so important and permanent an influence on the course of human affairs. He had laid the foundation of a great empire, containing an irrepressible element of expansion. He had established the supremacy of Europe in Asia.' The political arrangement which he had established was necessarily, however, of a temporary character. Probably at the time nothing more was possible, unless the Crown could have taken the place of the Company; and, could Clive himself have supervised it for a few years, it might have proved fairly successful as a stopgap. But that the sham of the Mogul empire could long be maintained, when the real power was vested in the hands of the British authorities at Calcutta, was incredible. The Company's dewanny was simply a device for a period of transition, while the British sovereignty was rapidly rising on the ruins of the old Mohammedan supremacy. The 'empty name' of the Delhi Mogul was still preserved; but it was the strength of England which reduced the neighbouring viceroys to subjection. The internal management of the imperial territory had to be confided, however,—with the exception of military affairs,—to a native minister; and

BOOK III.

THE CONQUEST OF MYSORE.

I.

THE raj, or principality, of Maisur, or Mysore, in Southern India, is situated between lat. $11^{\circ} 35'$ and $11^{\circ} 15'$ N., and long. $74^{\circ} 45'$ to $78^{\circ} 45'$ E. The chief town, Maisur, lies about 250 miles west-south-west of Madras. The province consists of an extensive and irregular table-land, with an average elevation of about 2,000 feet, freely watered by the river Kaveri, flowing south-east, and the Tungahades, the Hugri, and the Pennar, flowing north and north-east. At the period of Anglo-Indian history to which our narrative has brought us, the ruler of this highland state was Hyder Ali, a man of very remarkable character, who by his energy, his courage, and his dissimulation—in each of which qualities he stood pre-eminent—had raised himself to the position of an independent sovereign. The son of a sirdar of peons (or head-constable), he never learned to read or write; but his wonderful powers of memory in some measure supplied his educational deficiencies. He had reached his forty-eighth year before he emerged from the shadow of obscurity; and then it was as a volunteer in the Mysore army that he attracted the notice of the chief minister, Nunjeraj, by his wit and daring valour. His immediate promotion

possession of the territory. A mutiny occurring in the capital, when the Raja and his minister were both besieged by the insurgents, Hyder proceeded swiftly to put it down, and of course was recompensed with further grants of lands. In this way he contrived to secure at least one-half of the domains of the state.

His fame as a successful warrior had spread so far, that Lally, when Sir Eyre Coote sat down before Pondichery, sent to him for assistance; and in return for the important fortress of Thiagar, he promised a contingent of 8,000 horse and foot, with some heavy guns. But before this force could reach Pondichery, Hyder was compelled to recall it for his own defence. His fortunes had undergone one of those sudden revolutions which occur so frequently in Asiatic history. Alarmed at the extent of his influence, the Raja and queen-mother had devised a plot for his downfall, in which they had secured the co-operation of his trusted agent, Khundeh Rao; and as he lay encamped under the grim walls of Seringapatam, with only 1,600 men, the heavy ordnance of the ramparts suddenly opened upon him. Flying for his life to Bangalur, he summoned his troops from Pondichery, and put himself at their head, but was overtaken and defeated by Khundeh Rao.

His dream of ambition seemed now to be rudely dispelled. But rallying all his energies, he suddenly presented himself alone and unarmed, before Nunjeraj, and professing the deepest contrition for his offences, implored permission to serve him in even the humblest capacity. Nunjeraj must have lacked the usual Oriental astuteness, for he implicitly believed the tale that Hyder told, and readmitted him to his confidence. Once more he was at the head of an army; and baffling Khundeh Rao by the invention of a pretended plot among his officers to assassinate him, he rapidly advanced upon

the capital, and in June, 1761, forced the Raja and his minister to relinquish to him the government. At this time Clive had just returned to England after completing the acquisition of Bengal; and young Warren Hastings, the future proconsul, had been admitted a member of the Calcutta Council. Neither could have foreseen, when the report arrived of the accession of a new and warlike ruler of Mysore, that the 'bandit Hyder,' who cut off ears and noses by hundreds daily, and despoiled every rich man he could lay hands upon, would become, within ten years, not only the most embarrassing ally the English in India had ever experienced, but the enemy who almost succeeded in driving them out of the country altogether.

As sovereign of Mysore, his arms and his diplomacy at first were equally successful. He extended the bounds of his rule over Sera; he conquered Balipur, wrested Goote from Morari Rao, and overran the rich province of Bidwar. From Bidwar he swept onward with fire and sword to Sovrida, which he connected with Sera by subduing Savanur; and at length his northern frontier ran conterminous with the Kistna. He had previously changed his name from Hyder Naik to Hyder Ali Khan Bahadur, had arranged the ceremonial of his court on a scale of splendid ostentation, and had profited by his access to the sea-coast to undertake the formation of a navy.

His career of conquest now provoked against him the jealousy of the Marathis; and the Peishwa, having effected the subjugation of the kingdom of Haidarabad, flung his army against Mysore. After a brilliant resistance, Hyder was forced to surrender Goote, and purchase peace by the payment of thirty-two lakhs of rupees (A.D. 1765). For some months he was occupied in restoring his authority in provinces which, at the news

of his reverses, had sought to regain their independence. But in 1766 he felt himself once more firmly seated on his throne; and in his restless ambition, which not even the advance of old age could moderate, he poured his troops into the seaboard province of Malabar. Marching along the coast he reached the town of Calicut, where Vasco di Gama and his Portuguese first landed, after their discovery of the ocean-way to India. The warriors of the Crescent had never before penetrated to this district; and its Hindu prince still bore the title of 'Zamorin,' as in Vasco di Gama's days. Before the victorious host of Hyder he made submission; but the Mysorean tyrant subjecting his minister to the torture, the unfortunate and high-spirited prince set fire to his palace, and calmly perished in the flames.

Towards the close of the year, the Nizam and the Peishwa resolved to combine in an effort to crush Hyder Ali, and divide his dominions between them. By a treaty which the government of Madras had unwisely concluded with the Nizam, they were bound to furnish him in this war with a British contingent. But before the two allies were ready to act, the Marathis crossed the Kistna (January, 1767), and laid waste the northern districts of the Mysore kingdom. Hyder, conscious of his inability to withstand so formidable a confederacy, bought off the Marathis by a bribe of thirty lakhs of rupees; whereupon the Peishwa speedily returned to his capital, and left the Nizam and the English to cross swords with the infuriated sovereign of Mysore.

Colonel Smith, who was in command of the English troops, soon afterwards made the discovery that the Nizam had entered into secret negotiations with Hyder; and he warned the Madras government to be prepared against an invasion of the Carnatic by their pretended

ally as well as by their open enemy. So strong were his suspicions of treachery, that he fell back with his troops upon the English frontier. The wisdom of this movement was soon apparent. The Nizam and Hyder, with a combined force of 42,000 horse, 28,000 foot, and 100 guns, broke into the Carnatic; but at Channarayana were met by Colonel Smith, with 1,030 sabres, 5,800 bayonets, and 16 guns, and after a sharp action forced to retreat (September, 1767). Scarcity of provisions compelled Colonel Smith, in his turn, to withdraw upon Trinomalee, where he again engaged the allies, and after a two days' battle inflicted upon them a severe defeat, with a loss of 4,000 men and 64 guns. At this juncture Hyder was called away to the western coast to oppose a strong expedition despatched by the government of Bombay; and the Madras authorities took advantage of his absence to patch up a treaty with the Nizam, which involved them in some ignominious conditions (February 23rd, 1768). With a dangerous inflation of spirit they declared a nominee of their own, one Mohamed Ali, to be king of Mysore; and he accompanied the English army to take possession of the districts it conquered. Though by their divisive counsels Colonel Smith's action was greatly impeded, he pushed forward his operations with so much tenacity, that Hyder deemed it prudent to solicit terms of peace. He expressed his willingness to cede the district of Baramahal, and to pay ten lakhs of rupees for the expenses of the war. But the Council, intoxicated with the successes they had achieved, imposed such onerous conditions that Hyder was driven to prefer war to peace. His desperation seemed to endow him with new capacities; and he conducted his campaign with so much vigour and address as to compel Colonel Smith to raise the siege of Bangalur. The Madras Presidency in the meantime recalled their veteran officer, and substituted

in his command one of their own favourites, a Colonel Wood. It was soon found that he could not cope with Hyder. He was hopelessly outmanœuvred, and would have been utterly ruined but for the arrival of reinforcements under Major Fitzgerald. Flushed with success, Hyder conceived the idea of a *coup de main*, which should finish the war. A flank march among the hills concealed his movements from the eyes of the English. He then poured his troops down into the rich plains of the Baramahal, and in six weeks recovered this important district. Smith was replaced at the head of the English army, to cope with this formidable antagonist; but Hyder suddenly and secretly sent back his infantry and guns to Mysore, and at the head of 6,000 picked horsemen rode in hot haste upon Madras, accomplishing 130 miles in three days and a half. When the flash of his sabres could almost be seen from the ramparts of Fort St. George, the Council awoke from their dream of conquest, and agreed to open negotiations with this formidable soldier of fortune. Colonel Smith had followed closely in the rear of Hyder Ali, but the Council ordered him to suspend his march; and a treaty was speedily concluded, by which both parties agreed to restore their conquests, and the English entered into a defensive alliance with the Mysorean sovereign.

He had thus imposed peace upon the civilians of Madras at the sword's point; he was less successful in dealing with the Marathis. The vast force of the Peishwa overran his territories, and Hyder knew that his small army could not prevail against it. But in May, 1771, the Peishwa's ill health compelled him to give up the command of his army to Trimbuk Mama, of whose military genius Hyder had formed a very low estimate. He determined, therefore, to make a stand against him; and for this purpose entrenched himself

among the hills. His position was so strong that the Marathi chief made no attempt to force it, but he delivered against it such an incessant and so formidable a cannonade that Hyder at length felt constrained to fall back upon his capital. In order to deceive his enemy, he set his troops in motion as soon as darkness came down; but the accidental discharge of a gun revealed the design, and clouds of Marathi cavalry soon hovered on his line of retreat. Hyder, as was his habit in the later years of his life, had been drinking heavily, and had not had time to recover from the effects of his debauch. Sudden with wine, he met his son Tippoo, whom he loaded with insults and accused of negligence and cowardice; then, seizing a stout cane, he dealt him a succession of blows on his back, the marks of which were visible for some days. Tippoo, whose spirit was not less impetuous than his father's, flung on the ground his sword, his turban, and his robe, exclaiming, 'My father may fight his own battle, for, by Allah and his prophet, I swear that I will not draw sword this day!' Deprived of both its leaders, the army fell into a state of utter disorganisation, and fled shamefully before the Marathis, who, but for their love of plunder, might have destroyed it utterly. In the morning Hyder awoke to consciousness and humiliation; and mounting a swift horse he galloped to Seringapatam. Tippoo, disguised, begged his way through the enemy's ranks, and reached the capital some hours later.

Trimbuk Mama proceeded to lay siege to the great fortress; but neither he nor his soldiers understood besieging operations, and their delays gave Hyder time to recall and reorganise his fugitive troops. Hostilities were continued for about a year and a half, until the Marathis grew weary of them, and accepted the terms which Hyder offered; namely, the cession of his northern provinces and the payment of thirty-six lakhs

of rupees, with an agreement to pay fourteen lakhs annually as tribute. When we contrast these conditions with those which Hyder extorted from the government of Madras, we are forced to conclude, that either the former in his war with the Marathis exhibited less vigour and capacity than he had done in his war with the English, or that the latter, in their campaigns against Hyder, displayed a spirit and an obstinacy inferior to those of the Marathis. Hyder felt bitterly wroth that in this long struggle the English authorities at Madras stood aloof, and refused the assistance which by treaty they had bound themselves to give. Their error was a grave one ; a political blunder as well as a breach of faith ; and we shall see that it led to some unfortunate results.

The reverses he had experienced would have broken down the spirit of most Indian princes. But Hyder was made of sterner stuff, and had no sooner relieved his dominions from the dangerous presence of the Marathis, than he began the work of reconstruction. His energy seemed inexhaustible. After reconquering Coorg, he subdued Calicut ; and having reinforced and reinvigorated his army, he then adventured once more to try conclusions with the Marathis. Their great leader was dead, and their new Peishwa, Ragoba, was neither his equal in military authority nor possessed of the same influence over his subjects. This was known to Hyder Ali, and encouraged him to attempt to recover the provinces he had ceded. Fortune favoured him in 1779 as signally as it had discomfited him in 1769, and after a short and sharp campaign, Ragoba surrendered all the territories south of the Kistna. Such were the strange vicissitudes which marked the career of this extraordinary man.

More powerful than he had ever been, he looked around him for the means of revenging himself on the

English for their desertion of his cause during his long contest with the Marathis. He found it in the offer of the latter to join with him in an offensive and defensive alliance against the common enemy. The English rulers by this time had learned the value of Hyder's co-operation, and they signified their desire to conclude with him a friendly treaty. But now that he could maintain his own position, he was exasperated by offers of the assistance denied to him when he was in urgent need of it, and behaved to the Madras envoy with undisguised rudeness. The latter saw enough to convince him that a great expedition was being equipped in Mysore, and hastened to warn the authorities at Madras; but these were now as determined to entertain no suspicion of Hyder as previously they had been resolute to put no faith in him. They soon had cause to regret their misplaced indifference.

Early in June, 1780, Hyder quitted Seringapatam to place himself at the head of an army of which he had every reason to be proud: 40,000 peons, 15,000 regular infantry, and 28,000 cavalry, besides 2,000 rocket men, 5,000 pioneers, and about 400 Europeans. It was intended that at the same time Sindia, Holkar, and the Marathis should operate against Bombay, and the Raja of Nagpur against Bengal. Hyder Ali, however, was ready first, and through the Pass of Changuama his host defiled into the Carnatic, which was speedily dark with the smoke of burning villages. The Madras government, as soon as it recovered from its first alarm, began to make preparations for a steadfast resistance, and sent orders to its various detachments to unite at Conjeveram, under Sir Hector Munro. But before a corps of 2,800 men under Colonel Baillie could reach the point of junction, Hyder Ali threw himself in his path. The two English divisions were only fourteen miles distant from each

other, and could they have combined, their efforts would probably have won an easy victory over the enemy. But Sir Hector refused to abandon Conjeveram, and contented himself with sending Colonel Fletcher and 1,000 men to strengthen Baillie's little force. On the following morning Baillie and Fletcher saw the immense host of Hyder Ali prepared to overwhelm them. A desperate battle ensued, in which the British soldiers fought with even more than their wonted valour, but were literally overpowered by numbers. Colonel Baillie lost his head, and instead of leading his grenadiers to the charge, as they entreated him to do, suffered them to perish beneath the fire of fifty heavy cannon. The result was a carnage. The greater portion of the little army fell upon the field, the rest, including about 200 Europeans, were taken prisoners.

Happily, at this juncture, the Governor of Bengal and Governor-General of British India was a man whose extraordinary powers were not fully developed except under the pressure of adverse circumstances. Warren Hastings, who, in January, 1750, at the age of eighteen, had landed at Calcutta to seek a career, had long attracted the attention of Clive by his administrative abilities. In several important posts he displayed so much energy, address, and courage, that when the presidency of Bengal became vacant in 1772 he was unanimously selected to occupy it. No sooner was he apprised of the disaster which had overtaken the Madras army, than he set to work to repair it, and to restore in the native mind a belief in the military ascendancy of the English. He suspended the Governor of Madras, and to the command of the army appointed Sir Eyre Coote, a veteran officer of proved ability, despatching at the same time a reinforcement of Bengal sepoys. By a consummate dis-

play of skill and firmness he succeeded in detaching several of Hyder's allies, and finally he had the satisfaction of concluding peace with the Marathis. Meanwhile, Sir Eyre Coote, with 7,000 men, of whom only 1,700 were Europeans, plunged into the regions which Hyder had swept with fire and sword, and proceeded to recover the more important fortresses. At first Hyder steadily refused battle, but a French fleet appearing on the coast, he gained confidence, and entrenched his army in a strong position near Cuddalur, where he was able to intercept the supplies of the English commander, while maintaining his own communication with the sea. Sir Eyre Coote was forced to attack him, and he manœuvred with so much ability, that he turned the flank of his enemy, and then fell with irresistible force upon his centre, sweeping it before him. The defeat was decisive. Hyder, seated on a portable stool upon an eminence in the rear of the army, broke out into a storm of rage when he witnessed the success of the English attack. At first he refused to quit the scene of disaster, but a faithful old servant forcibly drew his slippers on his legs, and mounted him on a swift horse, which speedily bore him into safety.

With his characteristic tenacity Hyder, after sundry desultory movements, again took the field, and stood to bay at Pollilur, where he had defeated Colonel Baillie. There he was attacked by Sir Eyre Coote, but the action proved indecisive, and if our troops suffered no disgrace, they certainly won no glory. Hyder afterwards retired to Sholinghur, and Coote resolved on a second battle. He charged with so much vigour, that the Mysoreans lost heart, and after a brisk interchange of fire broke their ranks and fled, leaving 5,000 killed and wounded on the field. Hyder now inclined towards peace; nor was Hastings unwilling to accept his overtures, having reason to apprehend a French descent upon the coast.

But while hostilities were still protracted, the aged warrior, whose health had for some time been declining, was seized with a dangerous illness, which proved fatal on the 7th of December, 1782. Hyder's age was never exactly ascertained, but it seems certain that he was upwards of eighty at the time of his death. That he was a remarkable man, gifted by nature with no ordinary powers, possessed of a strong will, a self-reliant disposition, great political sagacity, and no inconsiderable military talent, cannot be disputed. Had he played his part on the European stage, his story would have been told by a hundred pens; but in the romantic atmosphere of the East his career presented no exceptional features. Yet few European adventurers have surpassed him in the boldness of his designs or the greatness of his achievements.

He was succeeded by his eldest son, Tippoo Sahib, who inherited his ability, his ambition, and his antipathy to the English. A plot to raise to the throne his second son, a youth of weak intellect, was foiled by the fidelity of the late sultan's confidential ministers, and Tippoo was universally recognised as commander of the army and sovereign of Mysore. He found himself at the head of 88,000 disciplined troops, while the pecuniary resources at his disposal exceeded three millions sterling. His first act was to withdraw his army from the Carnatic, with the view of throwing all his force against the English in the west, where General Matthews, a very incompetent commander, had taken possession of Bednur. With great celerity he massed his soldiers around this important city, completely surprising the English general, and interrupting his communications with the sea. After a gallant defence the garrison surrendered, on condition they should be safely conducted to the coast. Tippoo, when the gates were thrown open, proceeded to the

treasury. His rage was great when he found it empty. He ordered the English officers to be searched, and unfortunately a considerable sum in money and jewels was discovered on their persons. This he considered a breach of faith, and accordingly he refused to fulfil the terms of the capitulation. The prisoners were loaded with irons, and thrown into the different prisons of Mysore.

Flushed with success, Tippoo proceeded to invest the fortress of Mangalur, which was defended by Colonel Campbell with brilliant courage, though his garrison did not exceed 1,800 men. For nine months was the siege protracted, nor did Campbell surrender until his little force was reduced to 800 men. The consequences of this stout resistance were important. While Tippoo's energies and resources were concentrated on this one point, Colonel Fullarton, with a mixed force of Europeans and natives, 13,600 strong, broke into the very heart of Mysore. His march was an uninterrupted series of successes. On the 15th of November he captured Palghaut; on the 26th, Coimbatour; and on the 28th, he was preparing to cross the Ghats, and fall upon Seringapatam, when he was suddenly ordered to suspend his advance, and restore his recent conquests. Lord Macartney, the Governor of Madras, had entered into negotiations with Tippoo, and been overreached by his superior address. The English commissioners were treated with studied discourtesy; but the Madras government, alarmed at the state of their finances, would not be diverted by any obstacle from their desire of peace. When Mangalur had surrendered, the commissioners were received by Tippoo. As a further insult, gibbets were raised in front of their tents. But their instructions were peremptory, and ignoring the mode of their reception, they signed a treaty with the arrogant Sultan, by

which it was agreed that each party should restore his conquests, and Tippoo release his prisoners. Many of these had perished by poison, or by crueller forms of death, but 190 officers and 900 soldiers had survived the barbarity with which they had been treated, and were now set free. Few more disgraceful or unfortunate treaties had been made in India since the English first obtained a footing on its soil; but bad as it was in itself, still worse was the manner in which it had been concluded, affording to Tippoo an occasion of triumph, and inflaming the natural arrogance of his character. ‘On the occasion of the signature of the treaty,’ said his scribes, ‘the English commissioners stood with their heads uncovered, and the treaty in their hands for two hours, exhausting every form of flattery and supplication to induce the Sultan’s compliance. The vakils of Puna and Haidarabad united in the most abject entreaties; and his Majesty, the shadow of God, was at length softened into assent’ (A.D. 1784).

We have spoken of Tippoo Sahib as having inherited his father’s ambition and ability. It may be doubted, perhaps, whether he did not surpass him in general talents, and certainly in military capacity; but he lacked his steadfastness of purpose, and was his inferior in political sagacity. Hyder never turned aside from the object he had resolved to attain; Tippoo was apt to be swayed by every gust of passion. Hyder never allowed his main policy to be affected by his personal prejudices or partialities. Tippoo was disposed to make them the governing influences of his policy. He differed from his father, too, in his persecuting spirit. Hyder gave equal privileges to men of all religions; Tippoo was possessed with a zeal for Islam which prompted acts of the grossest cruelty and injustice. Thus, soon after

he had concluded peace with the English government, he turned his arms against the native Christians of Canara, and compelled some 30,000 to undergo the rite of circumcision. He then distributed them over the country in his various garrisons, so that hundreds of them perished. He next moved against the gallant mountaineers of Coorg, who were the avowed enemies of Mohamedanism. At his approach they retired into the leafy depths of their dense forests; but Tippoo was not to be baffled. Dividing his army into detachments, he drew a circle of fire round the unfortunate mountaineers, and gradually closed in upon them, until he had hunted them into their deepest recesses. Thus he made 70,000 prisoners; and having inflicted on them the rite of circumcision he threw them into captivity.

These successes filled Tippoo with the intoxication of pride, and he assumed that august title of 'padishah' which had hitherto been confined to the Great Mogul. His encroachments on their territories at the same time provoked against him his powerful neighbours, the Nizam and the Peishwa, and, early in 1786, they entered into a league to conquer and partition his dominions. Collecting an immense army, the allies besieged and captured, in the month of May, the strong fortress of Badamee, and spread their cavalry over the country. Tippoo was too prudent to attack them in the open field; but he harassed them by the rapidity and variety of his movements, and, choosing his opportunity with great military skill, made upon their camp a night assault, which, though not entirely successful, compelled them to abandon their position, and yield up to him the city and district of Savanur. So little profit had the allies secured from the campaign they had so ostentatiously undertaken, that they were glad to welcome the overtures for peace which Tippoo prudently addressed to them in his hour of victory. And

a treaty was concluded, by which they acknowledged him as ruler of India south of the river Tumbuddra, while he, on his part, agreed to pay the tribute which his father had yielded.

Having thus skilfully broken up the formidable confederacy which had threatened to overwhelm him, Tippoo was at liberty to indulge his proselytising zeal. Descending the Ghâts, he made his appearance in the plains of Calicut, which his father, after a long struggle, had annexed to his kingdom of Mysore. Here he found a people possessed of so deadly a hatred of Mohamedanism that if a Mohamedan did but touch the outer wall of a house, they rested not until they had given the polluted dwelling to the flames. They opposed a stern resistance to Tippoo's demand that they should undergo circumcision and eat beef; and hundreds perished before the Sultan's scheme of conversion was carried into effect. He then made war upon their religious edifices, razing to the ground the temples, with their roofs of gold, silver, or copper, in which the unfortunate people had been accustomed to worship. His achievements so intoxicated his imagination that he began to consider himself endowed, like Mohamed, with supernatural powers; and when advised not to attempt the passage of the Ghâts in the height of the rainy season, he exclaimed: 'I will order the clouds to desist from discharging their waters until I have passed.'

With Tippoo, ambition was scarcely a less powerful motive than religious zeal. At the western extremity of the Indian peninsula lay the little kingdom of Travancore, which, behind its barrier of mountains, had succeeded in maintaining its independence, and, by the treaty of Mangalur, had been placed under British protection. Tippoo saw that it was wanted to round

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off and complete his territory, which, if Travancore were added to it, would extend from the Kistna to Cape Comorin. He quickly found a pretext for quarrelling with its ruler; and, trusting to the supineness of the Madras government, he broke through 'the lines of Travancore' (December 29, 1787). When reinforcements arrived, the inhabitants began to rally, and at length stood their ground in a large building which answered the double purpose of a magazine and a barrack. Annoyed at this opposition, Tippoo hurried forward a fresh body of troops; but these were assailed on the flank by a brisk fire, fell into confusion, retreated, and soon involved the whole attacking force in a disorderly panic. The Sultan himself escaped with difficulty, and losing his seals, rings, and personal ornaments, took refuge in his camp, wild with rage. He made an immediate vow that he would not leave his post until he had avenged the humiliation he had sustained. Summoning up his energies, he drew to the scene of action all his soldiers and heavy cannon; and early in April, 1790, opened fire against 'the lines.' A breach, nearly three-quarters of a mile in extent, was speedily effected. His troops poured through it like the billows through a broken sea-wall, and soon put to flight the army of Travancore. They then ravaged the country with fire and sword, until alarmed at the military preparations of the English, and apprehending an invasion of his own territory, Tippoo thought it advisable to retreat to Seringapatam.

The reins of power in British India were at this time in the capable hands of the Marquis Cornwallis, who, both as soldier and statesman, displayed an unexpected vigour of character. The preponderance of Tippoo, his relentless cruelty and his restless ambition, had engaged his attention during the three years he had presided at Calcutta; and he had come to the conclusion that the interests of the British, and the welfare of

India generally, required his humiliation. The attack upon Travancore provoked him to immediate action. There was no lack of allies. The Nizam and the Marathis were not less anxious than the Governor-General to crush their formidable rival. A tripartite treaty was therefore quickly concluded, by which the Nizam and the Marathis undertook to attack Tippoo both during and after the rains, to reinforce the British army, if required, with 10,000 horse, whose expenses the British would defray, and to allow a British contingent to accompany their troops; while equal division was to be made of all conquered territory and forts. Lord Cornwallis followed up this successful stroke of diplomacy by quickly concentrating a large military force at Madras; and he was about to take the command in person when General Meadows arrived from England as Governor and Commander-in-chief at Madras (1790).

Meadows has been described by a competent authority as one of the most chivalrous of soldiers, and the most generous and gentle of men. 'He had served with distinction in the American War, and had built up a character in the eyes of his comrades, in which a masculine courage, almost reckless in its hardihood, was not less conspicuous than a womanly kindness of heart and tenderness of manner.' The same authority, however, very justly remarks that the noble soldier is not always the accomplished general, and the eminent qualities which distinguished Meadows were not those which command success in Indian warfare. He knew nothing of the country, nothing of the native soldiers, and but little of the resources of his enemy. It soon became apparent that he was unequal to the task of conducting a campaign on a large scale. He divided his force into too many small detachments, each of which was liable to fall in with the superior numbers of

the enemy, and suffer severe disaster. At length it became evident to the Governor-General that a new spirit must be infused into the conduct of the war, and, resuming his original intention, he resolved on taking the command in person. He arrived at Madras on the 12th of December; and before the end of the month he met Meadows at Vellore, and assumed the chief direction of military operations. On the 12th of February, 1791, the British army was assembled at Vellore, and Tippoo's attention being distracted by ingenious manœuvres, it defied unopposed through the Pass of Mugli, and on the 7th of March invested Bangalur. Two days afterwards the town, or pettah, was carried. By forced marches Tippoo succeeded in saving his seraglio and treasures, which had been deposited in the fortress; but the British laid siege to the latter without delay, and on the 21st it was swiftly carried by assault. Tippoo, not less surprised than discouraged by this speedy capture of an important stronghold, immediately retired his army, and fell back towards Seringapatam.

On the other hand, Cornwallis continued to advance. He was anxious to bring the war to a successful issue, for he knew that hostilities between England and France might at any time break out, and that all the French force in India would then be thrown on the side of Tippoo. Having formed a junction with the Nizam's cavalry, a body of irregular horse who proved of very little service, he pushed forward against the Sultan's capital. Before the middle of May he was within ten miles of it, and was at once compelled to own that he was not strong enough to carry so formidable a position. His daring march, however, was not wholly without reward. Reluctantly yielding to the remonstrances of his officers and the entreaties of his women, Tippoo, in opposition to his own opinion, resolved to

venture a battle in the open; and posted himself in front of Seringapatam, at Arikera, his left protected by a ridge of hills, and his right by the Kaveri. Cornwallis immediately attacked him, and inflicted a severe defeat. But he could not take advantage of his victory. His army was suffering terribly from want of provisions, and as the country had been desolated by Tippoo's orders, neither food nor fodder could be obtained. General Abercromby, with the Bombay army, had crossed from the Malabar country, through the friendly province of Coorg, in order to co-operate with him; but Cornwallis found it impossible to advance further than Camiambuddy (May 20th). Here he was forced to own that the safety of the army lay in a rapid retreat.

Breaking up his field train he retreated upon Bangalore, experiencing all the miseries of a hot weather campaign in India without adequate appliances for the maintenance and protection of his army. Large numbers of the cattle were carried off or enfeebled by an epidemic disorder. For want of a sufficient supply of grain, the unfortunate camp followers fed upon the diseased carcasses of the bullocks; the cavalry horses, starved and exhausted, could no longer carry their riders; the tents were burnt up to tinder; the clothes of officers and men were reduced to rags. 'The ground at Camiambuddy,' writes the historian of the war, 'where the army had encamped but six days, was covered in a circuit of several miles with the carcasses of cattle and horses; and the last of the gun carriages, carts, and stores of the battering train, left in flames, was a melancholy spectacle, which the troops passed as they quitted the deadly camp.'

On arriving at Milgota, Lord Cornwallis, to his surprise, was joined by the Marathi forces, which he supposed to be a hundred and fifty miles distant.

so badly had his scouts served him. Had he known of their movement a week earlier, he would undoubtedly have maintained his position before Seringapatam at any cost. As it was, their coming up proved of enormous advantage. Scarcity immediately ceased in the English camp. The Marathis charged enormous prices, but they had everything to sell, and were only too glad to find buyers. Their 'lines' soon exhibited the appearance of an immense bazaar, where you might purchase 'the spoils of the East and the industry of the West,—from a web of English broad-cloth to a Birmingham penknife, from the shawls of Cashmere to the second-hand garment of the Hindu, from diamonds of the first water to the silver earring of a poor plundered village maiden;' while the tables of the money changers, covered with the coins of every Eastern country, indicated an extent of mercantile activity utterly inconceivable in any camp where plunder was not conducted on an unlimited scale.

Lord Cornwallis now proceeded to rest and refresh his troops, and to complete those minor operations which experience had shown him to be necessary to the full success of his scheme. He despatched General Meadows, with a well equipped force, to reduce the hill fort of Nundydroog, a stronghold perched on the summit of a rocky precipice, 1,700 feet high, which for three-fourths of its circumference was absolutely inaccessible. This was just the desperate kind of achievement in which Meadows delighted, and he infused his own daring spirit into his men. He placed himself at the head of the storming party, and though a storm of granite boulders was incessantly hurled upon them, the daring soldiers climbed from steep to steep, entered the breach, and bayoneted the defenders (October 18th). Another and more formidable droog, or hill fort, that

of Savindroog, was captured on the 22nd of December, after a twelve days' siege. The speedy conquest of a place which they had confidently regarded as impregnable, filled the minds of the Mysoreans with terror, and prepared them to believe in the invincibility of the English.

Early in 1792 Cornwallis' army, thoroughly refreshed and adequately equipped, and accompanied by the forces of the Nizam and the Marathis, resumed its march upon Seringapatam. It consisted of 22,000 men, with 42 battering guns and 44 field pieces, and was animated by a martial confidence in its own prowess and in the judgment and courage of its commander. On the 5th of February the frowning battlements of the great fortress were in sight. Cornwallis, with the energy peculiar to him, resolved on an immediate attack. Seringapatam occupies one extremity of an island which is formed by a bifurcation of the Kaveri River. Between the northern bank of the river and 'a strong, bound hedge' was posted Tippoo's army, protected by the guns of the fort and the batteries of the island. Before the fortress could be assaulted, Cornwallis saw that it was necessary to dislodge and defeat the enemy. Accordingly, on the following night he drew out his infantry, placing the right wing under General Meadows, the left under Colonel Maxwell, and himself taking command of the centre, hastened to the assault.

'To our native allies,' says Sir J. Kaye, 'this movement seemed to be nothing less than a spasm of madness. That a few regiments of infantry, without guns, should be sent forward to attack the enemy in position in a fortified camp, under the shelter of their guns, and that the Governor-General and Commander-in-chief should go with the fighting party, as though he were a common soldier, were eccentricities of warfare unaccountable save by the hypothesis of the insanity of the

ord Sahib.' Cornwallis, however, knew perfectly well that he was about; knew the difficult character of the work to be done, and that it would be best done under his personal direction. The three divisions went cheerily forward to the attack. Unfortunately, the right lost its way, but the centre and the left struck direct at the points intended for them, and struck so heavily that, before morning, all the enemy's redoubts were in their possession, and they were firmly established on the island. Such a victory was not lightly won; the British loss amounted to 530 killed and wounded, of whom thirty-one were officers. But Tippoo's disaster was great beyond all proportion. Not only did his killed and wounded exceed 4,000, but fully 16,000 or 17,000 of his recent levies fled in the confusion, and never again joined their standards. He hastened, therefore, to withdraw from the north side of the river, and to concentrate all his energies on the defence of his capital.

Yet he could not but feel despondent. The men who had accomplished so much might easily accomplish more, and plant the British flag on the ramparts of Seringapatam. Was it not possible to avert the danger by some desperate stratagem? In the eyes of an Oriental an army is nothing without its leader, and Tippoo concluded that the defeat of the British army was certain if its general could be removed. It did not occur to him that in such an event there were men ready to take his place, and use their most strenuous exertions to avenge him. 'So he sent,' to tell the story in Sir J. Kaye's words, 'a party of Mohamedan horsemen, drugged to the point of fury with bang, to make their way into the English camp and cut the English leader to pieces in his own tent. A man of simple and unostentatious habits, and ever disinclined for the sake of his own safety or comfort to give trouble to others, the Governor-General and Commander-in-chief had

always been content with a guard consisting of a couple of troopers of his own escort. If, then, Tippoo's horse-men, who, in such a heterogeneous assembly as that which was composed of the forces of the confederates, might easily have escaped observation, had taken their measures with any calmness and collectedness, they might have accomplished their object. But they went about their work wildly, and they failed. A party of Bombay sepoys turned out against them, and they fled in dismay from the English camp. After this Lord Cornwallis was reluctantly persuaded to allow a party of English soldiers to mount guard over his tent.'

No resource was left to Tippoo but submission, and when Lord Cornwallis, on the 16th of February, was joined by General Abercromby with 6,000 men, he at once made overtures to the English commander. The terms on which the latter insisted were as moderate as he had any right to expect; namely, that he should cede half his territory, pay three crores of rupees towards the expenses of the war, and give up two of his sons as hostages. They were at once accepted, and on the 25th of February the hostages arrived. With scrupulous fidelity to his engagements, Lord Cornwallis made over one-third of the territory and the indemnity to each of his allies, reserving a third for the Company, which thus acquired Dindigal in the south, Baramahal in the east, some of the more important passes into Mysore, and a large strip of fertile land on the western coast.*

* The conduct of Lord Cornwallis [in annexing this territory] was not allowed to pass without censure in the House of Commons, more especially from Mr. Francis, who had been the instrument of annexing the province of Benares. The war, which Lord Cornwallis considered 'an absolute and cruel necessity,' forced on him by the ungovernable ambition and violence of Tippoo, was stigmatised as unjust and ambitious, and the treaties of alliance he had formed with the Nizam and the Poona durbar were affirmed to be infamous. Lord Porchester went so far as to

We now pass over an interval of six years, during which Tippoo brooded sullenly over his defeat, and meditated anxiously how it might be retrieved. He made various attempts to improve his military system, and to educate his soldiers into greater efficiency. But he chiefly trusted for his desired vengeance upon the English to the close alliance which he had formed with the French. It was true that they no longer held any important positions on the mainland of India, but he listened with eagerness to the stories of their successful wars with the nations of Europe, and believed that they would lend him the military assistance he required. His proclivities in this direction, as evinced by his reception of a party of French volunteers from the Mauritius, at last attracted the attention of the Marquis Wellesley, who, in May, 1798, had been appointed Governor-General. The Marquis, in his communications with the Court of Directors, contended that Tippoo's unfriendly actions were tantamount to 'a public, unqualified, and unambiguous declaration of war,' and that an immediate attack upon him appeared to be demanded 'by the soundest maxims both of justice and policy.' Such a conclusion was, to say the least of it, premature; and though there could be no doubt of Tippoo's unfriendly sentiments towards the English, the exist-
assert that the war was founded on avarice; but the charge was triumphantly refuted by the fact that Lord Cornwallis had not only been subject to a loss of nearly three lakhs of rupees by it, but had relinquished his share of the prize money, which came to four lakhs and a half more, a generous act, which was nobly emulated by General Meadows. The House ratified all the measures of the Governor-General, including the large acquisition of territory which he had made, and the King conferred on him the dignity of Marquis. The precedent has been scrupulously maintained since that time, and every Governor-General who has enlarged the British empire in India has received the thanks of Parliament, and has been decorated with honours by the Crown.
—*Marshman*, ii. 28.

ence of those sentiments was no adequate cause of war. But the Marquis was resolved upon hostilities, as the only means by which he could extort certain concessions of the highest importance. He was well aware that Tippoo would not voluntarily cede his territory on the Malabar Coast, so requisite for his expulsion from the seaboard; that he would not consent to banish all Frenchmen from his dominions, or receive a permanent resident at his court. Wellesley hoped, by a sudden stroke, to attain all these objects before Tippoo could complete his preparations; but was checked by the information that the Coromandel army was, not only not strong enough to take the offensive, but almost too weak to act on the defensive. Communicating, however, something of his fiery energy to his subordinates, he overcame every obstacle, and was able, early in 1799, to set in motion a sufficient force. Meanwhile he had intimated to Tippoo Sahib the Company's dissatisfaction with his conduct, and informed him that he would send Major Doveton (an officer of whom he had personal knowledge) to explain the means by which alone he could remove the existing distrust and suspicion. At first, the proposed embassy was refused; but on the 13th of February, 1799, the Governor-General received the following curious missive:

‘I have been much gratified by the agreeable receipt of your lordship's two friendly letters, the first brought by a camel-man, the last by hircarrahs, and I understand their contents. The letter of the prince[one which the sovereign of Turkey had addressed to Tippoo], in stature like Jamshcid, with angels as his guards, with troops numerous as the stars; the sun illumining the world of the heaven of empire and dominion; the luminary giving splendour to the universe of the firmament of glory and power; the sultan of the sea and the

blow, he left two of his generals, Poornia and Syud Sahib to watch General Harris's movements, while he himself secretly traversed the peninsula with the view of falling upon a force of 6,500 troops, under General Stuart, which had orders to operate from the Malabar Coast. It was generally believed that Tippoo was marching against General Harris, and great was the astonishment of General Stuart's outposts when the advance of his legions was discovered. General Stuart at the time was ten miles in the rear; but Hartley, his second in command, made the best possible disposition of his troops to resist the attack of the enemy, and held his ground with so much steadfastness that Stuart had time to come up to his assistance. The Mysoreans then fled, with a loss of 2,000 men. For six days Tippoo hovered in the neighbourhood, uncertain what course to adopt; and on the 11th of March suddenly struck off to the westward, to oppose the advance of General Harris's army. The two adversaries came into collision at Malavelli, and with the usual result; Tippoo was defeated, and hastily withdrew his disheartened soldiery. Anticipating that the English general would follow the same route as Cornwallis had adopted, he had lain waste the country for miles around, so that it was impossible for an army to obtain subsistence. But Harris suddenly and silently directed his course to the Kaveri; and, crossing that river, debouched upon a country rich in pasturage. Tippoo's consternation was excessive when he became acquainted with this dexterous manœuvre. Calling his officers around him, he said: 'We are now driven to the bitter end; what is your resolve?' Profoundly moved by the emotion of their sovereign, they replied with one voice, 'To die with you.' Further resistance in the open field was felt to be impossible; but it was agreed that they should unite in a final effort for the defence of the capital.

tancy, he once more entered into communication with the English general. Referring to General Harris's letter, he remarked that the conditions proposed were serious, and of a nature to be discussed by ambassadors; and offered to send a couple of vakeels, or confidential messengers, to carry on negotiations. The English commander answered, that he could only repeat the terms already stated; that it was due to his generosity that he made no advance upon them, when by non-compliance they had been virtually refused; that no ambassadors could be received, unless they brought the hostages and treasure; and that the last moment for their reception was three o'clock on the following afternoon. On receiving this cold reply, Tippoo fell again into a state of utter dejection, broken by occasional fits of wild excitement; but he made no adequate preparations to meet the dangers that so closely threatened him. His whole conduct was that of a man who believed himself to be the victim of a malignant destiny, against which resistance was hopeless.

Scarcity of provisions compelled General Harris to expedite his operations, and having ascertained that a practicable breach had been effected, he ordered the assault to take place at one o'clock on the 3rd of May. The number of troops selected for this daring attack on a city garrisoned by 20,000 soldiers, and armed with 287 cannons, was 4,376. They were led by General Baird, who for four years had lain in irons in one of the dungeons of Seringapatam. Tippoo, whose flatterers had assured him that the attack would not be attempted until the evening, had offered sacrifices and performed various ceremonies under the direction of his astrologers, and was about to partake of his midday meal when news arrived of the British advance. He hastened to man his forts.

At one o'clock Sir David Baird ascended the parapet,

where his stately and heroic figure could be seen by both armies, and ordered the storming columns to move forward. 'Come,' he cried, 'come, my brave fellows; follow me, and show yourselves worthy of the name of British soldiers!' The men, with a hearty cheer, sprang to their terrible work. On the slope of the breach they were opposed by a small and gallant band of Mysoreans, and the struggle, though brief, was very sharp; but in less than seven minutes they had carried the breach, and planted their colours on the rampart. Then, acting on the orders they had received, one column turned to the right, the other to the left, and, in spite of a furious fire of guns and musketry, pushed resolutely forward. The right column deriving some support from the British batteries, drove the enemy before them at the point of the bayonet until they reached the east side of the city, and came in sight of the palace. The left met with a sterner resistance, and were harassed by the swift firing of the enemy from a deep inner ditch; while the presence of the Sultan animated the Mysoreans with redoubled courage. But there, too, after awhile, the British soldiers broke down the defence, and having cleared the ditch, had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy scattered before them like chaff before the wind.

When General Baird, at the head of the right column, had gained the front of the Sultan's palace, he immediately despatched Major Allen with a flag of truce to require the surrender of its inmates. The major found two of Tippoo's sons surrounded by officers and attendants, all in the greatest consternation; but on receiving his assurances of their complete safety, they grew more tranquil, and allowed themselves to be conducted into General Baird's presence. They declared that the Sultan was not in the palace. General Baird, however, ordered a close search to be made for him, and it was elicited from the killedar, or commandant, that he knew

the place where he was wounded. The conquerors then proceeded to the gateway, and there, where the fiercest stress of the conflict had occurred, where the bodies of the dead and dying lay in blood-stained heaps, by the flickering light of torches they discovered the Sultan's horse, which had been killed under him, his palanquin, and lastly, his confidential servant, who pointed out the scene of his sovereign's death. The body was quickly found and identified. It was afterwards ascertained that Tippoo, who had fought heroically, had received three wounds in succession; and was then placed by his servants in his palanquin for the purpose of being removed to a place of safety. But the passage was blocked by the bodies of the killed and wounded. Tippoo crept out, probably with some thought of escape, when a European soldier, struck by the glitter of his jewelled sword-belt, attempted to seize it. The indignant Sultan, with a last effort, seized a sword lying close at hand, and aimed a blow at the soldier, who, ignorant of the rank of his assailant, lodged a bullet in his temples, and slew him on the spot. The body was carried through the city, the inhabitants weeping bitterly, and prostrating themselves as the sad procession passed along; and was afterwards deposited, with regal honours, and the usual Mohamedan rites, in the splendid mausoleum of the Lâll Bang, erected by Hyder Ali.

Thus terminated a dynasty possessed of unusual vigour of character, and thus fell a kingdom which had promised to be one of the most powerful in India. The capture of Seringapatam and the destruction of the Mysorean state were not inferior in their moral effects to the battle of Plassey. They raised the prestige of the British arms to an unequalled height, and smote with apprehension the hearts of the Indian princes, who saw

that the British government was not to be defied with impunity, even by the most powerful. Thenceforth, from the Kistna to Cape Comorin, the authority of the Company was supreme, and no attempt was made to disturb it by prince or people. As for the territories of the late Sultan, they were partitioned out by Lord Wellesley with considerable skill. He retained for the Company, in full sovereignty, the littoral of Canara, the district of Coimbatour, the passes of the Ghâts, and the great fortress of Seringapatam. To the Nizam was given a considerable province adjoining his own dominion. A portion was reserved for the Marathis, but on conditions which the latter did not choose to accept. A large district still remained unappropriated in the interior, and this the Marquis resolved to erect into a native kingdom, under British protection. He looked around in search of a king, one on whose fidelity reliance might be placed. A descendant of Hyder, he argued, would always be secretly hostile to the power which had effected the humiliation of his dynasty. He turned, therefore, to the ancient race of rajas, and placed on the throne their representative, then a child of five years old. The choice was very welcome to the inhabitants of Mysore, who had never ceased to cherish an affectionate regard for their old royal house.

BOOK IV.

THE MARATHI WAR.

I.

It is supposed by many authorities that the Marathis, or Mahrattas, who are spread over Central India south of the Ganges, are sprung from a Persian or north Indian people, and have been driven into their present region by the swords of the Mongols. In Indian history their name first occurs about the middle of the seventeenth century, when we find them in possession of the rugged tablelands on the west side of the peninsula, traversed by branches of the Ghâts and Vyndhia Mountains. In the reign of Aurengzebe, one Sevaji, whose father had held a command in the army of the last king of Bejapur, formed them into a nation. He had been carefully trained in military exercises, educated in the Hindu faith, and nurtured in the ancient legends and poetry. At an early age his daring spirit impelled him to action; and having raised a band of mountain warriors, he seized on the castle of Torna, and afterwards on several other strongholds in Bejapur, which gave him an influential position. When Aurengzebe declared war against Bejapur, Sevaji professed to be his ally; and when the contest between these powers was suspended, he boldly faced the wrath of the court of Bejapur, and prepared for a deadly struggle. A

of all India. He despatched against him a large army, under Shaista Khan ; but the tide of fortune still flowed in Sevaji's favour, and after an indecisive campaign he was left to plan more exploits. The adventure on which he decided was the capture of Surat, the great *dépôt* of the commerce and wealth of the East. Apprehending no danger, its inhabitants had contented themselves with the inadequate protection of a slight wall of earth. Sevaji, in disguise, carefully explored the opulent city, marking out the most valuable spoil and noting the places easiest of attack. Forming a camp at Bassein and another at Chaul, he appeared to be absorbed in his siege of these two towns, when he suddenly withdrew the main body of his troops from the former, and dashed into the centre of Surat. No resistance was attempted. The governor retired to the fort, and the English and Dutch merchants to their factory, while Sevaji and his warriors plundered the city at their leisure, and accumulated a booty valued at a million sterling.

Aurengzebe now resolved on another effort to crush this audacious chieftain, and confided the direction of military operations to an able general, the Mirza Raja. Sevaji's good fortune deserted him. He was driven from point to point, his strongholds were captured one after another, and when his chief fortress, Purundur, was invested by a force with which he was wholly unable to cope, he repaired to Delhi, and offered his submission. He had hoped by this step to disarm the resentment of Aurengzebe ; but finding himself treated as a captive, and subjected to every kind of humiliation, he bent all his energies to the task of effecting his escape. By feigning madness he beguiled his guards into a facility of confidence ; and he then contrived to have himself and his son deposited in two large baskets which had been employed for carrying sweetmeats, and

conveyed to a spot outside the city. Effectually disguised, he mounted a wretched horse, and made his way to Muttra; after which he visited, as a pilgrim, the sacred cities of Benares and Juggernaut before repairing to Haidarabad and his native hills, where his faithful Marathis swiftly gathered round him.

Sevaji at once resumed his sword. Imprisonment had not diminished his energies, and before long he had recovered the fortresses of which he had been deprived. For a second time he plundered Surat. His successes inflamed his imagination, and assuming the title and pomp of royalty, he caused himself to be crowned after the manner of the Moguls, and with a splendour which his wealth and power justified. About two years afterwards he suddenly fell upon Golconda, and extorted from it an immense ransom. In the following year he ravaged the Carnatic, capturing and throwing his own soldiers into its strongest places. His restless spirit seemed unable to be satisfied unless adventure followed adventure; but at length a career, certainly one of the most extraordinary recorded in the pages of modern history, which had been marked by strange vicissitudes and romantic adventures, was suddenly terminated by an attack of inflammation of the lungs, on the 5th of April, 1680. He was aged fifty-three.

Sevaji was succeeded by his son Sambaji, who displayed much courage and resolution in defending the kingdom he had inherited; but, after a long struggle, was captured and put to death by Aurengzebe in 1689. His brother Rama then took up the leadership of the Marathis, retiring to the formidable fortress of Ginji, which he defended for several years against the imperial army, while Shao, the son of Sambaji, was kept a close prisoner by Aurengzebe. After the latter's death, he obtained his freedom, and the Marathis immediately recognised him as their king (March, 1708). A man

the assistance of the government of Bombay. This assistance was rendered on certain conditions, including the cession of Bassein and Salsette, and an English force of 2,500 men joined Ragoba's army. But in the following year the Calcutta government overturned this arrangement, and accepted the more advantageous terms offered by the Peishwa's minister, Nana Furnavese—terms embodied in the treaty of Purundur. Meanwhile, the home authorities wrote to approve of the action of the Bombay government; and thus another reversal of policy took place. The Bombay government immediately sent a small force to attack the Marathi capital, but it found itself confronted by 50,000 men; its leaders lost heart, an indecisive action was fought, and they then concluded the humiliating Convention of Worgaom, surrendering everything which the British authorities had previously demanded. Such a convention could not be ratified, and war against the Marathis began in earnest. In 1780 the formidable fortress of Gwalior was captured, and Sindia's power was so much broken that he was glad to enter into negotiations for peace. The Treaty of Salbye was nearly identical in terms with that of Purundur; neither party, therefore, had any special advantage to boast of, but both seem to have rejoiced in the conclusion of a war which had no very definite object.

For some years the Marathis remained on good terms with the British, and joined them, as we have seen, in opposing and beating down the preponderant power of Tippoo Sahib. During this period Sindia, the ruler of Gwalior, by the exercise of a resolute will, a daring courage, and a strong mind, raised himself to a supreme position among his countrymen. He conquered Bundelcund, reduced several of the Rajput princes, occupied Agra and Delhi, and enlarged his kingdom in every direction. He strengthened his mili-

tary power by enlisting the fierce warriors of northern India, and also Mohamedan soldiers, in his army; and he formed a corps of regular infantry, organised and disciplined by De Boigne, a French adventurer. This corps was rapidly augmented, until it consisted of three brigades, each comprising 5,600 infantry, 500 cavalry, and 40 guns. Having consolidated his resources, he proceeded to make himself all powerful at the court of Poona. Much to the chagrin of Nana Furnavese he repaired thither in state, for the purpose of conferring on the Peishwa the additional dignity of Vakeel-ul-Mutluk, or 'supreme deputy,' or 'regent' (June, 1792), which he had procured from the Mogul, together with the rank of hereditary deputy for himself and his descendants. The ceremony of investiture was very imposing. A forest of tents rose in the neighbourhood of the town, and in the chief pavilion was erected a throne in representation of the Mogul's, on which the imperial sunnud (or patent) and the insignia were placed. The Peishwa having made the usual offering of a hundred and one gold mohurs, took his seat on the right, while Sindia's secretary read aloud the official documents. Invested with the magnificent robes and costly jewels appertaining to his new dignity, the Peishwa returned to Poona amidst the roar of cannon and the shouts of the excited multitudes.

Sindia and Nana Furnavese now engaged in a series of intrigues, the object of the latter being to maintain his position, of the former to oust him from it; and there can be little doubt that Sindia would have succeeded if death had not removed him from the scene on the 12th of February, 1794. It must be owned that in that scene he had played a very considerable part. His father bequeathed to him an insignificant principality; he bequeathed to his successor a compact kingdom, including the richest provinces in the Dekkan,

and stretching from Allahabad to the Sutlej. 'He was a man,' says Grant Duff, 'of great political sagacity and considerable genius, of deep artifice, restless ambition, and implacable revenge.'

His successor was his nephew, Dowlut Rao, a youth of about fifteen years of age. He was not deficient in ability, but his youth and his want of experience rendered him no fit rival for Nana Furnavese. The latter looked upon his power as thenceforth immutable. But his ambition overreached itself. Not contented with the influence he exercised over Madu Rao, the Peishwa, he kept in close confinement his cousin, Baji Rao, the son of Ragoba. Between the two young men a secret correspondence sprang up, which led to the growth of a very deep and romantic friendship. Occasionally in their letters they gave expression to the not unnatural hope that one day, when released from their present thralldom, they might become more closely acquainted, and imitate the heroic example of their famous ancestors. Nana discovered this correspondence, and in a storm of wrath and jealousy redoubled the severity of Baji's imprisonment, and poured out upon Madu such opprobrious charges that the sensitive and magnanimous prince threw himself from his palace terrace, receiving injuries of which he died in two days. The legitimate heir to the throne thus disastrously vacated was Baji Rao; but Nana shrank from raising to it a prince whom he had made his enemy, and he proposed that Madu Rao's young widow should adopt a son, to be established as Peishwa. The feeling of the people, however, was so adverse to this proposal, that Nana was compelled to abandon it, and to consent to the elevation of Baji. The surprise of the young prisoner when this information was notified to him was complete; and he made the messenger swear by the holy waters of the Godaveri, with his hand

on a cow's tail, that no treachery was meditated. Then he repaired to Poona, and was placed on the musnud. It was impossible for him, however, to forget the treatment he had received at the hands of Nana; and he showed a desire to rule without his assistance. A prolonged struggle ensued, in which Sindia (Dowlut Rao) sometimes took part, now on one side, now on the other, and a web of intrigue was woven, the separate threads of which we have neither the time nor the inclination to disentangle. The death of Nana deprived the Peishwa of a servant who was at once too powerful and too ambitious; but it also deprived him of a sagacious and far-seeing statesman, capable of conceiving and executing a bold, wise, and successful policy.

We have now arrived at the time when the Marathis came into collision with the British power. We have seen that they joined the British and the Nizam against Hyder Ali; and though they accomplished little, were rewarded by Lord Cornwallis with a third of the conquered land. They were bound by treaty to co-operate in the war against Tippoo; but their jealousy of the rapid progress of Britain led them to hold aloof until he was defeated, when they hastened to assure the government of their rigid adherence to the British alliance. The Marquis Wellesley politely accepted their assurances, but at the same time he grew desirous of obtaining a paramount influence over so restless and warlike a state. He offered them, therefore, a share of the spoils of Mysore, on condition that the Peishwa should receive into his capital a British contingent, and set aside a portion of territory to provide the revenue for their maintenance. These terms were at once rejected, and the Marquis Wellesley calmly resolved to bide his time. He had not to wait long for his opportunity. Fierce dissensions broke out between Sindia

and Holkar, each contending for the supremacy; and these eventually broke out into open hostilities. The Peishwa sided with Sindia, and they collected their forces, 84,000 strong, under the walls of Poona, on the 25th of October, 1802. There Holkar gave them battle, winning a great victory. The Peishwa made his escape to Bassein, and in humble accents began to sue for that British alliance which, hitherto, he had contemptuously rejected. The Governor-General welcomed his overtures with alacrity, and on the last day of the year a treaty was completed by which Baji Rao assumed the position of a feudatory prince, and the British agreed to replace him on his throne. The treaty of Bassein, as it is called, has met with considerable criticism; but in the opinion of the late Duke of Wellington, no incompetent judge, 'it afforded the best prospect of preserving the peace of India.'

The Marathi chiefs, however, did not view it with complacency. They saw that it established the authority of the Company at Poona, and baffled their schemes of personal ambition. Lord Wellesley had underrated the power of these great predatory leaders, and had failed to estimate aright their jealousy of British interference. He thought that Sindia would willingly join with the Peishwa and the British in order to regain all he had lost in his conflict with Holkar. The latter was believed to possess no extensive or permanent resources. Some doubt was entertained relative to the probable course of Ragoji Bhonslay, Raja of Berar, but it was supposed that he would adhere to the winning side. But events falsified the Governor-General's calculations. The Peishwa soon repented of the treaty he had concluded, and secretly laboured to neutralise it; while Sindia and the Raja of Berar, composing their mutual differences, entered into a confederacy against the British. The mask was not thrown off at once, but

the movements of the armies of Sindia and the Raja aroused the suspicions of the Governor-General, and he intimated to both princes his desire to maintain amicable relations with them, as well as his firm resolve to permit no interference with the execution of the Bassein Treaty. As the danger of the situation increased, he resorted to more active measures. He ordered his brother, General Wellesley, to advance from Mysore in the direction of Poona, with about 8,000 infantry, 1,700 horse, and 2,000 of the famous Mysore sabres; while Colonel Stevenson was ordered to move from Haidarabad towards the same point, with the Haidarabad contingent, 9,000 cavalry, and 6,000 of the Nizam's own infantry. They were instructed to re-establish the Peishwa, and to prepare, if necessary, to operate against the refractory Marathi chieftains. Lord Lake, who commanded a considerable force at Cawnpur, received orders to conquer Sindia's territories in Hindustan proper, capture the cities of Agra and Delhi, and obtain possession of the Emperor's person. Detachments were also got ready to carry the war into the dominions of the Raja of Berar.

General Wellesley duly executed his mission; entered Poona on the 13th of May, and placed the Peishwa on his humbled throne. Almost immediately afterwards, when questioned respecting his intentions by a British envoy, Sindia replied that he could not answer decisively until he had seen the Raja of Nagpur, when he should be informed (he added) whether there was to be war or peace. This bold reply was considered by Lord Wellesley to be an insult to the British government, and a virtual declaration of hostilities; and the secret negotiations between the Peishwa and Sindia being discovered, Lord Wellesley determined on immediate action. To assure unity and decision in the conduct of the great war that loomed before him, the

Marquis vested the full powers of government, civil, military, and political, in his brother, General Wellesley, and left him free to act as circumstances might dictate. The general immediately sent an ultimatum to the confederates, requiring them, in twenty-four hours, to name the conditions on which they would fall back from the menacing positions they then occupied. They replied that if he sent back his troops to their respective quarters, they would withdraw fifty miles to Burhampur (July 31st). 'You propose,' answered the general, 'that I should withdraw to Seringapatam, Madras, and Bombay the troops collected to defend these territories against your designs, and that you and your confederate should be suffered to remain with your forces, to take advantage of their absence. I offered you peace on terms of equality, and honourable to all parties. You have chosen war, and are answerable for all consequences.'

At the head of 7,000 infantry, 1,900 horse, with 5,400 native cavalry, Sir Arthur Wellesley now marched upon Ahmednuggur, Sindia's formidable arsenal and stronghold, reputed one of the bulwarks of the Dekkan. On the 8th of August he summoned it to surrender. Next day the town was stormed. On the 10th a battery opened fire against the fortress, which on the 12th the garrison evacuated. The next blow was dealt at Aurungabad. The general proceeded to conquer all Sindia's forts south of the Godaveri, and on the 29th he crossed that river, hoping to meet the confederates in the open field. Sindia's object, however, was to avoid a general engagement, and to weary the British army by his rapid movements. He was not acquainted with the character of the commander who was pursuing him. Wellesley, by skilful manœuvring, forced him to return northwards; and on the 21st of September he arranged with Colonel Stevenson a scheme of operations, by which they were to move in two bodies, at a short distance,

along the two roads which the enemy might be expected to follow, and uniting on the 24th to compel him to receive their attack.

Being informed that the Marathi horse had begun to move, Sir Arthur pushed forward to reconnoitre. Misled by his spies as to the actual position of the enemy's forces, he found himself on the 23rd unexpectedly in front of them. They numbered 38,000 cavalry, 18,000 infantry, and about 100 pieces of artillery, and were strongly posted on the plain of Assaye, with their left flanked by the village, and their infantry covered by formidable batteries. The British army did not exceed 4,500. Sir Arthur was taken by surprise; but he resolved to bring on an action with as little delay as possible, from an apprehension that the chiefs might abandon their position, as well as from a feeling that retreat was impossible. Nor had he any fear of the result; 'They cannot escape us!' he exclaimed, with the heroic confidence of genius. Having made the necessary dispositions, he ordered his handful of troops to advance. To the officer leading he gave strict orders to avoid the cannon planted in the village; but, unfortunately, his instructions were misunderstood or disregarded, and the men were moved up right in the teeth of the guns, which were skilfully handled by the enemy. The incessant fire terribly thinned the ranks of the 74th, and it became necessary to push forward supports. One of the officers in command of the artillery reported that his guns could not be moved, owing to the number of men and bullocks that were disabled: 'Well, tell him to get on without them,' was Sir Arthur's calm reply.

Notwithstanding the fury of the cannonade, the British infantry advanced with majestic steadiness until they reached the entrenchments, when the gleam of their steel took the heart out of Sindia's gallant

soldiery. The Marathi troopers had made an effort to break their thinned ranks, but were met by the English horse in furious onset, and sent flying over the plain. The infantry likewise gave way, and were soon in chaotic retreat. The Raja of Nagpur had early exhibited that discretion which is the better part of valour; and Sindia, as soon as the fortunes of the day went against him, withdrew along the Tapti, escorted by a small body of horse, leaving to the victors all his guns, ammunition, and camp equipage. The victory was complete, but it was dearly purchased. Of Wellesley's small force 409 were killed and 1,622 wounded. The loss of the enemy in killed was about 1,200; in wounded, probably 3,000 to 4,000; an inconsiderable proportion to his total strength.

The moral effect of this surprising victory cannot be over-estimated. That a handful of British soldiers should venture to throw themselves upon Sindia's masses was in itself a circumstance to fascinate the native imagination; that it should put these masses to flight was still more extraordinary and inexplicable. It has been well said that in the Indian mind there is a sensitiveness which is acted upon with extraordinary force by whatever is strange or unexpected. Such displays of valour they never fail to exaggerate, attaching to them a mysterious efficacy, and ascribing them to a supernatural influence. It was on the field of Assaye that the spirit of India was overcome; and from that memorable day the people of Hindustan looked upon their country as the legitimate prize of the invincible conquerors.

Sir Arthur, instead of resting on his laurels, pushed vigorously the pursuit of Sindia, while Colonel Stevenson was left to reduce the important city of Burhampur and the adjoining fort of Assurghur. They fell almost without resistance. Sindia, humbled by

these losses, made overtures for peace, and a protracted negotiation ensued, which ended in an armistice on the 23rd of November. It was agreed that he should retire to a point forty miles east of Elichpur, and that his army should not approach within the same distance of either of the British armies engaged in operations against the Raja of Nagpur.

Sir Arthur then went in pursuit of the Raja of Berar, and overtook him on the plain of Argaum (November 28th). Contrary to his agreement, Sindia sent to his confederate's support a strong body of his cavalry; but the English general took no account of the enemy's numerical preponderance. Without hesitation he ordered his troops to advance. When within range of the hostile guns, a strange panic seized three of his best battalions, and they broke and fled. Equal to any emergency, Wellesley rode up to the fugitives, promptly succeeded in rallying them, and led them against the enemy. The battle was speedily decided in favour of the British, and, abandoning all his guns and stores, the Raja took to flight, leaving the field covered with his killed and wounded. The British lost only 46 killed and 308 wounded.

Siege was then laid to Gawilghur, a fortress crowning the summit of a precipitous rock. The defence was unusually obstinate, but British courage prevailed, and on the 15th of December the place was carried by storm. The Raja at once submitted, and two days later concluded a treaty by which the Company acquired the maritime territory of Cuttack, while the districts of Berar west of the river Winda were ceded to the Nizam. Thus the power of another leading member of the Marathi confederacy was effectually crippled.

Our attention must now be directed to a different quarter. In Central India the Marathi force was mainly

the enemy to surrender. This extraordinary achievement produced a powerful effect on the native mind.

Flushed with success, Lord Lake directed his march upon the imperial city of Delhi, which was still the residence of the representative of the Great Moguls. When within view of its walls, he found the enemy under General Bourquin, strongly posted; but though he had only 4,500 men against 19,000, he resolved to bring on an engagement. To charge the enemy in their well-chosen position was impracticable, or at least hazardous. He therefore resorted to the delicate manœuvre of a feigned retreat. This was calmly and skilfully executed by his troops; and the enemy, completely deceived, poured out of their entrenchments in swift pursuit. As soon as they were drawn forth upon the plain, Lord Lake faced about, and ignoring the hurricane of shot that blew around him, advanced with levelled bayonets. The enemy gave way at once before the shock of the matchless British infantry, and fled in helpless disorder. Many perished in the river, and their total loss exceeded 3,000 killed and wounded. Bourquin surrendered, and Lord Lake entered Delhi in triumph (September 15, 1803).

His first step was to ask and obtain an audience of the Emperor, who, though shorn of power, a prisoner, blind, and helpless, was still regarded both by Hindus and Mohamedans as the sole fountain of honour, and was therefore no unimportant prize for the victor. In the splendid palace built by his great ancestor, Shah Jehan, Lord Lake was ushered into the royal presence. He found the unfortunate prince 'seated under a small, tattered canopy, the remnant of his former state, his person emaciated by indigence and infirmities, his countenance disfigured with the loss of his eyes, and marked with extreme old age and a settled melancholy.' An exchange of compliments and congratulations

followed, and the emperor bestowed on Lake several grandiloquent titles, such as 'the sword of the state, the hero of the land, the lord of the age, and the victorious in war.' In return, Lake assured him of British protection. The Company finally settled upon him a comfortable pension, leaving him to enjoy the imperial state while they exercised the imperial power; and this pension was continued to the kings of Delhi until the dynasty finally perished in the convulsions of the great Mutiny.

From Delhi Lake proceeded to Agra, which capitulated on the 17th of October. The booty found here, valued at £280,000, was given up to the troops as prize money. He then proceeded in pursuit of a corps of Marathis which still kept the field, and had been reinforced by fugitives from the different armies. Misinformed as to their numbers, he moved forward with only his cavalry, and on the 1st of November overtook them at the village of Lasswarri. They proved to be 13,000 strong (9000 foot and 4,000 cavalry), with 72 guns, and included the flower of Sindia's disciplined battalions. With much judgment they had taken up a strong position, covering their front with an embankment, and their range of artillery, and flooding the plain from a neighbouring reservoir. Lake charged at the head of his cavalry, with more courage than discretion; for the most brilliant valour could not prevail against the storm of fire that opened upon them. After a brief but furious conflict, the general drew off his squadrons, to wait until the infantry came up. The battle was then renewed with terrible ardour, though the gallant fellows had marched sixty-five miles in the preceding forty-eight hours, and twenty-five miles since midnight. Nor did the Marathis appear deficient in valour. They stoutly contested every inch of ground, and to overcome such enemies was a feat of which the British had good reason to be proud. After a prolonged struggle,

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threatening, that if his request were not complied with, 'countries of many hundred miles in extent should be plundered and burnt, Lord Lake should not have leisure to breathe, and calamities should fall on lakhs of human beings by a continued war, in which his armies would overwhelm them like waves of the sea.' Immediately afterwards he made a raid on the territories of the Raja of Jeypur, one of our allies. To put down this powerful freebooter was the task which the Governor-General next imposed on his generals.

Wellesley immediately despatched Colonel Murray, with a force of 5,500 men, to enter Malwa and seize upon Holkar's capital. Lake marched to the protection of the Raja of Jeypur, and Holkar retreated hastily across the Chumbul. Unfortunately, instead of pursuing him with his whole force, he was content to send a single brigade, under Colonel Monson, while he sent the rest of his army into cantonments. Monson had under his command five battalions of infantry and 3,000 horse. Pushing his pursuit too far, without maintaining his communications or collecting sufficient supplies, he unexpectedly found himself confronted, on the 7th of July, by Holkar, with his whole force. The boldest policy is always, in Eastern warfare, the safest; and had he led his men to the charge, his audacity would probably have been crowned with success. But though a man of undoubted personal courage, he was unfitted for the responsibilities of an independent command. In the critical position in which he was involved he lost his head, and determined on a retreat. Holkar immediately followed close upon his footsteps. On reaching the Mokundra Pass (July 10th), Monson stood at bay, and inflicted a severe defeat on Holkar's army. But he still continued his retreat, and as he retreated his difficulties every day waxed greater. The rivers which he had forded on his advance were swollen by the heavy

settle the dispute between the Company and the Raja, and he proceeded so far as to move his army across the Chumbul; but the remonstrances of the British resident induced him to retrace his steps. When Holkar, beaten and baffled, was retreating after the peace made with the Raja of Bhurtpur, Sindia received him into his camp at Subulgur; but on the approach of Lord Lake, the two confederates hastily retired towards Kotah. The English general soon afterwards addressed an imperative letter to Sindia, charging him to release the British Resident within ten days, or to abide by the consequences. The Marathi chief was alarmed by this distinct threat, and expressed a strong wish to renew his amicable relations with the British authorities. On the other hand, the Governor-General was anxious to re-establish peace, that he might reduce the army and lessen the expenditure, and he made up his mind to restore Gohul and Gwalior. There was every prospect, therefore, of a general pacification on equitable principles, when a reversal of our Indian policy suddenly took place.

The brilliant successes which had characterised the government of the Marquis Wellesley had largely ministered to the national pride. And, in truth, no one could doubt the vigour or splendour of an administration which had converted the isolated and far from considerable possessions of the Company into a mighty empire; no one could impugn the energy and genius of a ruler who had baffled so many enemies and warded off so many perils. He had annihilated the French influence at Haidarabad, and made the Nizam a mere tool and puppet of the Company. He had overthrown the kingdom of Mysore, and subdued the rich provinces of the Dekkan. The French battalions of Sindia had melted away before him like snow; and large

territories had been annexed to the Company's domains. The power of the Marathis he had so effectually trodden in the dust that it never again revived. He had doubled the revenue, the resources, and the territorial area of the Company. With Clive and Hastings, he now ranks among the founders of the British empire in India. He raised a magnificent superstructure on the foundation which they had laid and consolidated. As Mr. Marshman says: 'He was the Akbar of the Company's dynasty. His individual character was impressed on every branch of the administration, and his inspiration animated every member of the service in every department and in every province. To those around him, who were under his immediate influence, he was the object of "hero worship," and the designation usually applied to him was "the glorious little man."' And at all events to him must be ascribed the merit of having had a definite policy, a fixed aim in his government, to which he adhered with inflexible steadiness. It was his purpose to make the Company the paramount power in India, to establish it in the place of the Moguls; not wholly to dispossess the native princes, but to compel them to become the tributaries and feudatories of the Company, and to deprive them of the means of future revolt.

At home this policy was severely criticised by many authorities, both as dangerous in itself, and as opposed to the wishes and declarations of the Imperial Parliament. As for the Company, the directors felt an ever-increasing alarm at the vast extent of their dominions, and the magnitude of the responsibilities which they involved. A commercial and mercantile body, they dreaded financial ruin. Even the statesmen of England were not free from anxiety; and so gallant a spirit as Lord Castlereagh doubted whether we could hold the empire which Lord Wellesley had created.

Much of the criticism bestowed on his system would have been just, if it could have been proved that it was not unavoidable. But the authority of the Moguls had become a shadow, and if no supreme power had succeeded to the vacant throne, all India must have sunk into a state of anarchy, and been torn to pieces by the jealousies of its various princes. That this power should be England was rendered necessary by her position in India, and was equally beneficial to the interests of the conqueror and the conquered. In building up our Indian empire, it is unquestionable that we committed many crimes which now rest heavily on the national conscience. Yet it is not less unquestionable that the work was to a great extent no choice of our own, but absolutely imposed upon us.

When the close of Lord Wellesley's administration drew near, and while they were fretting under the new burden of the war with Holkar, the Court of Directors, between whom and their illustrious proconsul a bitter feeling of enmity existed, resolved on a sudden and complete change of policy, and selected Lord Cornwallis to carry it out. Lord Cornwallis was then a man of sixty-seven, prematurely feeble, and exhausted by the arduous labours of a life spent in the public service. He might well have declined the onerous trust committed to him by the directors, but this his sense of duty forbade; and he landed in Calcutta on the 30th of July, 1805, a broken down veteran, already tottering on the brink of the grave. He at once announced the intended change of procedure, which amounted to the complete overthrow of everything that Lord Wellesley had established. The Jumna was thenceforth to be the recognised boundary of the Company's possessions. Delhi was to be given up to Sindia. The treaty with Jeypur was to be abrogated. All our alliances with native princes were to be dissolved. Lord Lake ad-

addressed a forcible remonstrance to the Governor-General against a course which could hardly fail to plunge Central India into anarchy, and endanger the best interests of the Company; but it never reached the hands of Lord Cornwallis, who fell a victim to his infirmities at Ghazipur on the 5th of October.

By virtue of seniority Sir George Barlow succeeded to the Governor-Generalship provisionally, and he hastened to intimate his intention of following rigidly in his predecessor's footsteps. Lord Lake's arguments he brushed aside, and notified his inflexible determination of limiting British authority and influence to the boundary of the Jumna. That such a course would involve India in hopeless disorder, and leave its native princes free to engage in interminable conflicts, was in his mind no valid objection. His sole aim was to place the finance of the Company on a better footing, though he failed to show that a timid and dishonourable policy would really replenish the exhausted treasury.

Lord Lake had no resource but to carry out the Governor-General's instructions. He contrived, however, by skilful management, to draw from Sindia the first proposal for negotiation, and the work was rendered easier by the favourable disposition of Sindia's prime minister, Ambaji Inglia. The terms were quickly settled; and on the 23rd of November, 1805, a treaty was concluded by which the Marathi prince obtained the restoration of Gwalior, and the Chumbul was defined as the boundary between his territories and those of the British. On the other hand, the British government, with an unfortunate want of good faith, agreed to dissolve the alliances it had contracted with the Rajput princes and other tributaries.

Holkar was naturally indignant at the new policy of his confederate, and along with Amir Khan he retreated westward to seek refuge among the Sikhs.

He had still a considerable force at his disposal; but Lord Lake, by the rapidity of his pursuit, prevented him from taking up any formidable position. He also concluded an agreement with Runjit Sing, by which the Sikh chieftain undertook to expel Holkar from the Punjab. The latter was thus compelled to sue for peace. He met with a favourable reception, and was pleasantly surprised by the advantageous conditions which Lord Lake, by Sir George Barlow's orders, laid before him. In effect they replaced him in the position which he had occupied before the war.

It was observed that, by the new policy, the enemies of the British government fared much better than its allies. For instance, its protection was withdrawn from the rajas of Bundi and Jeypur, and they were abandoned to the vindictive rage of Holkar as a reward for their fidelity to the engagements they had contracted with the Company's representatives. This want of honour and honesty was keenly felt by Lord Lake, and he made haste to divest himself of the political duties which had been thrown upon him.

In 1807, Lord Minto arrived at Calcutta, and assumed the Governor-Generalship. His administration, on the whole, was uneventful; but to keen observers it was evident that, however tranquil the surface, all the elements of future strife and trouble were in violent agitation beneath it. The seeds sown by Sir George Barlow were rapidly maturing, though it did not fall to Lord Minto to gather the gloomy harvest. In 1813^{*} the reins of government were assumed by the Marquis of Hastings, whose distinguished military services it is

* In this year the charter of the East India Company was renewed for another period of twenty years, with permission to pursue their trade; but for the first time their monopoly was broken up, and the whole nation admitted, under certain conditions, to both the import and export trade.

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not necessary here to recall ; and that able commander saw at once that the peace-at-any-price policy could no longer be maintained, and that only the most vigorous action could save India from the outbreak of a destructive tempest. He announced it as his conviction 'that our object should be to render the British government paramount in effect, if not declaredly so ; to hold the other states as vassals, though not in name ; and to oblige them, in return for our guarantee and protection, to perform the two great feudatory duties of supporting our rule with all their forces, and submitting their mutual differences to our arbitration.'

He was first called upon to deal with the aggressive movements of the Ghoorkhas, a warlike tribe which inhabited the Alpine territory of northern India, and from their mountain fastnesses had long cast a wistful eye on the tropical wealth of the plains beneath them. For a quarter of a century they had pushed their encroachments with increasing audacity, until at length they seized upon some territory in Goruckpur belonging to the British government. Lord Minto, in June, 1813, demanded its immediate restitution ; and as this was refused, it fell to the lot of his successor to enforce the Company's claim. After some hesitation the Ghoorkhas determined on armed resistance ; and two expeditions were sent against them, under Generals Ochterlony and Gillespie. Plunging into a mountainous country, of the nature of which they knew nothing, the two commanders were unsuccessful in their operations, and General Gillespie was slain. But reinforcements arriving, and the charge of the whole expedition being combined in the hands of General Ochterlony, a vigorous campaign ensued. The Ghoorkhas were driven from point to point ; their principal strongholds were captured ; and, beaten and dispirited, they sued for peace. A treaty was concluded in 1816, by which they

ceded a considerable portion of territory, comprising those healthy highlands whither our exhausted soldiers and civilians retire from the heats of the summer season, Simla and Landur and Mussuri and Nijnithal. The Ghoorkas now furnish our Indian army with some of its best and most loyal regiments.

The Governor-General next turned his attention to the marauding chiefs who were desolating Central India by their incessant forays. He despatched a force to occupy the southern bend of the Nerbuda, and prevent them from again breaking into the Dekkan. The Pindaris, however, were not so easily foiled. With 10,000 horsemen they struck to the extreme right of the British line, where they crossed the river, eluding our infantry by the extraordinary swiftness of their movements. Dividing into different bands, they spread into the territories of the Nizam, the Company, and the Peishwa; and it became evident that they could not be crushed so long as they possessed a secure place of retreat beyond the Nerbuda. Without waiting for the permission of the home authorities, the Governor-General resolved to hunt down these dangerous and destructive freebooters; though he foresaw that difficulties might eventually arise from the circumstance that the war would lead our armies into the territories of princes who cherished no friendly feeling towards the British government. He endeavoured to avert these difficulties by imposing certain conditions on Sindia and Amir Khan; and then set in motion his numerous host, which was estimated to consist of 81,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry, besides 23,000 irregulars. It was divided into three principal sections:

pushed forward into Malwa, under General Keir. The various corps were so arranged as to form a complete circle round the Pindaris, who had retired into Malwa, converging in upon them as upon a common centre (1817). The opening of the campaign was delayed, however, by the outbreak of that terrible disease, spasmodic or Asiatic cholera, the extensive ravages of which created general consternation. As soon as the health of the troops was restored, the army advanced, and the different divisions scattered the enemy in every direction. Their camps were taken and destroyed in quick succession, and the Pindari chiefs either surrendered or attempted to elude the British by a rapid flight. One after another they were hunted down, until Cheetor was the only one at large. On the 23rd of January, 1818, he was surprised and defeated by Colonel Heath; after which, with some 200 followers, he wandered about Malwa for upwards of a twelvemonth. Hunger at length compelled him to separate from his son and his last companion. He plunged into a jungle infested by tigers, and there his mangled body was afterwards found.

The campaign against the Pindaris had scarcely begun when the Peishwa, in league with the Raja of Nagpur and the restless Holkar, made a sudden effort to throw off the yoke of British authority. Under the pretence of co-operating against the Pindaris, the Peishwa had largely augmented his army and repaired, stored, and garrisoned his fortresses. The suspicions of Mr. Elphinstone, the British resident, were awakened; and he summoned a European regiment from Bombay to strengthen the small native force he had at his disposal. He then moved his camp to Kirki. There, on the 5th of November, it was suddenly attacked by the Marathis, 26,000 strong; but though the British force numbered only 3,000, they inflicted a severe defeat on

their assailants. The story of this chivalrous affair is well told by Elphinstone himself:

‘The Peishwa . . . now saw that he must throw off the mask. Accordingly he sent a very bullying message to desire I would move the cantonment to such place as he should direct, reduce the strength of the native brigade, and send away the Europeans; if I did not comply, peace would not last. I refused, but said I was most anxious for peace, and should not cross the river towards Poona, but if his army came towards ours, we should attack it. Within an hour afterwards, out they came with such readiness, that we had only time to leave the Sargum [the British residency] with the clothes on our backs, and crossing the river at a ford, march off to the bridge, with the river between us and the enemy. The Sargum, with all my books, journals, letters, manuscripts, &c., was soon in a blaze; but we got safe to the Kirki bridge, and soon after joined the line.

‘While the men and followers were fording, we went ourselves to observe the enemy. The sight was magnificent as the tide rolled out of Poona. Grant Duff, who saw it from the height above the powder cave, described it as resembling the bore in the Gulf of Cambay. Everything was hushed except the trampling and neighing of horses, and the whole valley was filled with them like a river or flood. I had always told Colonel Burr [who was in command of the British troops] that when war broke out we must recover our character by a forward movement that should encourage and fire our own men, while it checked our enemies; and I now, by a lucky mistake, instead of merely announcing that the Peishwa was at war, sent an order to move down at once and attack him. Without this, Colonel Burr has since told me, he would not have advanced. However, he did advance.

‘We joined, and, after some unavoidable delay, the Dapuri battalion joined too. When opposite to the nullah we halted (injudiciously, I think) to cannonade, and at the same time the enemy began from twelve or fifteen guns. Soon after, the whole mass of cavalry came on at speed in the most splendid style. The rush of horse, the sound of the onset, the waving of flags, the brandishing of spears, were grand beyond description, but perfectly ineffectual. One great body, however, under Gokla and Moro Dixit, and some others, formed on our left and rear, and when the first battalion of the 7th was drawn off to attack Major Pinto, who appeared on our left, and was quite separated from the European regiment, this body charged it with great vigour, and broke through it and the European regiment.

‘At this time the rest of the line was pretty well occupied with shot, matchlocks, and, above all, with rockets, and I own I thought there was a good chance of our losing the battle. The first battalion of the 7th, however, though it had expended all its ammunition, survived the charge, and was brought back to the line by Colonel Burr, who showed infinite coolness and courage, and, after some more firing and some advancing, together with detaching a few companies to our right, we found ourselves alone in the field, and the sun set. . . . If we had not made this movement forward, the Peishwa’s troops would have been quite bold, ours cowed, and we doubtful of their fidelity; we should have been cannonaded and rocketed in our own camp, and the horse would have been careering within our pickets. As it is, the Peishwa’s army has been glad to get safe behind Poona, and we have been almost as quiet as if encamped on the Retee at Delhi. We did not lose a hundred men altogether, and we have quite set our name up again.’

The Marathis were signally disheartened by their repulse, and showed no disposition to resume active hostilities. Before they could take heart again, reinforcements arrived under General Smith (November 13th). A speedy blow was delivered at the Peishwa's camp (November 17th); but at the advance of the British, the Marathis broke and fled; they were convinced that to resist the Feringhis was impossible. The victors took possession of the great city of Poona, and the power of the Peishwa was humbled in the dust. His dynasty had reigned exactly one hundred years. Lord Hastings decreed that his territories should be incorporated in the British dominions; but, to conciliate the people, he adopted Mr. Elphinstone's suggestion, and erected a new Marathi principality, the Raj of Sattara, under the descendants of the house of Sevaji, whom he brought forth from their obscurity.

We must now glance at the events taking place at Nagpur, whose rajah had joined the Marathi confederacy. Instead of being warned by the Peishwa's defeat, he had the extraordinary folly to imitate his example. He openly defied the British authorities by publicly assuming a dress of honour, and the 'juree putka,' or golden streamer, an emblem of lofty rank, which had been transmitted to him by the Peishwa. Mr. Jenkins, the British Resident at Nagpur, had at his disposal only a very small force; namely, two battalions of native infantry, with detachments of cavalry and artillery, not exceeding 1,400 men, all told. The Raja's army mustered about 8,000 cavalry and 10,000 infantry, including 4,000 Arab soldiers, who made admirable fighting men, and he had also thirty-six guns. Relying upon his vastly superior numbers to obtain an easy victory, he treacherously attacked the residency at sunset on the 25th.

The residency was situated to the west of the city,

from which it was separated by a low ridge, rising at each extremity into a hill of moderate elevation, the Sitabuldi hills. These, when the Raja's intentions became known, were instantly occupied, and converted into defensive positions. Towards evening a fierce artillery fire was opened upon these hills, and upon the smaller the Raja's infantry made a desperate assault. This was continued until two in the morning, when the enemy retired; and the British took advantage of the interval to make all possible preparations for a renewal of the struggle in the morning. At daybreak the fight was renewed with increased vigour. About ten o'clock a tumbril burst; and taking advantage of the confusion that ensued, the enemy swarmed up the ascent, drove the sepoys into flight, and immediately opened a heavy fire on the larger hill. In all directions the as-
saults

troops fled in great disorder; and the Raja himself was so dispirited, that, instead of repeating the attack, and crushing by dint of numbers the handful of men who held the residency, he clung close to his camp, and gave time for reinforcements to come up. On the 12th of December, General Doveton arrived with his division, and the Raja's doom was sealed. In 1818 he was deposed, and Persaji, the next heir, was elevated to the throne.

We have thus traced the history of the Marathis to the date of their extinction as a formidable confederacy. We have shown that, with the exception of Sindia, all its leaders were compelled to acknowledge the supremacy of the British government, and that a considerable portion of their territories was annexed to the British domains. The chiefs of Nagpur and Sattara still ruled over extensive principalities, but they were under British protection, and controlled by the advice of the British resident. The only Marathi leader who, at the close of the war in 1818, retained his independence, was Sindia, and during the remainder of his career he showed no disposition to incur the anger of the paramount power. He expired at Gwalior on the 21st of March, 1827, at the early age of forty-seven, after a reign of thirty-four years, during which he had witnessed the rise and fall of the Marathi empire.

He was succeeded by his kinsman, Junkoji, who for some years was under the influence of Sindia's widow, Baeza-Bye, a woman not less remarkable for force of character than love of power. In July, 1833, however, the Raja struck a blow for independent sovereignty, and the Bye was compelled to retire to her jaghir in the Dekkan. Junkoji Sindia's reign was unmarked by any important event. It was not of long duration; while still a young man, comparatively speaking, he was seized with sudden

British forces would be ordered to halt. The chiefs were anxious to propitiate the Governor-General, and offered to accept any terms he might dictate if he would save the honour of their prince by not crossing the frontier before the Raja had paid his respects to him on British territory. Lord Ellenborough haughtily replied that the march of the British army could not be delayed. They next suggested that the ranee and the young Maharaja should meet him, and sign the treaty, at Hingona, within twenty-five miles of Gwalior. To this Lord Ellenborough agreed, and the 26th was fixed for the meeting. But the Gwalior army would not allow the ranee and the prince to carry out the agreement; they fully understood that the object of the Governor-General was to reduce them to insignificance, and they prepared for a desperate opposition.

Sir Hugh Gough, the British Commander-in-chief, was one of the bravest of men, and had seen considerable service; but he was not a master of the art of war, and on the present occasion he made the mistake of undervaluing the enemy. Sindia's troops had posted themselves strongly at Chunda, and towards this point Sir Hugh directed his operations. But during the night of the 28th, seven battalions of infantry, with twenty heavy guns, were pushed forward to the village of Maharajpur, and of this movement the British general was wholly unaware. Great was his surprise when, on the morning of the 29th, he suddenly found himself in front of the enemy, and was compelled to alter his dispositions. The Gwalior artillery opened a heavy fire, which inflicted severe loss on our men as they took up their ground. The heavy guns of the British having been left in the rear, no reply could be made to this destructive cannonade; and the regiments were therefore ordered to advance and carry the batteries. The Marathis fought gallantly, and the gunners were in

almost every case bayoneted at their guns; but they could not withstand the British steel. After a severe struggle, they broke and fled, leaving the field strewn with their dead and dying.

The victory of Maharajpur was due to the steadfast courage of the British soldiers, who have seldom fought with a nobler tenacity. Their loss exceeded a thousand killed and wounded. 'I regret,' says Sir Hugh, in his despatch, 'I regret to say that our loss has been very severe, infinitely beyond what I calculated on; indeed, I did not do justice to the gallantry of my opponents. Their force, however, so greatly exceeded ours, particularly in artillery, the position of their guns was so commanding, they were so well served and determinedly defended, both by their gunners and their infantry, and the peculiar difficulties of the country giving the defending force so great advantages, that it could not be otherwise.' Sir Hugh omits one advantage which the enemy could hardly have calculated upon, his own serious defects of generalship.

Simultaneously with the Commander-in-chief's passage of the Gwalior frontier, a detachment under General Grey advanced towards Puniaur, twelve miles south-west of Gwalior, for the purpose of hemming in the Marathis between two forces. But the numerical preponderance of the Marathis enabled them to disconcert this manœuvre. A body of 12,000 men, with a contingent of artillery, was thrown forward to intercept General Grey's division, which did not exceed 3,000 of all arms. The two armies came into collision near Puniaur on the 27th of December. General Grey pursued the tactics which seldom fail to be successful when employed against Orientals; he at once led his men to the attack, delivering his blows at the enemy's left and centre, and this with such energy and directness that they were completely broken. Their loss was

heavy, and they were saved from annihilation only by the approach of night, which prevented the British from pursuing them: but they left all their guns and ammunition on the field.

These two decisive victories terminated the campaign. The Marathis were quick to perceive that further resistance was impossible. Two days later, the young ranee and the Maharaja, with their chiefs and courtiers, proceeded to the British encampment and were admitted to the presence of the Governor-General. The litter of the ranee, whose face was concealed by the usual veil, was carried into a private pavilion, where Lord Ellenborough took his seat beside it, and entered into an explanation of the views and intentions of the British government. His address was rendered into Marathi by Colonel Seeman, the resident, and then communicated to the ranee by her two ministers. She was only thirteen, but she behaved with great dignity and self-possession. In replying to the Governor-General she alluded to her youthful inexperience, and said she had come with her adopted son to solicit the forgiveness of the powerful and generous British government, though all that had occurred she ascribed to the lawlessness of the Gwalior army. Lord Ellenborough remarked that the restoration of order was indispensable, and that it was his object to establish in Gwalior a strong and efficient authority. It is said that he encouraged the ranee to believe that she would have a share in the new government. Such was not the case, however. She was deposed from her office of regent, but consoled with a pension of three lakhs of rupees. The Raja's majority was fixed at eighteen; and during his minority the administration was confided to a council of regency, consisting of six sirdars, under the control and direction of the British Resident. The army was disbanded, and the British contingent in-

crease in number to 10,000 men. Finally, the Governor-General presided at the installation of the Maharaja, which was attended with all the pomp and circumstance of Oriental pageantry. The boy-prince, however, seems to have been indifferent to the whole proceeding; an eye-witness describes him as enthroned beneath a gorgeous golden canopy, and 'see-sawing his legs beneath his throne according to the fashion of listless schoolboys.'

Sindia remained faithful to the British government during the sepoy mutiny,^o and was liberally rewarded for his fidelity. He is a grand cross of the order of the Star of India.

^o The Gwalior contingent joined the rebels, and Sindia marched against them with his own army, but was defeated (June 1st, 1858), and compelled to fly to Agra. He was afterwards restored to his throne by Sir Hugh Rose (now Lord Strathnairn).

THE SINDIA (OR SCINDIA) FAMILY.

1. Ranoji Sindia, founder of the family, died 1750. 2. Madhaji Sindia, 1750-1791. 3. Dowlut Rao Sindia (grand-nephew of Madhaji), 1791-1827. 4. Jankoji Rao Sindia, 1827-1843. 5. Bhagerut Rao Sindia, 1843. He was born in 1835; the East India Company declared him of age in 1853.

unpleasing, the sun burning up its clayey and sandy soil till it is impracticably hard.

West of the Indus lies the desert of Shikarpur, an area of alluvial clay which a good system of irrigation would render fairly fertile.

The climate of Sindh is hot and dry, and the want of rain is often severely felt. At Karachi, the great port at the mouth of the Indus, the average rainfall seldom exceeds eight inches; at Haidarabad it rarely amounts to three, and in some parts of Sindh no rain is experienced for two and even three years. Yet the climate is not unhealthy, and the inhabitants are a vigorous and handsome race, who have always distinguished themselves in battle. They consist chiefly of Juts and Baluchis;* and the majority of them profess Mohamedanism.

In 711 Sindh was subdued by the Khalif Abd-ul-Mulek, and for some centuries it continued a part of the Mohamedan empire. In 1756 it was conquered by the Afghans. Seventy-three years later, the Baluchis rose against their foreign rulers, and having expelled them from their territories, raised their leader, the chief of the Talpûr tribe, to the sovereign authority. In order to secure his dynasty he divided considerable domains among his brothers and kinsmen, with the result that at Haidarabad there were four nobles or 'amirs,' one at Mirpur, and three at Khyapur. To this division was due the anomalous order of succession which obtained among them, the *rais puggree*, or turban of superior rule, descending in each family to the

* The Baluchi is thus described by Napier: 'Athletic and skilled in the use of his weapons, for it is the sword only, not the plough, his hand clutches, he is known by his slow, rolling gait, his fierce aspect, his heavy sword and broad shield, by his dagger and matchlock. Labour he despises, but loves his neighbour's purse.'

brother instead of the son. A position of superiority seems to have been recognised as belonging to the Haidarabad amirs.

Quietly extending their dominions, the amirs came into contact with the frontiers of British India, while they also acquired the complete command of the navigation of the Indus. Their system of government, however, was one which led inevitably and rapidly to self-destruction. It would appear that the amirs were shrewd enough to recognise this fact. 'They secured their persons,' says Sir W. Napier, 'by numerous slaves, being in the traffic of human beings both exporters and importers, chiefly of Abyssinian blacks, whom they attached to their interests by manifold favours; and these men, called "siddees," served them with equal courage and devotion; to all others they were brutal tyrants, cruel, and debauched.' Our authority adds: 'Their stupid, selfish policy was to injure agriculture, to check commerce, to oppress the working man, and to accumulate riches for their own sensual pleasures. "What are the people to us?" exclaimed Nur Mohamed to Lieutenant Eastwick. "Poor or rich! what do we care, if they pay us our revenue, give us our hunting-grounds and our pleasures? that is all we require." The richest districts were desolated to form their "shikargas," or hunting-grounds. The zenanas were filled with young girls torn from their friends, and treated when in the harem with revolting barbarity. In fine, the life of an amir was one of gross pleasures, for which the labour and blood of men were remorselessly exacted, the honour and happiness of women savagely sacrificed!'

The British first opened up a commercial intercourse with Sind by the establishment of a factory at Tatta, in 1775. Owing to disturbances that arose it was abandoned in 1792, but Lord Wellesley made an attempt to restore it in 1799. The jealousy of the

amirs, however, and the influence of Tippoo Sahib proved too powerful, and the English agent was ordered, in the following year, to leave the country. The insult was not resented, and the amirs grew more arrogant as well as more hostile towards the English. In 1807 they assented, but with much ostentatious indifference, to a treaty providing for mutual intercourse by vakeels, or native envoys, and excluding the French from their territories. This was renewed in 1820, and the Americans were bracketed with the French in the excluding clause. But it was not possible that Sindé could be long shut close against British enterprise; and in 1831 Sir Alexander Burnes was ordered to explore the Indus, under pretence of conveying presents to Runjit Sing, the great ruler of the Punjab. The amirs were not unnaturally suspicious of our designs, and they opposed what obstacles they could to Sir Alexander's advance. 'We encountered,' he says, 'every imaginable difficulty and opposition from the amirs of Sindé. They first drove us forcibly out of the country. On a second attempt they starved us out. But I was not even then prepared to give up hopes, and I ultimately gained the objects of pursuit by protracted negotiations, and voyaged safely and successfully to Lahore.' Said a Baluchi soldier to Burnes when he first entered the waters of the Indus, 'The mischief is done; you have seen our country.' Said a syud near Tatta, 'Alas! Sindé is now gone, since the English have seen the river which is the high road to its conquest.' Within twelve years these unconscious prophecies were fulfilled!

In 1832 Lord William Bentinck, one of the ablest and most enlightened of our Indian viceroys, despatched Colonel Pottinger to Sindé to conclude a commercial treaty. At this time Lower Sindé was governed by the amirs of Haidarabad, of whom the chief was Ali Mourad, while Mir Rustum ruled as rais

in Upper Sinde. With each a treaty was concluded, which granted a free passage through the country to travellers and merchants, and opened up the Indus for commercial pursuits. A tariff was to be proclaimed, no arbitrary dues or tolls were to be exacted, the friendly intercourse by vakeels was enlarged; but it was provided that no merchant should settle in Sinde, and travellers and visitors were required to have passports.

Another treaty was concluded in 1834, which fixed the tariff as well as the tolls on the Indus. These tolls were to be divided between the four governments whose territories extended to the river banks; namely, the amirs, the Anglo-Indian government, the Maharaja, and the Bawal Khan. But the conduct of the amirs continued to be marked by a jealous hostility and a want of faith which gave great umbrage to the authorities at Calcutta. Moreover, the increasing influence of the Russians in Central Asia awakened a desire on the part of our government to counteract it by obtaining a definite control over Sinde and Afghanistan. Negotiations, therefore, were again commenced; and in 1838, having been backed by stern menaces, they eventuated in a significant treaty—significant, though consisting of only two articles, one of which provided for the mediation of the Indian government, and the other for the permanent residence of a British political agent at Haidarabad.

It was at this juncture that Lord Auckland's mistaken policy brought on the Afghan War, and he decided that a British army should take possession of Shikarpur as one of their bases of operations. He also required that the amirs should pay to Shah Sujah, whom he had resolved to place on the throne of Afghanistan, a sum of money in discharge of certain 'ancient claims' on Sinde, which Shah Sujah advanced. In vain they protested against these breaches of treaty

arrangements. The pressure of force was employed, and at length they consented to pay tribute, and receive and support a subsidiary army (A.D. 1839). During the three following years the amirs remained quiet. They allowed the British troops and stores to pass freely through their territories, and they supplied our ships and steamers on the Indus with fuel and provisions. This state of tranquillity and good feeling continued until the high repute of British power was shaken throughout India by the disaster of Cabul in the beginning of 1842. Most of the amirs still furnished supplies and carriage; but two or three were encouraged by the reverses our arms had experienced to exhibit a feeling of hostility. This was made known to Lord Ellenborough, who had succeeded Lord Auckland, by Major (Sir James) Outram, the political resident, in a series of formal charges; and Lord Ellenborough at once declared that he would inflict heavy punishment, even to the confiscation of his territory, on any amir who had meditated hostility against the Indian government. But he was just and generous enough to add, that the faithlessness of the amirs must be clearly proved, and not provoked by the conduct of the British agents, producing on the mind of any chief an apprehension that the government entertained designs inconsistent with his interests or honour.

To settle the difficulties in Sindh, Lord Ellenborough invested General Sir Charles Napier, a soldier of vast experience, of unbounded energy, and of great military capacity, but of a somewhat arrogant and impetuous temper, with full diplomatic as well as military power. He arrived at Sukkur on the 4th of October; but he had previously met the amirs at Haidarabad, and placed in their hands Lord Ellenborough's demand for a new treaty, addressing them with a force of language which awoke in their minds

the darkest apprehensions. He then proceeded to examine into the charges formulated by Outram ; and strong as was his antipathy to the amirs, he immediately dismissed as fallacious all but three, which related to letters alleged to have been sent to a Boogie chief and the ruler of the Punjab, and to the escape of a malcontent through the favour of Mir Rustum's vizier, Futteh Mohamed Ghorî. As to the authenticity of the letters, strong doubts are now entertained. But Sir Charles Napier, without allowing the incriminated amirs to offer any defence or explanation, declared these charges proven, and hence concluded that the treaty of 1839 had been violated.

The draft of the new treaty which the Indian government had resolved to impose on the amirs was then brought forward. It proposed to substitute for the annual tribute a cession of territory, and to punish the hostile amirs by taking from them certain districts which they had formerly conquered from the Nawab of Bhawalpur, to whom they were to be restored as a reward for his loyalty during the Afghan calamities. It was found on examination to differ from that which Major Outram had proposed, in requiring a larger cession of territory, and in depriving the amirs of their privilege of coining money. Of these alterations Major Outram complained, and he desired them to be referred to the Governor-General ; but Sir Charles Napier allowed a delay of ten weeks to take place, so that the Governor-General's despatch, cancelling the alterations, and restoring the treaty to its original form, did not arrive until the subjugation of Sind was virtually effected. It must be admitted that so high-handed a policy was unworthy of the good fame of the British government.

Two days after the receipt of the new treaty, Sir Charles invited Mir Rustum to meet him and discuss

its terms; but the old amir did not obey, either from his own unwillingness, or because misled (as some authorities say) by Ali Mourad. A fortnight elapsed, during which the general energetically prosecuted his military arrangements; and on the 1st of December the amirs received formal notification of a treaty signed by the Governor-General, which they were ordered at once to accept. It was added that the British army would occupy the territories named in the treaty without delay. The amirs of Khyapur sent their vakeels to make an earnest declaration of their loyalty, and of their readiness to agree to the new treaty, though regarding some of its terms as inequitable and harsh. But no time was given them to consider the treaty or even to sign it. Within three days Sir Charles 'sequestered the whole of the territory extending from Rori to the confines of Bhawulpur, which embraced the lands Lord Ellenborough had inadvertently included in the draft of the treaty.' Simultaneously he issued a proclamation forbidding the ryots to pay any rents to the Amir after the 1st of January. These rents belonged to the Baluchi chiefs as feudatories of the Amir; and to seize upon them was to reduce those chiefs to destitution. To the adoption of such 'vigorous' measures, Mir Rustum naturally objected; but the general had conceived a violent prejudice against him, and was resolved to visit on his head all the misdeeds of all the amirs. Having heard that the amirs designed a night attack on his camp, he sent word to Mir Rustum that he would march on his capital, raze it to the ground, and transplant its people. 'God knows,' replied the amir, 'we have no intention of opposing the English, nor a thought of war or fighting; we have not the power. Since my territories were guaranteed to me and my descendants by the British government, under a formal treaty, I have

considered myself their dependant, and thought myself secure.'

Unknown to himself, Sir Charles, in all these transactions, was influenced by the subtle duplicity of Ali Mourad. The exalted dignity of Rais of Upper Sind had long been held by Mir Rustum, then in his eighty-fifth year, whose fidelity to his engagements had always been acknowledged, and who by the chiefs and people of Upper Sind was deeply loved. 'The succession to his office of rais,' says Marshman, whose account of the causes of the Sindian war seems to us entirely accurate, 'the succession to this office, of which the turban was the symbol, belonged by the usage of the country to his brother Ali Mourad, who was, with the exception of Shere Mohamed of Mirpur, the ablest of the amirs, but the personification of subtlety and perfidy. He was anxious to make sure of this honour, which Mir Rustum was desirous of bestowing on his own son, and our subsequent proceedings in Sind may be traced in a great measure to the infamous means which he adopted to accomplish his object.'

Having quickly sounded the character of Sir Charles Napier, who was not less credulous than impetuous, he persuaded him that only himself and one of the amirs of Haidarabad were favourable to British interests, and obtained from him a promise of the turban on Mir Rustum's death. This, however, did not satisfy him; he wanted it at once, and for this purpose he resolved to force the aged amir into an attitude of apparent hostility. He began by persuading Sir Charles to affront Mir Rustum with three menacing and imperious messages. Wounded and astonished, Mir Rustum desired permission to wait on the general with an explanation. Sir Charles was persuaded to refuse an interview as 'too embarrassing,' and to recommend that he should retire to his brother's residence.

Immediately Mir Rustum obeyed. He repaired to Ali Mourad's fortress of Díju, and thence, on the 20th of December, wrote to Sir Charles that he had voluntarily resigned the turban, as well as the control of his army, forts, and territory, to his brother. And Ali Mourad asserted that the resignation had been formally written in the Kurân before an assemblage of holy men collected as witnesses; though it was afterwards ascertained that both statements were audaciously fictitious. Even Sir Charles entertained a suspicion that fraud or violence had been used in the affair, and resolved on a personal interview with the aged Rustum.* But having made known his intention to Ali Mourad, that wily intriguer repaired hastily to Díju, awoke his brother at midnight, persuaded him that the English general was coming next day to make him prisoner, and terrified him into flying to the camp of his kinsmen, twelve miles distant.

Sir Charles at once issued a proclamation to the amirs and people of Sinde, accusing Mir Rustum of having insulted and defied the Governor-General by escaping from his brother's house, and putting on record his intention to uphold Ali Mourad as the duly constituted head of the Talpura family. Yet it is evident from his private letter to Lord Ellenborough (December 29th, 1842), that he was by no means assured of the truth of Ali Mourad's statements. He writes:

‘I have to tell you that Mir Rustum decamped yesterday morning. I met Ali Mourad the night before, and desired him to say I would pay my respects to his highness next day; and the next day I heard of his flight.

‘There is an evident objection,’ he wrote to Lord Ellenborough, ‘to my seeing Mir Rustum. Why, I know not; but I told Ali Mourad I must and will.’—*Life of Sir C. Napier*, ii., 276.

I can only account for this in one of two ways. 1. Mir Rustum is a timid man. He has all along fancied I wanted to make him a prisoner, and now thought his brother and I were about to execute the conspiracy. 2. That Ali Mourad drove his brother to this step. Mir Rustum had resigned the turban to Ali in the most formal manner, writing his resignation in the Kurân before all the religious men collected to witness the act at Dîju; Ali sent this Kurân to me. I said that their family arrangements were their own, but your lordship would support the head of their family, whoever it might be, according to the spirit of the treaty; that personally, I thought it better for Rustum to keep the turban, and let Ali Mourad act for him, but he was free to do as he pleased. Now, it strikes me, that Ali Mourad may have frightened the old man into the foolish step he has taken, with the purpose of making his own possession of the turban more decided; that to do this he told Rustum I intended to make him a prisoner, Ali pretending to be his friend, and only waiting for opportunity to betray us. Such are my conjectures.'

They were perfectly accurate; yet when Mir Rustum's vakeel explained the entire intrigue, and informed him that Ali Mourad had confined the aged Amir in his fort, had compelled him to resign the turban, and had urged him to escape from the imprisonment which the English general intended for him, he replied in the coldest and severest terms. He accused the Amir of resorting to falsehood and evasion. He did not understand, he said, such double conduct, and would not allow him the benefit of such misrepresentations. 'I no longer consider you,' he said, 'the chief of the Talpuras, nor will I treat with you as such, nor with those who acknowledge you as rais.'

Reduced to poverty, and exposed to insult, the

amirs of Upper Sindh remained submissive. Their military force did not exceed 2,000 men, and they knew that resistance to the British government was impossible. Sir Charles, however, considered it necessary to strike a blow which should resound throughout all Sindh, and he determined on attacking the desert fort Emamgur (though its lord, Mir Mohamed, had given no offence to the British authorities), in order to convince the Sindian chiefs that 'neither their deserts nor their negotiations could arrest the progress of the British army.' Though it was reported that a large Baluchi force had assembled on the borders of the desert, he selected two hundred irregular cavalry, mounted three hundred and fifty of the 22nd regiment on camels, loaded ten more of those useful animals with provisions, eighty with water; and with his handful of warriors undertook the capture of an almost inaccessible stronghold.

'His guide might be false,' says the historian of the conquest of Sindh, 'and lead him astray; Ali Mourad might prove a traitor; the wells might be poisoned or filled up, or the waterskins might be cut in the night by a prowling emissary. The skirts of the waste were swarming with thousands of Baluchi horsemen, who might surround him on the march; and the amirs had many more and better camels than he had upon which to mount their infantry. Emamgur, the object to be obtained, was strong, well provided, and the garrison alone four times his number! To look at these dangers with a steady eye, to neglect no precautions, but, disarding fear, to brave them and the privations of the unknown desert, was the work of a master spirit in war, or the men of ancient days have been falsely and idly called great.'

The march occupied eight days, and lay through a wild and singular country. For hundreds of miles

the sand hills stretched away north and south, forming parallel ridges, rounded at the top, and most symmetrically plaited 'like the ripple on the sea-shore after a placid tide.' In height and breadth and steepness they varied considerably; but though some were only a mile, while others were ten miles across, they presented one uniform surface. The sand was mixed with shells, and ran in great streams resembling numerous rivers, skirted on each side by parallel belts of soil, which fed a thin and scattered jungle. The tracks of the hyæna and wild boar, and the footsteps of small deer were occasionally seen at first; but they speedily disappeared, and the dreary solitude of the wilderness was then unbroken.

On the second day, as water ran short, Sir Charles sent back a hundred and fifty of his troopers, retaining only fifty of the best. On the 8th he reached Emamgur to find that its garrison, stricken with fear by his approach, had fled two days before, leaving all their stores of grain and powder. The fortress proved to be square built, with a square tower in the centre fifty feet high, consisting of well-burned bricks. This was surrounded by walls forty feet high, strengthened with eight round towers, the bricks being unburned. Beyond, another strong wall, fifteen feet high, of recent erection, was also of unburned bricks, which offer a valuable resistance to artillery fire, inasmuch as 'the shot easily penetrates, but brings nothing down.' These fortifications having been destroyed by powder,* Sir Charles returned

* 'The sight was grand and hellish beyond description; the volume of smoke, fire, and embers flying up was a throne fit for the devil! I do not like this work of destruction, but reason tells me two things: First, it will prevent bloodshed, and it is better to destroy temples built by man than temples built by the Almighty; second, this castle was built and used for oppression, and in future its ruins will shelter the slave instead of the tyrant.'

—*Sir C. J. Napier's Journal* (Jan. 10th, 1843).

THE CONQUEST OF SINDE.

to the Indus, having accomplished one of the most extraordinary exploits recorded in modern military annals.

Early in 1843 Major Outram met the amirs in conference at Haidarabad. They were one and all desirous of peace. Their denial was strenuous of the hostile letters which it was alleged they had addressed to the Boogtie chief and Ranjit Sing. They also declared that they had faithfully observed their treaties with the British government. Mir Rustum pathetically repeated his assertion that Ali Mourad had held him a prisoner, and forced him to attach his seal to the deed of resignation. And he and the other amirs warned the British resident that they could no longer control the Baluchi soldiers, and that if Sir Charles Napier continued his march upon Haidarabad, hostilities could not be avoided.* To the new treaty imposed upon them by the Governor-General they at once assented. They were willing, they added, to cede the additional territory which Sir Charles had forcibly occupied. All they asked was the resident's assurance that Mir Rustum should recover his turban and his territory if he proved that he had been overpowered by Ali Mourad. Outram could give no such assurance, but the amirs, nevertheless, signed and sealed the treaties on the 12th of February.

Meanwhile, the utmost confusion prevailed in the capital, where both the Baluchis and the inhabitants

* The prejudice against the amirs cherished by Sir Charles and his brother and biographer is singularly strong. Thus the latter writes: 'They were earnest also that the general should delay his march, saying it would be impossible to restrain the Baluchi warriors, who would rob the whole country far and wide, friends and foes alike. *This was an admission that, contrary to their former declarations, they had collected large bodies of armed men, which could be for no other purpose than war.*' (*Conquest of Sindh*, ii., 266.) The fact was, these Baluchis had assembled voluntarily and from patriotic motives.

were greatly excited by the harsh treatment accorded to Mir Rustum and the amirs of Upper Sinde. It was with difficulty that, after the signature of the treaties, Major Outram returned to the residency; and he would probably have been murdered by the populace, had he not been escorted by a guard under the command of the principal chiefs. Next day two deputies waited upon him with the information that the Baluchi warriors had sworn on the Kurân to fight the British army, and that they could no longer restrain them. They asked permission to recover the lands which Ali Mourad had fraudulently seized. And when Outram replied in the negative, they rejoined, 'It is hard that you will neither promise restoration of what Ali Mourad has taken, nor allow us to right ourselves.' And they added: 'The Kyapur amirs then must fight for their own bread, which Ali has taken; and why should the amirs of Haidarabad be made answerable for their misdeeds?' They entreated the resident to withdraw to some place of greater security; but he refused to move an inch, or even to place an additional sentinel at his door. So, on the morning of the 15th February, the residency was surrounded on three sides by some bodies of Baluchi cavalry and infantry. The fourth side, facing the river, was commanded by the guns of a couple of armed steamers, the *Planet* and the *Satellite*, which were moored in the Indus at a distance of 450 yards. Major Outram had under his orders some fifty sepoy and a company of the 22nd, and with this insignificant force he made a brave defence for three hours, when, his supply of ammunition running short, he retired on board the steamers with a loss of three killed, ten wounded, and four missing.

The gauntlet had been thrown down, and Sir Charles had no choice but to take it up. The attack on the resi-

gency was an insult which could not be overlooked, though it had been provoked by an arbitrary and headstrong policy. Rapidly advancing, the British general reached Muttari on the morning of the 11th, where he learned that the Baluchi army was posted at Meani, about ten miles distant. The troops under his command did not exceed 2,500, while the enemy mustered fully 22,000; but he resolved on an immediate attack. 'The Baluchis,' he wrote to a friend, 'are robbers, inspired by a feeling of enthusiasm against us and our protection of the poor Sindian people. They have sworn on the Kurân to destroy the English general and his army! I, being ready for the trial, march at midnight, and I shall be within a few miles of them by six o'clock; perhaps I may make a forced march, and begin the battle sooner than they expect. Various matters will decide this between now and the morning. . . . Their cavalry is 10,000 strong, and in a vast plain of smooth, hard, clayey sand. . . . My cavalry, about 800! These are long odds, more than ten to one; however, to-morrow or the day after we shall know each other's value.'

At eight o'clock, on the morning of the 17th, Sir Charles' advanced guard came in sight of the Baluchis. At nine, the British line of battle was formed. The Baluchis had taken up a very strong position. For twelve hundred yards their front lined the deep nullah, or dry bed, of the Fullaili, which, with its high bank sloping towards the plain in front, furnished a solid rampart. Each flank was covered by a shikargah, or jungle-wood, which provided an admirable shelter for infantry. Moreover, the Fullaili took a sudden bend to the rear behind the right flank shikargah, so as to form a deep loop, in which the Baluchis had placed their camp and cavalry. After reconnoitring the ground, Sir Charles came to the conclusion that to attempt either flank would be exceedingly hazardous, and must

expose his small army to great loss. He resolved, therefore, to attack the centre. His baggage, camp followers, and animals he formed into a circle, close behind his line of battle; then surrounding it with the camels, who were made to lie down with their heads inwards, he placed the bales between them as ramparts for the armed followers to fire over—a species of fortress capable of resolute defence. As a baggage guard he detailed the Poona horse, 250 sabres, and four companies of infantry; the remainder of his force, 1,780 rank and file, he disposed in battle array. Twelve guns were posted on the right, where some infantry skirmishers were thrown out; the left was covered by Jacob's irregular horse. The infantry consisted of the 22nd Queen's, the 25th and 12th sepoy regiments, and the 1st Grenadiers. The 9th Bengal cavalry closed the extreme left of the line.

The general gave the signal to advance, and rode forward himself with his staff, under a rapid musketry fire. The Baluchi right was found to be covered by the village of Kattri, which was filled with men; there the position was impregnable. But on the left the general's eagle eye detected a weakness. The shikargah on this flank was covered by a wall, having only one rather narrow opening, through which the Baluchis evidently designed to pour out their thousands on the British flank and rear. On examining this wall, it appeared to be nine or ten feet high; it had no loopholes through which the enemy could fire. The general instantly conceived a felicitous idea. He posted the grenadiers of the 22nd in the gap, telling their brave captain, Law, that he was to block it up; to die there if it must be, but never to give way. The hero was faithful to his trust; he died there, but the opening was defended, and thus the action of eighty men paralysed the action of six thousand.

While the cannon of both armies challenged a fearful rivalry, the 22nd reached the Fullaili with a run, and, encouraged by their general, swept up the slope, and stood upon its summit. They had thought to bear down all before them, but even their gallant hearts beat with a momentary thrill at the forest of swords waving in their front. 'Thick as standing corn, and gorgeous as a field of flowers, stood the Baluchis in their many-coloured garments and turbans; they filled the broad deep bed of the Fullaili, they clustered on both banks, and covered the plain beyond. Guarding their heads with their large dark shields, they shook their sharp swords, beaming in the sun, their shouts rolled like a peal of thunder, as with frantic gestures they rushed forwards, and full against the front of the 22nd dashed with demoniac strength and ferocity. But with shouts as loud, and shrieks as wild and fierce as theirs, and hearts as big and arms as strong, the Irish soldiers met them with that queen of weapons the musket, and sent their foremost masses rolling back in blood.'

The battle was now hotly contested. The Baluchis fought with stubborn courage; as one fell, another took his place; and at times the British line wavered and was thrust back. The European officers suffered severely; nearly every one was killed or wounded. And still the battle went on. For three hours and a half it had raged with the fury of a hurricane, when the general saw that a crisis was at hand, and that some decisive movement was needful to convert it into a victory. He therefore gave orders to Colonel Pattie, his second in command, to throw his Bengal and Sindh horsemen on the enemy's right. The order was joyously received, and triumphantly carried out. With a tremendous rush those daring troopers crossed the Fullaili, gained the plain beyond, and broke in a storm of sabres on the amazed enemy. The Bengal troopers swept before them the infantry,

while the Sindian horse fell on the enemy's rear, and scattered dire confusion. Then the entire mass began to waver. The 22nd saw their opportunity, and with levelled bayonets repeated their charge. The battle was over; the Baluchis retreated; and, after a short and sharp pursuit, the victors rested on the field they had won so gallantly. It is a proof of the admirable skill of their general that their loss in killed and wounded did not exceed 256. On the other hand, upwards of 6,000 Baluchis perished.

The general made haste to profit by his victory, for he knew that his position was not without its difficulties. He had no siege train with which to invest the fort of Haidarabad, and the Amir of Mirpur, with 10,000 Baluchis, was close at hand, while another body of 10,000 arrived next day. Without some bold stroke, therefore, he might be compelled to retire to the Indus, and wait for reinforcements. So, next day, he sent a message to the amirs that, if they did not surrender, he would storm Haidarabad. We have seen that they from the first had had no wish to engage in war; and now they voluntarily made their submission, surrendered their fortress, and laid at the British general's feet their jewelled swords and other arms. The swords, with a fine touch of chivalry, he returned. On the 19th, he entered Haidarabad; on the 20th, he took possession of the fort. The treasures which fell into his hands were distributed among the soldiers; and he then prepared to march against Shere Mohamed, who, with about 25,000 men, had encamped at Dubba, near Haidarabad. Reinforcements which had arrived from Karatchi, Sukkur, and other points, had brought up the British force to 6,000; and it was with a full assurance of victory that Sir Charles proceeded to his second battle-field.

It was on the 24th of March that the British came in

sight of the Baluchi camp. Two lines of infantry were intrenched there, and behind them in reserve lay a heavy mass of cavalry. Their right rested on the Fullaili, beyond which lay a thick shikargah; their front was covered by a nullah twenty feet wide and eight feet deep; and their left rested on another nullah and a small wood. Sir Charles began the engagement by directing a heavy artillery fire against the enemy's centre, which soon showed symptoms of confusion. The cavalry then charged them on their left flank with most brilliant valour, completely breaking down their defence, driving them into flight, and riding them down with great slaughter for several miles.

'While this was passing on the right,'—we quote Sir Charles' own account of the battle,—'her Majesty's 22nd regiment, gallantly led by Major Poole, who commanded the brigade, and Captain George, who commanded the corps, attacked the nullah on the left with great gallantry, and, I regret to add, with considerable loss. This brave battalion marched up to the nullah under a heavy fire of matchlocks, without returning a shot till within forty paces of the intrenchment, and then stormed it like British soldiers. The intrepid Lieutenant Coote first mounted the rampart, seized one of the enemy's standards, and was severely wounded while waving it and cheering on his men. Meanwhile the Poona horse, under Captain Tait, and the 9th cavalry, under Major Story, turned the enemy's right flank, pursuing and cutting down the fugitives for several miles. Her Majesty's 22nd regiment was well supported by the batteries commanded by Captains Willoughby and Hutt, which crossed their fire with that of Major Leslie. Then came the 2nd brigade, under command of Major Woodburn, bearing down into action with excellent coolness. It consisted of the 25th, 21st, and 12th regiments, under

the command of Captains Jackson, Stevens, and Fisher, respectively. These regiments were strongly sustained by the fire of Captain Whitley's battery, on the right of which were the 8th and 1st regiments, under Majors Brown and Clibborne; these two corps advanced with the regularity of a review up to the intrenchments, their commanders, with considerable exertion, stopping their fire on seeing that a portion of the Sind horse and 3rd cavalry, in charging the enemy, had got in front of the brigade. The battle was decided by the troops of horse artillery and her Majesty's 22nd regiment.'

The enemy fought with desperate valour, so that our soldiers felt proud of having defeated such men. They were finally driven back in all directions; there was, however, no such thing as disorderly flight amongst the warriors on foot, though the horsemen did not show the same courage. Some of the Baluchis retreated to the desert with their amirs; the greater part made for the Indus, with the intention of crossing that river, and taking refuge on the right bank; but our victorious troopers turned them from the cultivated districts, and drove them towards the wilderness. The British loss in this decisive battle was 270, of which number 147 belonged to the 22nd regiment. The Baluchis lost 5,000 dead, as well as seventeen standards and fifteen guns.

The fortress of Omercote, where the illustrious Akbar was born, next fell into the victor's hands, and Sir Charles Napier was able to announce to the Governor-General the collapse of all resistance, in a punning despatch, which referred to the opinion of many that the war was unjust—'*Peccavi*' (I have sinned [Sinde]). The pacification of the country was soon effected under the firm rule of Sir Charles; and the Baluchis freely enlisted into our army, displaying always an admirable

loyalty to their colours, and furnishing an exact example of combined courage and discipline.*

o Our respect for Sir Charles Napier as a successful general and a man of great force of character must not blind us to the erroneous policy he adopted in Sindh. He forced on a war which was indefensible and unjust. We fear that Mr. Marshman is right in saying that the conquest of Sindh admits of no vindication. 'It is a blot on our national escutcheon, but it stands alone among the transactions which have enlarged the boundaries of the British empire in India, and it is unjust to yield to an indolent dislike of investigation, and pass a general censure on our career for an exceptional transgression. The treatment which the amirs experienced forms one of the darkest pages in the history of British India. State policy might dictate their removal from a country where they had once been masters, but it was nevertheless an act of cruelty to inflict an indiscriminate banishment on these unhappy princes, many of whom were innocent even of a hostile thought, and to consign them to a distant and dreary exile, separated from all those associations which form the charm of existence.'—*Marshman*, iii., 252.

BOOK VI.

THE WARS WITH THE SIKHS.

IN the north-west of India lies an extensive territory—bounded on the west by the Suliman Mountains, on the north by Kashmir, on the east and south-east by the Sutlej—which is known as the Punjab, or ‘five rivers,’ from the five great affluents of the Indus that fertilise it with their waters, the Chenab, Ravi, Jhelum, Beas, and Sutlej. In shape it resembles an isosceles triangle, with its apex at the junction of the Indus and the Punjnad, in lat. $29^{\circ} 5' N$. The two sides measure about 610 miles each in length; the base, which is formed by the Himalayas, about 460 miles. A broad distinction of character exists between the northern and southern districts of the Punjab. The northern is broken up by the spurs of the Himalayas into deep green valleys, which are frequently well wooded, and watered by pleasant streams. The southern is comparatively flat and uninteresting, and its monotony of surface is interrupted only in the area between the Indus and the Jhelum, where the Salt Range reaches a height of about 2,000 feet. As might be expected, the variations of climate are excessive; and in the low country the summer heat is scorching. There are several towns of importance, such as Lahore, Multan, Amritsir; and in these towns

considerable manufactures are maintained. The inhabitants belong to various races, the Jats, Rajputs, Gujurs, and Patans; two-thirds are Mohamedans, one-sixth Hindus, and one-sixth Sikhs.

The Sikhs (from *s'ishya*, a disciple), or Sings (*Sinhs*, lions), were originally nothing more than a small religious community; but owing to the attraction of their principles, and the reaction which follows on persecution, they rapidly increased in numbers. Their founder, Nânak, born near Lahore in 1469, died in 1539. He must have been a man of strong intellect and large views. The leading object of his creed seems to have been the union of Hindus and Mohamedans in one religious body, each, for the sake of union, requiring to sacrifice some of their less important doctrines. But it seems clear that Nânak had but a superficial acquaintance with either religion, or he must have known that their cardinal and central dogmas rendered fusion impossible. There could be no compromise where the creeds were directly antagonistic. Nânak was succeeded by a guru, or 'teacher,' named Angad, and he by Amârdas; and the line included Râmdâs, Arjunmall, Hargovind, Harrây, Harkrishna, Teghbahâdar, and Govind.

Govind may be entitled the second founder of Sikhism. He deviated entirely from the course pursued by Nânak and his successors, and denounced Hinduism and Mohamedanism with equal vigour. He taught the oneness of God, the folly of idolatry, and the excellence of moral conduct. His followers were enjoined to put away superstition, and to worship God in earnestness and humility. But as strongly as Mohamed himself did he preach the religion of the sword, and his national enthusiasm led him to inculcate upon the Sikhs the duty of establishing their political independence. He made them a nation, and a nation of proselytisers.

‘The Sikhs,’ observes their historian, Captain Cunningham, ‘are converts to a new religion; their enthusiasm is still fresh, and their faith is still an active and a living principle. They are persuaded that God Himself is present with them, that He supports them in all their endeavours, and that sooner or later He will confound *their* enemies for His own glory. . . . Those who have heard a follower of Guru Govind declaim on the destinies of his race, his eye wild with enthusiasm, and every muscle quivering with excitement, can understand *that* spirit which impelled the naked Arab against the mail-clad troops of Rome and Persia, and which led our own chivalrous and believing forefathers through Europe to battle for the Cross on the shores of Asia.’

Govind was killed in 1708, at Nudêrh, on the banks of the Godâvâri. To him succeeded his chosen disciple Bunda (‘the slave’), under whom the Sikhs, already a nation of warriors, attacked the Mogul authorities in Sirhind, and plundered the country. Then came a succession of defeats and victories, until Bunda was besieged by an overwhelming Mogul force in the fort of Gurdaspur, and taken prisoner. He was conveyed to Delhi, brought before the imperial judges, and condemned to death. His son was placed upon his knees; and with a knife which was thrust into his hands he was ordered to take his child’s life. Silent and impassable, he obeyed; then his own flesh was torn with red-hot pincers, and in agony and torture, but still preserving an unmoved countenance, he expired.

After his death so fierce a persecution raged against the Sikhs that, for a generation, they disappear from history. In their villages they lived peacefully on the products of the soil, or as robbers they lurked in the woods and among the hills, watching for the unsus-

pecting traveller. They still clung, however, to the doctrines of Nânak and Govind; and looked forward hopefully to the time when they should emerge into the light of victory. When the Afghan king invaded the Punjab, they fought against him, and in the same year (1748) they erected a fort called the Rani Rowni, close to Amritsir, while their leader, Jussa Sinh Kullâl, openly announced the birth of a new power in the state, the 'Drel' of the 'Khâlisa,' or army of the theocracy of the Singhs. Then came another period of depression; and it was not until 1756 that they reappeared in any strength. Under Jussa Sinh, the hardy horsemen entered Lahore, where Jussa caused to be coined a rupee, bearing the inscription, 'Coined by the grace of the "Khâlisa" in the country of Ahmed, conquered by Jussa the Kullâl.'

During the troubles which followed the invasions of the Afghans and the Marathis, the Sikhs increased in numbers, and began to erect forts for the purpose of controlling and overawing their neighbours. But, as if to test their powers of endurance, they suffered a terrible defeat near Ludiana in February, 1762. This disaster is still remembered in Sikh history as the 'Ghulû Ghâra.' From 12,000 to 25,000 men are said to have perished. Yet not even so severe a blow could quench the military fervour of this extraordinary people. Having received considerable accessions to their numbers, they attacked and plundered the Patan colony of Kussur, and, after a great battle, occupied all the plains of Sirhind from the Jumna to the Sutlej. 'Tradition,' says Captain Cunningham, 'still describes how the Sikhs dispersed as soon as the battle was won, and how, riding day and night, each horseman would throw his belt and scabbard, his articles of dress and accoutrement, until he was almost naked, into successive villages, to mark them as his.'

Pursuing their victorious career, they soon conquered the entire country from the Jhelum to the Sutlej, and assembling at Amritsir, proclaimed themselves a ruling people. Next they settled their form of government, which partook partly of a theocratic, and partly of a feudal character. Twelve confederacies, called *miols* (an Arabic word, signifying *alike* or *equal*), were established, each of which acknowledged its own sirdar, or leader. They enjoyed equal rights and privileges, but were by no means equal in repute or number; the Bunghis, for example, could muster 20,000 horsemen (every Sikh was a horseman), and the Sukerchukwas, not above 2,000. Besides these confederacies, we must note a body of men, the Akâlis, or soldiers of God, who represented the religious element of Sikhism. They were distinguished by their blue dress and steel bracelets, and professed to have been instituted by Govind Sinh. 'They formed themselves in their struggle to reconcile warlike activity with the relinquishment of the world. The meek and humble were satisfied with the assiduous performance of menial offices in temples, but the fierce enthusiasm of others prompted them to act from time to time as the armed guardians of Amritsir, or suddenly to go where blind impulse might lead them, and to win their daily bread, even single-handed, at the point of the sword. They also took upon themselves something of the authority of censors, and, although no leader appears to have fallen by their hands for defection from the Khâlsa, they inspired awe as well as respect, and would sometimes plunder those who had offended them or had injured the commonwealth. The passions of the Akâlis had full play until Ranjit Sinh became supreme, and it cost that able and resolute chief much time and trouble, at once to suppress them and to preserve his own reputation with the people.'

Ranjit Singh² rose into eminence towards the close of the last century. In 1799 we find him obtaining the cession of Lahore from the Afghan king; and thenceforward his power and influence were continually on the increase. In 1803 the Sikhs first came into contact with the English, 5,000 of their fighting men being included in the Marathi army which Lord Lake defeated before Delhi on the 11th of September. They afterwards tendered their allegiance to the English general. For some years the relations between the Sikhs and the British government were of the friendliest character; and it is said that Ranjit Singh visited Lord Lake's camp in disguise, that he might see with his own eyes the military array of the famous warrior who had vanquished the two great Marathi chiefs, Sindia and Holkar. Meanwhile, the Sikh leader had gained possession of Amritsir, and his position as virtually the supreme authority seems to have been admitted by the Gurumutta, or national council, which was held in 1805. His genius for rule was consummate, and he gradually introduced a stricter organisation into the loose confederacy of the miols. In 1808 he extended his authority into the Upper Punjab. The Sikh chiefs of Sirhind solicited British protection, but this not being forthcoming, they acknowledged the chiefship of the Raja of Lahore. But a change taking place in the policy of the Indian government, they were suddenly informed that they were recognised as dependent princes; while Mr. Metcalfe was despatched on a mission to Ranjit Singh, for the purpose of concluding a treaty of alliance. An interview took place at Kusur. 'The Raja,' wrote Metcalfe,† 'met us on the

² We have adopted the latest and most accredited spelling of his name; but it is sometimes written Runjeet Singh.

† Both the ambassador and the prince were young men; the former was only twenty-three, the latter twenty-eight.

walking barefooted to make his obeisance to a collateral representative of his prophets, or in rewarding a soldier distinguished by that symbol of his faith, a long and ample beard, or in restraining the excesses of the fanatical Akâlis, or in beating an army and acquiring a province, his own name and his own motives were kept carefully concealed, and everything was done for the sake of the guru, for the advantage of the Khâlsa, and in the name of the Lord.* Laws he did not give his people, for they did not want them; nor a constitution, for they would not have understood it. He introduced neither commerce nor industry. The great work of his life, apart from conquest, was the formation of a regular and well-disciplined army;† and in this he succeeded so well that, after his death, his warriors were able to meet almost on equal terms the soldiers of England, and did not succumb until after a protracted and desperate struggle.

Towards the end of his reign the relations between Ranjit Singh and the British government underwent a considerable strain, but no open rupture occurred, and he sent an auxiliary force to assist the English army in its invasion of Afghanistan. How long the inevitable collision between antagonistic interests could have been delayed, it is impossible to conjecture; but the peace lasted while Ranjit Singh lived, and happily for his fame, he terminated his adventurous career on the 27th of June, 1839, at the age of fifty-nine. 'He found the Punjab a waning confederacy, a prey to the factions of its chiefs, pressed by the Afghans and the Mahrattas, and ready to submit to English supremacy. He consolidated the numerous petty states into a kingdom, he wrested from Kabul the fairest of its provinces, and he gave the potent English no cause for

* He was assisted in this by French officers, Generals Allard, Ventura, Court, and Avitabile.

interference. He found the military array of his countrymen a mass of horsemen, brave indeed, but ignorant of war as an art; and he left it mustering 50,000 disciplined soldiers, 50,000 well-armed yeomanry and militia, and more than 300 pieces of cannon for the field. His rule was founded on the feelings of a people, but it involved the joint action of the necessary principles of military order and territorial extension; and when a limit had been set to Sikh dominion, and his own commanding genius was no more, the vital spirit of his race began to consume itself in domestic contentions.'

To Ranjit Singh succeeded his son, Khurruk Singh, but as he was virtually an imbecile, all real power was centred in *his* son Nao Nihâl Singh. The former died of premature decay in November, 1840, and on the same day perished Nao Nihâl, under singular circumstances. He had celebrated the last rites at his father's funeral pyre, and was passing under a gateway with the eldest son of the vizier, Gholab Singh, by his side, when part of the structure fell, killing the young man on the spot, and injuring the prince so severely that he died a few hours afterwards. The succession was then disputed between Shir Singh and Chund Khour; the former prevailed, and was declared Maharaja of the Punjab (1841). From this time the army really became the supreme power in the state, and from the same time may be dated the growth of an unfriendly feeling towards the English, who were suspected of a desire to annex the Punjab to their empire. Shir Singh, however, rendered material assistance to the British 'army of retribution' in the Afghan campaign of 1841. Meanwhile, the internal condition of the Punjab caused considerable anxiety, and the British government watched the progress of events with a vigilant eye. In September, 1843, Shir Singh was assassinated by Ajir Singh, who perished shortly afterwards in attempting

to effect his escape. The boy-prince, Dilip Sinh, son of Ranjit Sinh by one of his concubines, was thereupon proclaimed Maharaja, though rivals in the persons of his illegitimate brothers, Kashmira Sinh and Peshawura Sinh, soon started up, and the Punjab was given over to anarchy. The power of the army increased daily; and after a succession of plots and intrigues, it appeared to acquiesce in the rule of Dilip Sinh's mother, the ranee Jhindun, a woman of ambition and ability. Her confidants and counsellors were her brother, Juwahir Sinh, and her paramour, Lall Sinh. Towards the close of 1845 the former defeated Peshawura (or Peshwa) Sinh, and cruelly put him to death. As the young prince had been popular with the army and the people, his murder brought great odium on the ranee's brother, and this was carefully fanned and kept alive by Lall Sinh, with the result that Juwahir Sinh was sentenced to die the death of a traitor, and executed on the plain of Mian Mir, near Lahore. Lall Sinh was then appointed minister, and Tij Sinh commander-in-chief, but the army decided everything. It set up, and it pulled down; its policy being directed by its committees, called *punches*, each consisting of five members.

The dark outlook in the Punjab led Lord Ellenborough, during his viceroyalty, to assemble on the frontier a force of 27,600 men, with sixty-six guns. When Sir Henry Hardinge assumed the reins of government, he brought his military experience to bear on the situation, and viewing it as one of great peril, he gradually and quietly increased the army on the Sutlej to 40,500 men, with ninety-four guns; while he ordered up to Ferozepur fifty-six large boats, to be used, if necessary, as a pontoon. His preparations were not completed too soon. The ranee and her ministers saw very clearly that they could retain their position only by engaging

the army in some desperate enterprise; and they did their utmost to rekindle that hatred of the British which had been recently manifested. They dazzled it with the prospect of the plunder of Delhi and Agra and Benares.* And confident in its military strength, it never doubted but that victory would wait upon its standards.

The surprise of the British government, which had wholly underrated the strength of its enemy, was proved when 60,000 Khâlsa soldiers, with 40,000 armed followers, and 150 field-pieces, broke across the Sutlej, and on the 14th of December took up a position within a few miles of Ferozepur. This fortress was garrisoned with 10,000 troops, under Sir John Littler. Why the Sikhs were allowed to effect the passage of the river unmolested no military authority seems able to determine. The oversight was great, nor was it remedied by the rapidity with which Sir Hugh Gough, the commander-in-chief, moved to the relief of Sir John Littler's division, accomplishing, under the burning sun of India, a march of 150 miles in six days.

Sir John Littler, on the arrival of the Sikhs, had gallantly drawn out his troops, and offered to do battle; but notwithstanding their superiority of numbers, they declined the challenge. In this it is supposed they were guided by Tij Singh and Lall Singh, who, either because they had received English gold, or because they were in dread of their own soldiers, did not wish them to engage in an action, in which the chances of victory were apparently all in their favour. However this may be, they left General Littler unmolested. On the 28th, the Ambalur and Ludiana divisions of the British army reached Mudki, twenty miles from Ferozepur, where they were suddenly attacked by a detachment of Sikhs,

* It is only just to admit that, to some extent, the Sikhs were influenced by a belief that the British government meditated the annexation of the Punjab.

consisting of 10,000 horsemen and 4,000 infantry, with twenty-two guns. Our men had now an opportunity of seeing how well these Punjabi warriors could fight. The struggle was sharp, though brief; and the Sikhs fell back with the loss of seventeen guns. But the victory was indecisive, and everybody knew that it was owing rather to the steadfast courage of the British soldiery than the tactics of their leader, who, though a brave and veteran soldier, was by no means proficient in the art of war. The loss of the British amounted to 215 killed and 657 wounded, numbers which only too significantly indicate the severity of the fight.

After resting for ten days the British army moved forward, accompanied by the Governor-General, to Ferozeshuhur, where Sir John Littler was directed to join it. Accordingly, leaving his camp pitched and bazaar flags flying, he marched out of Ferozepur, and shortly before noon, on the 21st, brought up 5,500 men and twenty-two guns. The Sikhs had pitched their camp in the form of a parallelogram, about a mile long by half a mile broad, enclosing the village of Ferozeshuhur: the longer side, on the east, facing towards Ferozepur and the plain; the shorter sides towards the Sutlej and Mudki. Here, under the command of Lall Sinh, were assembled 35,000 fighting men, with 100 guns and 250 camel swivels; while the batteries were armed with heavy siege guns. An attack was immediately resolved upon, but for some unknown reason a delay of three hours and a half took place, so that the day was rapidly waning before the order to advance was given. No strategy entered into Sir Hugh Gough's plan of battle. Still underrating his enemy, he resolved to fling his troops on the enemy's guns and carry them by the bayonet. He himself commanded the right wing, and Sir John Littler the left, while Sir Henry Hardinge put himself at the head of the centre.

Sir John led his warriors against the western side of the Sikh position with consummate coolness, and they advanced like heroes under a tremendous fire, charging to the very mouth of the guns. There they were arrested by the storm of shot which incessantly beat about them. The 62nd stood their ground for awhile; but, after losing seventy-six men and seven officers, was reluctantly compelled to retire. The other divisions met with an equally stubborn resistance, the Sikh batteries being worked with cruel rapidity and precision. 'Guns were dismounted, and the ammunition was blown in the air; squadrons were checked in mid career; battalion after battalion was hurled back with shattered ranks, and it was not until after sunset that portions of the enemy's position were finally carried. Darkness and the obstinacy of the contest threw the English into confusion; men of all regiments and arms were mixed together; generals were doubtful of the fact or of the extent of their own success, and colonels knew not what had become of the regiments they commanded, or of the army of which they formed a part. Some portions of the enemy's line had not been broken, and the uncaptured guns were turned by the Sikhs upon masses of soldiers, oppressed with cold and thirst and fatigue, and who attracted the attention of the watchful enemy by lighting fires of brushwood to warm their stiffened limbs. The position of the English was one of real danger and great perplexity; their mercenaries had proved themselves good soldiers in foreign countries as well as in India itself, when discipline was little known, or while success was continuous; but in a few hours the five thousand children of a distant land found that their art had been learnt, and that an emergency had arisen which would tax their energies to the utmost. On that memorable night the English were hardly masters of the ground on which they stood;

they had no reserve at hand, while the enemy had fallen back upon a second army, and could renew the fight with increased numbers.'

Sir Harry Smith's division had forced its way into the very heart of the Sikh position, and occupied the village of Ferozeshuhur; but so tremendous a fire was then poured upon it that at two in the morning it was compelled to retire for a couple of miles. Another division, General Gilbert's, with which rode the Governor-General and the Commander-in-chief, captured the batteries opposed to it; but a hurricane of musketry arrested its farther advance, and it bivouacked for the night on the border of the Sikh camp.

'The night of the 21st of December,' wrote Sir Henry Hardinge afterwards, 'was the most extraordinary of my life. I bivouacked with the men without food or covering, and our nights are bitter cold. A burning camp in our front, our brave fellows lying down under a heavy cannonade, which continued during the whole night, mixed with the wild cries of the Sikhs, our English hurrah, the tramp of men, and the groans of the dying. In this state, with a handful of men who had carried the batteries the night before, I remained till morning, taking very short intervals of rest by lying down with various regiments in succession, to ascertain their temper and revive their spirits. . . . My answer to all and every man was, that we must fight it out, attack the enemy vigorously at day-break, beat him, or die honourably on the field.'

Of the heroic temper of the Governor-General we get a glimpse in Sir Hugh Gough's description of the night after the battle: 'Near the middle of it, one of the enemy's heavy guns was advanced, and played with deadly effect upon our troops. Sir Henry Hardinge immediately formed her Majesty's 80th foot and the 1st European Light Infantry. They were led to the

attack by their commanding officers, and animated in their exertions by Lieutenant-colonel Wood, who was wounded in the outset. The 80th captured the gun, and the enemy, dismayed by this counter-check, did not venture to press on farther. During the whole night, however, they continued to harass our troops by fire of artillery, wherever moonlight discovered our position.'

The British had suffered so severely that the prudent counsel (from a military point of view) to retire to Ferozepur had been given by some experienced officers. Sir Henry, however, protested against retreat, which would have inflamed the enthusiasm of the Sikhs to madness, and roused every discontented spirit in the empire to action. Happily, in the Sikh encampment the night had not passed very tranquilly. Lall Singh's military chest had been plundered; the leaders differed among themselves; while both Lall Singh and Tij Singh in their hearts desired nothing more than the destruction of an army which they were powerless to control. At daybreak the British generals collected the scattered battalions of General Gilbert's division, and flung them once more against the hostile intrenchments, Sir Henry leading on the left, and Sir Hugh on the right. They advanced with a determination which broke down all resistance, and rapidly drove the enemy from the village of Ferozeshuhur and out of their encampment; then, changing front to the left, they swept along the entire position until it was clear of every foe. Well satisfied with their work they halted, as if on a day of manœuvres, receiving their two leaders with a loud and long British cheer, and waving the captured standards of the Khâlsa army.

The echoes of that shout of victory still lingered on the plains, when through a cloud of dust glittered the bayonets of a new enemy. Each man asked himself, What was now to be done? And we may be sure that

each man resolved to die as became an English soldier, since victory against such odds was impossible. The army approaching that sternly-contested field was Tij Singh's, and consisted of 20,000 infantry, 5,000 cavalry, and seventy guns. They found the Sikh camp at Ferozeshuhur in the possession of the British, and Lall Singh's beaten soldiery in full retreat towards the Sutlej; and not knowing that the British were faint with hunger and spent with battle, that their guns were mostly dismounted, that their ammunition was exhausted, Tij Singh, after a fierce cannonade, retreated. Our empire in India has probably never before or since—not even during the Sepoy Mutiny—hung on so slender a thread. Had Tij Singh's fresh troops attacked our exhausted soldiery, their well-proven courage could hardly have saved them from destruction.

The fierceness of the contest at Ferozeshuhur is proved by the heavy casualty list: 694 killed and 1,721 wounded, or 2,415 in all, amounting to about a seventh of the whole British force engaged. The Sikhs lost 2,000 killed, and 5,000 to 6,000 wounded. Seventy-three cannon were captured. The indecisive character and sanguinary nature of the battle, however, must not be ascribed to the courage and discipline of the Sikhs, though unquestionably they are superior in fighting qualities to any other native race, except, perhaps, the Goorkhas. The truth is, the English commander displayed no generalship, and resorted to none of those manœuvres by which an able leader neutralises the numerical preponderance of his enemy. He flung his troops upon rows of bristling batteries, giving them up to certain slaughter, and enabling the Sikhs to make the most of their fine artillery, which surpassed in make and calibre the British guns. Again: the British army was inadequately supplied with ammunition, and, indeed, in most respects unprepared for a campaign;

while its leaders seem to have known nothing of the resources and character of the enemy whom they so imprudently attacked.

The battle of Ferozeshuhur produced a painful effect on public opinion. Guns had been won, and the Sikhs driven from their camp; but it was felt that the victory was scarcely less disastrous than a retreat. The victors had lost one-seventh of their complement, and had been unable to pursue the Khâlsa army in its slow retreat across the Sutlej. The feeling was everywhere paramount that the military renown of the English race must be vindicated without delay. For this purpose, a train of siege guns and a large supply of military stores were ordered up from Delhi, the British army waiting their arrival in a position which extended from Ferozepur towards Hurriki, or parallel to that occupied by the Sikhs. This inaction was not unnaturally misunderstood by the latter, who grew so bold that, towards the end of January, Runjur Sinh crossed the Sutlej with a strong force, and threatened Ludiana. Sir Harry Smith, with four regiments of infantry, three of cavalry, and eighteen guns, was thereupon despatched to protect the station. He marched on the 17th; but on the 21st he was informed that Runjur Sinh, with 10,000 men, had moved to Buddowâl on the preceding day. That place was then about eight miles distant from the van of the British column; and it seemed to Sir Harry that if he diverged to the right, so as to leave the Sikhs about three miles on his left, he could accomplish his junction with the Ludiana brigade unmolested. As he drew near Buddowâl, however, he discovered that Runjur Sinh was also in motion, with the evident purpose of checking the British advance; but not designing to give battle, he diverged still farther to the right, occasionally halting his cavalry for the infantry to close up, the progress of the latter

being retarded by the heavy nature of the ground. The enemy would not be baulked; and his artillery opened hotly on the British horse, who sheltered themselves as well as they could under some sandbanks, while the guns of the brigade replied to the fire of the Sikhs, and kept them in check. The infantry at length came up, and Sir Harry resolved to order a general charge; but just at this moment it was discovered that the Sikhs had turned the left flank of the British with some guns, unperceived, and soon their masses of iron crashed into the rear of the column. The men were weary with a long march, and it became evident that to throw them against the Sikhs would be to incur a useless slaughter. The march to Ludiana was resumed, the rear being admirably covered by the cavalry under Brigadier Cureton; but most of the baggage and the artillery store carts fell into the hands of the victors, while the British had to lament the loss of sixty-nine killed, sixty-eight wounded, and seventy-seven missing. Of the last the majority rejoined their ranks in a day or two.

So far the campaign had brought little fame or fortune to the British army, though its soldiers had fought with a courage worthy of their race whenever the opportunity had been given to them. The elation of the Sikhs was so great that a reasonable fear arose lest Runjur Sinh should attack the precious convoy of ammunition and siege train which were coming up from Delhi. The Governor-General, therefore, detached a brigade to reinforce Sir Harry Smith, thus bringing up his numbers to 11,000 men, with orders to seek the enemy, and give him battle. A reinforcement of 6,000 men and twelve guns had also been received by Runjur Sinh, and at the head of 15,000 men he descended the Sutlej to a point near Subrâon, apparently in order to threaten the British line of communication with the

Jumna. Sir Harry marched on the 28th of January, and struck towards the Sutlej so as to take the enemy in flank; but on perceiving his approach, the Sikhs faced round, with their right resting on the village of Bundri and their left on that of Aliwal (or Aleewâl), and immediately began to cover their front with embankments. The order for battle was promptly given; and the British infantry, with knit brows and flashing eyes, advanced against the village of Aliwal, which proved the key of the Sikh position. It was defended by some battalions of hill-men, no adequate foe for the British soldier; after a brief resistance they fled, and with them went Runjur Singh. The cavalry of the British right wing followed up this success with a brilliant charge, which rode down the artillerymen at their guns, and soon one-half of the Sikh army was flying in confusion.

On the right, however, our soldiers met with a sterner resistance, the Khâlsa warriors fighting like true 'disciples of Govind.' Tough was the struggle, until a couple of regiments of horse were hurled with spear and sabre at the serried ranks, and riding over and through them in three successive charges, completed the victory. They fled across the Sutlej, yielding as the spoils of victory their camp and baggage, fifty-two guns, their grain, and ammunition. The British loss did not exceed 151 killed, 413 wounded, and twenty-five missing. The battle was skilfully planned, and splendidly fought.

So signal a reverse shook the self-confidence of the Sikhs, and Golab Singh, Raja of Jammu, whom they had called to Lahore to guide their councils, reproached them bitterly for having defied the power of the great Indian government. He made haste to open negotiations with the Governor General, who at once intimated his willingness to recognise a Sikh sovereign at Lahore,

if the Khâlśa army were disbanded. From the astute Sikh leader came the reply that he was wholly unable to govern the army, which, indeed, governed the state. Further communications followed, with the result, as alleged by the historian of the Sikhs, and never officially denied, that it was secretly agreed that the Khâlśa army should be attacked by the British, and when defeated, abandoned by its own government; and that the road to Lahore should be laid open to the victors.

Meanwhile, the Khâlśa soldiers, 35,000 strong, had been concentrated in an intrenched camp formed on the left bank of the Sutlej. The position had been carefully chosen and skilfully strengthened. It included a series of semi-circular intrenchments, of which the river formed the base; while the outer line, two miles and a half in extent from east to west, was protected by a deep ditch. The ramparts bristled with sixty-seven heavy guns. A bridge of boats connected this formidable stronghold with a fortified post across the river, the guns of which completely commanded the left bank. In the chief intrenchment Tij Sinh held command; Lall Sinh, with the cavalry, lay higher up the river, watched by a body of British horse. The soldiery were somewhat depressed by the defeat at Aliwal, and by the spectacle of the unhonoured corpses of their comrades floating down the Sutlej. But the capture of a post of observation established by the British, and left unguarded at night, and the contagion of numbers, gradually restored their confidence, so that they resumed their boastful practice of performing their military exercises 'almost within hail of the British pickets.' Their veterans, however, saw the full extent of the dangers that threatened them. They knew that no Indian people had finally succeeded against the warriors from over the sea. Domestic dissension or foreign conquest was the only alternative before them; and the aged chief,

Shâm Sinh of Alari, resolved to devote himself in the battle, in the hope that his self-sacrifice might propitiate the invisible powers that had seemingly decreed the destruction of the children of Govind.

With impatience the British soldiers and their sepoy comrades watched, for seven long weeks, the erection of the intrenchments which frowned defiance at them; and great was their delight when at length the long train of 'huge and heavy ordnance' drawn by 'stately elephants' arrived from Delhi, together with ample supplies of ammunition. An assurance of coming victory filled each soldier's heart with proud emotion. The generals fixed the 10th of February for the attack, and decided on the order of battle. Their force consisted of 5,000 European and 10,000 native soldiers. These were arranged in three divisions: the left, under General Dick; the centre, under General Gilbert; and the right, under Sir Harry Smith. On reconnoitring the Sikh position, it was seen that if either end of the intrenchment could be carried, the batteries along the outer line would be taken in reverse, and rendered useless. The right was known to be the weaker; and General Dick, whose division was the strongest, received orders to deliver there his assault, while feigned attacks on the left and centre distracted the attention of the enemy. The whole of the heavy ordnance was grouped 'in masses' opposite particular points, so as to direct a tremendous storm of shot and shell at the hostile intrenchments. These preparations occupied the 9th of February (1846). Under cover of a dense fog, early on the morning of the 10th, the British advanced, and unnoticed by the enemy seized upon the post of observation to which we have already referred. In their turn the Sikhs had neglected to guard it. At sunrise the fog rolled off, and the two hosts stood revealed in battle array. The British artillery opened fire; and swift and

stern came the response from the heavy guns of the Sikhs. After a couple of hours' firing Sir Hugh Gough became convinced that his guns would not easily silence the massive ordnance of the enemy, and that further delay was inadvisable. The battle must be won by musket and bayonet.

‘The guns ceased for a time, and each warrior addressed himself in silence to the coming conflict—a glimmering eye and a firmer grasp of his weapon alone telling of the mighty spirit which wrought within him. The left division of the British army advanced in even order and with a light step to the attack, but the original error of forming the regiments in line instead of in column rendered the contest more unequal than such assaults need necessarily be. Every shot from the enemy's lines told upon the expanse of men, and the greater part of the division was driven back by the deadly fire of muskets and swivels and enfilading artillery. On the extreme left, the regiments effected an entrance amid the advanced banks and trenches of petty outworks where possession could be of little avail; but their comrades on the right were animated by the partial success; they chafed under the disgrace of repulse, and forming themselves instinctively into wedges and masses, and headed by an old and fearless leader, Sir Robert Dick [who fell mortally wounded, close to the trenches], they rushed forward in wrath.’

With a ringing cheer, they crossed the ditch, mounted the rampart, and drove the gunners from their pieces. The Sikh infantry still kept up their resistance; but the central division was brought forward, and the pressure of their bayonets forced them to give ground. Thus along the right and centre of the enemy's line, his batteries had been carried. The

assault was renewed on his left, and aided by a brilliant charge of sabres, it proved successful. The interior of the camp, however, was still filled by warriors who fought under the inspiration of religious zeal and military ardour. Tij Sinh, it is true, filled up the measure of his treachery by taking to flight, and either by accident or premeditation sinking a boat in the middle of the bridge of communication. Then the venerable Shâm Sinh prepared to fulfil his vow. Clothing himself in the white garments of martyrdom, and encouraging all around him to fight for the guru, he animated the defence with a new impulse until he fell at last, on a heap of his dead and dying countrymen. For half an hour this sublime struggle continued. Amid the sharp, incessant rattle of musketry and the awful roar of cannon the shouts of triumph or defiance arose; while from time to time exploding magazines of powder sent bursting shells and beams of wood and masses of earth high up into the canopy of smoke and flame which extended over the area of battle. Gradually British valour prevailed; and splendid must have been the valour which prevailed over a defence so heroic. The foe was forced back, and farther back upon the rolling river, never offering to submit, never asking for quarter. 'The victors looked with stolid wonderment upon the indomitable courage of the vanquished, and forbore to strike where the helpless and the dying frowned unavailing hatred. But the necessities of war pressed upon the commanders, and *they* had effectually to disperse that army which had so long scorned their power. The fire of batteries and battalions precipitated the flight of the Sikhs through the waters of the Sutlej, and the triumph of the English became full and manifest. The troops, defiled with dust and smoke and carnage, then stood mute indeed for a moment, until the glory of their success rushing upon their minds, they gave expression

to their feelings, and hailed their victorious commanders with reiterated shouts of triumph and congratulation.'

Such was the Battle of Subrâon.* The loss of the Sikhs is estimated at 8,000, some authorities say 10,000, besides sixty-seven guns, upwards of 200 camel-swivels, numerous standards, and vast munitions of war. On the side of the British, 320 were killed, and 2,083 wounded. The action had been desperately contested, but the victory was complete. Without delay a bridge was thrown across the river, opposite Ferozepur, and that same night six regiments entered the Punjab. They were unopposed. Two days later, the whole British army, which, with camp followers, counted 100,000 men, together with 68,000 animals and forty pieces of artillery, passed the river without a single misadventure. On the 12th they took possession of the town and fortress of Kussur. This was followed by a proclamation from the Governor-General, some passages of which may be quoted as furnishing the official justification of British policy:

'Military operations against the government and army of the Lahore State have not been undertaken by the government of India from any desire of territorial aggrandisement. The Governor-General, as announced in the proclamation of the 13th of December, "sincerely desired to see a strong Sikh government re-established in the Punjab, able to control its army and to protect its subjects." The sincerity of these professions is proved by the fact that no preparations for hostilities had been made when the Lahore government suddenly, and without a pretext of complaint, invaded the British territories. The unprovoked aggression has compelled the British government to have recourse to arms, and

* Or Subrâhân, so named from the neighbouring villages, inhabited by the Subrâh tribe.

to organise the means of offensive warfare, and whatever may now befall the Lahore State, the consequences can alone be attributed to the misconduct of that government and its army. No extension of territory was desired by the government of India; the measures necessary for providing indemnity for the past and security for the future will, however, involve the retention by the British government of a portion of the country hitherto under the government of the Lahore State. The extent of territory which it may be deemed advisable to hold will be determined by the conduct of the durbar and by considerations for the security of the British frontier. The government of India will, under any circumstances, annex to the British provinces the districts, hill and plain, situated between the rivers Sutlej and Beas, the revenues thereof being appropriated as a part of the indemnity required from the Lahore State.'

On the 15th Gholab Sinh, with two of the ministers, visited the British camp, authorised by the young Maharaja, Dilip Sinh, to accept any conditions which the victors might impose. He himself arrived on the 17th, and made his submission. The army still continued its unopposed advance towards the capital, and on the 20th encamped on the plain of Mian Mir in front of it, the citadel being occupied by a British garrison. In such a position the Governor-General could dictate his terms, but for various reasons these were unexpectedly moderate. He annexed, as he had announced in his proclamation, the district between the rivers Sutlej and Beas; and also, as the Lahore treasury was empty, and could not pay the required indemnity, the province of Kashmir and the highlands of Jummu. This latter arrangement enabled him to fulfil the pledges that had been secretly given to Gholab Sinh, the raja offering

to pay down a crore of rupees on condition of being recognised as the independent raja of Kashmir and Jammu. Thus the Indian government secured a powerful ally, whose personal interests bound him to fidelity, and, at the same time, a sum of money sufficient to cover the expenses of the war.

The treaty concluded on the 9th of March, 1846, provided that the Khâlsa army should be disbanded, and in its place a regular Sikh army organised, to consist of no more than 20,000 infantry and 12,000 cavalry. Meanwhile, for the protection of the Maharaja and the capital, it was agreed that a British force should remain until the end of the year. Major Henry Lawrence was appointed British resident, and the infamous Lall Singh prime minister, or vizier. And the drama of the first Punjab War was terminated with a striking spectacle, intended to demonstrate to India the reality of our victories and the total discomfiture of the Sikhs. A procession of the 250 guns captured from the Sikhs, escorted by infantry and cavalry, with standards waving and martial music pealing, rolled onwards from Lahore to Calcutta, and was everywhere received with military pomp and circumstance.

In England the news of the four great battles, so hardly fought, so hardly won, and attended by such memorable results, excited the utmost enthusiasm. The thanks of parliament were accorded to the commanders and their heroic soldiery. Both Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough were raised to the peerage, and on Sir Harry Smith was conferred a baronetcy.*

* Before proceeding further, it is desirable we should quote Sir Henry Lawrence's strong denial of the charge that the Sikh leaders were bought. 'Let me,' he wrote to Sir J. Kay, 'in opposition to Cunningham, Smyth, and the whole Indian press, distinctly state that Ferozeshuhur, Sobraon, and the road to Lahore were not bought; that at least there was no treachery

The experiment of reconstructing a Sikh government proved, before the end of the year, an utter failure. The edifice was built up out of rotten materials, and could not stand. Lall Singh, convicted of the grossest treachery, was deposed from his office, removed to British territory, and allowed to sink into obscurity on a monthly pension of 2,000 rupees. A new form of government was then established, with the concurrence of the principal Sikh chiefs. A council of regency, composed of eight Sikh chiefs, sprang into existence, with the understanding that it would act under the control and guidance of the British Resident, who was to enjoy 'unlimited authority in all matters of internal administration and external relations during the minority of the Maharaja.' In other words, Major Henry Lawrence virtually became king of the Punjab. He exercised his power with firmness, but with a wise regard for the feelings of the people, as well as with a prompt conception of their wants and wishes. At a later period he wrote: 'Looking back on our regency career, my chief regrets are that we did so much. I and my assistants laboured zealously for the good of the country and the good of the people of all ranks, but we were ill supported by a venial and selfish durbar, and were therefore gradually obliged to come forward more than I wished, and to act directly where I desired to do so only by advice, as honestly anxious to prepare the durbar to manage the country themselves. The basis of our arrangements, however, was: first, the reduction of the army to the lowest number required to that I ever heard of; that though I was with the army as political agent twenty days before the battle of Subrâon, I had no communication whatever with Tij Singh until we reached Lahore; and that although Lall Singh had an agent with me, he (Lall Singh) sent me no message, and did nothing that could distinguish him from any other leader of the enemy.' Lord Hardinge offered the same contradiction.

defend the frontier and preserve internal peace, and to pay that army punctually; second, to strike off the most obnoxious taxes, and, as far as possible, to equalise and moderate the assessment of the country, and insure what was collected reaching the public treasury; thirdly, to have a *very* simple code of laws, founded on the Sikh customs, reduced to writing, and administered by the most respectable men from their own ranks.'

Henry Lawrence continued at his labours throughout the year 1847. Early in the following year, his health having given way, he went on a visit to England, accompanying Lord Hardinge, whose term as Governor-General had expired. He was succeeded as head of the council of regency by Sir Frederick Currie, a civilian. At that time tranquillity apparently prevailed throughout the Punjab, and Lord Hardinge handed over to his successor, Lord Dalhousie, an empire which was at peace throughout its whole extent. But in the East the unexpected always happens; or, rather, a calm invariably precedes the outbreak of a tremendous tempest. To the south of Lahore lies the fortified city of Multan, the chief city of a large district between the Indus and the Sutlej. In 1838 it passed into the hands of Ranjit Singh, who appointed Sawan Mull its dewan, or governor. In 1844 Sawan Mull was assassinated while sitting in durbar, and his office devolved upon his son, Lalla Mulraj. Lall Singh, the prime minister, then demanded a crore of rupees as a nuggur, or succession fee. Eventually he agreed to take eighteen lakhs, payment of which Mulraj withheld until a British force was sent to warn him. Thereupon, having obtained a safe conduct from Lawrence, he repaired to Lahore, and, after some negotiation, settled the fine. Disapproving of the financial system which the council was instituting, Mulraj, in a moment of irritation, offered the resignation of his government. It was at once

accepted, and Khan Sinh (March, 1848) ordered to repair to Multan, accompanied by Mr. Vans Agnew and Lieutenant Anderson, as representatives of the British government, to undertake the government. Unhappily, these gentlemen were attended by no larger escort than 350 Sikhs, with a few guns; a force calculated to provoke opposition rather than to overcome it.

Mr. Vans Agnew and his companions reached Multan on the 18th of April, and encamped at the Edgah, a fortified temple, near the town. Next morning Mulraj presented himself in order to arrange the conditions on which he was to surrender his charge. These could not be arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, and Mulraj left in a mood of evident irritation. On the 20th he attended Mr. Agnew and Lieutenant Anderson in their inspection of the various establishments; but before they entered the fort he requested them to send away a portion of their escort, though he contrived to avoid diminishing his own guard. As they were recrossing the drawbridge, after going over the fort, Mr. Agnew was wounded by a spear-thrust, dragged from his horse, and stabbed in three places; while Lieutenant Anderson was also surrounded by assassins, and felled to the ground. Mulraj was riding by Mr. Agnew's side when the murderous attack was made; but instead of rendering any assistance, he rode off full speed to his country residence, while the attendants conveyed the wounded Englishmen to the Edgah. Next morning the big guns of the citadel opened upon the Edgah, and the Sikh escort replied with the field pieces they had brought with them. Mr. Agnew sent a message to summon Mulraj to their aid, but he pretended to be under the coercion of the soldiery, though there can be little doubt but that they were acting under his orders. Had the Sikh escort, which consisted of Goorkha soldiers, proved faithful, the wounded officers would pro-

bably have held the Edgah until relief arrived ; but they deserted to the enemy, who poured in at the unguarded gates, and brutally murdered the two Englishmen. Their heads were presented to Mulraj, then flung to the mob, filled with gunpowder, and blown to atoms. After which Mulraj took possession of the fort, and proclaimed a religious war against the Feringhis.

It was unfortunate that at this critical juncture the Governor-General should be new to his work, and the Resident at Lahore a civilian. In dealing with insurrectionary movements in India the greatest promptitude is necessary, as well as some knowledge of the native character and of the area of operations. Sir Frederick Currie saw that the right thing to do was immediately to march a large force upon Multan ; but deferred to Lord Gough, the Commander-in-chief, who was of opinion that the troops should not be moved until the cold season. Lord Hardinge, had he still held the viceroyalty, would have overruled the veteran general, who was unable to grasp the political exigency of the situation ; but Lord Dalhousie, who could boast of no military experience, agreed with him. The delay was ill-advised. It gave time to the enemy to excite the fanaticism of the Sikhs against their British rulers.

Very serious the consequences would undoubtedly have proved but for the vigour and decision of a young officer, who afterwards attained to signal distinction in the Indian service. Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Herbert) Edwardes, then engaged in the revenue settlement of Bunnu across the Indus, had under his command a small force consisting of a regiment of infantry and three hundred sowars, with two guns. On being apprised of the revolt at Multan, he divined at once the full extent of the danger which threatened the British power, and foresaw a general rising of the Sikh nation. Crossing the Indus into Derajat, he wrote to

mander ; and a hot fight took place at Sudusain (July 1st), terminating in the flight of Mulraj and his army. Thus the energetic action of a few weeks had re-established British authority in the province, and pent up Mulraj in his citadel, and it seemed patent to Edwardes that, with a little prompt exertion, the insurrection might be prevented from becoming national.

Of this truth Sir Frederick Currie was at length aware ; and he issued orders to General Whish to lead his brigade (augmented to 7,000 men, with thirty-four guns) to Multan. While he was pushing forward his preparations, Edwardes was joined by Shir Singh with 10,000 men ; but their arrival was a source of great anxiety rather than of confidence. They were known to be disaffected, and every day some of them deserted to Mulraj. To watch their camp, situated about 2 mile from his own, became one of the lieutenant's most arduous duties, for it was impossible to conjecture what act of perfidy they might not be induced to perpetrate. On all sides, indeed, the British officials in the Punjab found themselves surrounded by intrigue, the originator of which seems to have been the Maharani. Circumstances led to the discovery of her ingenious and widespread schemes, and revealed the fact that the Sikh army was eager for revolt, that almost every chief and officer was pledged to overthrow British authority, and that the superficial tranquillity of the Punjab had but concealed the seething elements of disaffection and revenge.

General Whish left for Multan towards the end of July ; but he lacked the *vivida vis* of a Clive, a Coote, or a Lake ; and though he had the advantage of water carriage, he occupied nine and thirty days in covering 220 miles. This extraordinary delay enabled Mulraj to increase his army and strengthen his defences, while it encouraged the Sikh chiefs to join what was rapidly

assuming the proportions of a national revolt. On the 3rd of September the battering train reached Multan, and Mulraj was instantly summoned to surrender. He replied with an open defiance. The town, which was strongly fortified, he held with 10,000 men. The fort, a stronghold of exceptional strength, with walls forty feet high, and a ditch twenty feet wide, was garrisoned by 2,000; and fifty-two heavy guns hurled a storm of shot upon the assailants. A brilliant assault carried the outworks, though not without the loss of 272 killed and wounded, and the British batteries then opened upon the town. But the general's operations were suddenly suspended by the defection of Shir Singh, who, on the 16th of September, went over to Mulraj, with all his troops and artillery. The attacking force was so weakened by this wholesale treachery that the siege was abandoned; and General Whish abruptly withdrew to a secure position at Sûruj Khûnd in the neighbourhood of the river, where he entrenched himself in all haste, and prepared to await the arrival of reinforcements.

Shir Singh now issued a proclamation 'by command of the holy guru,' and under the seals of nine of the chiefs in his army, of a religious war against the infidel Feringhis; and he summoned all who ate the salt of the sovereign of the Khâlâsa, Dilip Singh, to join the holy standard upraised by Mulraj and himself, and to put every European to death. The flames of rebellion spread swiftly from end to end of the Punjab. They were fanned by the chiefs who had professed the warmest fidelity to British rule, and by the veteran survivors of Aliwal and Ferozeshuhur, who still believed in the final success of the Khâlâsa. The government at Calcutta awoke at last to the gravity of the situation, which evoked in Lord Dalhousie the unbounded energy that specially distinguished his cha-

racter. Having determined on the conquest of the Punjab, he resolved that the work should be well and quickly done. The military executive absorbed something of his own vigour and decision. Troops were rapidly massed on the frontier, and a large army soon gathered in all the panoply of war at Ferozepur. From Bombay was despatched a force of 7,000 men to reinforce General Whish at Multan. Everywhere might be heard the din of arms.

On their side the Sikhs showed no lack of ardour. Chuttur Sinh, the father of Shir Sinh, and a chief of great influence, not unconscious of the seriousness of the struggle he was provoking, sought and concluded an alliance with his old enemy, Dost Mohamed, the ruler of Afghanistan. He bribed him with the province of Peshawer; but it may be conjectured that the Afghan Amir was animated, not so much by the prospect of territorial aggrandisement, as by his hope of revenge over a power which he hated even more bitterly than he had hated the Sikhs. Shir Sinh, after threatening Lahore, which was feebly garrisoned, marched to the westward, and received into his ranks the Bunnu soldiers, consisting of four regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, six troops of horse artillery and four guns, who had mutinied, and killed their officers. The priests, throughout the land, did their utmost to stimulate the religious enthusiasm of the disciples of Govind, who, indeed, were in no want of external stimulus, so profound was their zeal and so deep was their conviction that the triumph of the Khâlsa was at hand.

In the month of October the army of the Punjab lay at Ferozepur. It consisted of four British and eleven native regiments of infantry, of three British and five native regiments of cavalry, besides five corps of irregular horse. The artillery included sixty field guns, eight howitzers, and ten eighteen-pounders. Lord

Gough was still Commander-in-chief, but there was no Hardinge to restrain his impetuosity by the counsels of a cooler judgment. On the morning of the 16th of November he crossed the Ravi, and advanced towards the Chenab, where, at Ramnugur (or Ramnugger), Shir Singh and his 15,000 warrior-fanatics were strongly posted. The main body occupied the right bank, and was skilfully covered by batteries armed with twenty-eight guns. The river was fordable at this point, and Shir Singh had thrown across it a strong detachment. Disregarding the formidable nature of the position, and disdaining to wait for his heavy artillery, Lord Gough, with all his old fire, dashed at the Sikhs on the left bank, meaning to drive them headlong across the river (November 22nd). With twelve light field-guns he forced them to fall back; but Shir Singh, from his batteries on the right bank, which reached a considerable elevation, so stormed upon the British artillery with shot and shell that, in turn, it was compelled to retire. But one gun and a couple of waggons could not be got out of the sand; and the enemy watched their opportunity to pass the river in great numbers, and seize upon these trophies. Stung by the disgrace, Colonel William Havelock, of the 14th Dragoons, asked and obtained permission from Lord Gough to charge the Sikhs. Supported by the 5th cavalry, under Colonel Cureton, he swept the bank clear with a great rush of horse and sabre; after which he hurled the enemy down into the river's sandy bed. Here, however, his horses sank deeply into the sand, and became exhausted by their efforts to answer the riders' spurs, while the Sikh artillery poured in upon the luckless troopers a destructive fire. There was no help for it but to retreat to the British position, many an empty saddle bearing sad witness to the uselessness of this gallant but wild exploit. Both Colonel Havelock and Colonel Cureton were among the slain.

ness, Shir Singh suddenly broke up his camp, and removed his army, with their guns and stores, to a position on the Jhelum, even stronger than that which he had held on the Chenab. It is impossible not to admire the military capacity which the Sikh leader displayed in all his movements, and the skill with which he chose and fortified his ground.

A delay of several weeks followed, the blame of which must be about equally divided between the Governor-General and the Commander-in-chief. The latter awoke at length to a perception of the fact that, during his inaction, the enemy was daily receiving reinforcements, and that, without some decisive blow, the war might be indefinitely prolonged. On the 12th of January, 1849, therefore, he left his encampment at Janiki, and advanced as far as Dingee. Next day he pushed forward with the view of turning the enemy's left at Russool, but the strength of their position induced him to hesitate. By this time he had learned that though the Sikhs did not excel in the attack, they, like the Turks, showed the most splendid qualities in the defence. On the 14th he advanced to Chillianwalla, whence it was possible to obtain a full view of the enemy's lines. Shir Singh had descended from his camp on the Russool heights, and massed his troops in the plain, with a dense jungle and much broken ground covering his front. The position was one of great natural strength, and Lord Gough saw that it would be wise to delay the assault until it had been accurately reconnoitred. Orders were issued for the troops to pitch their tents, when a volley from some of the Sikh guns roused the British general's old impetuosity of spirit. He could not brook what seemed to him an insult to his flag, and he prepared for immediate battle, though it was late in the day, and not above two hours' daylight remained.

involved in the jungle, it was decimated by a flank fire, and mainly by the admirable conduct of the field battery under Major Dawes.

Turn we now to the part played by our cavalry in the fierce *mêlée*. Lord Gough had used it to protect the flanks of his infantry and extend his meagre line; but, in consequence, it was exposed to the tremendous fire of the Sikh artillery. 'On the right flank,' says Marshman, 'in prolongation of the infantry, were posted the 14th Dragoons, the 9th Lancers, and two native cavalry regiments. The troops of artillery attached to the brigade were planted in the rear, and could not therefore open fire from a single gun. This strong cavalry brigade was entrusted to Brigadier Pope, who had been an active officer in his youth, but was now unable to mount his horse without assistance. He was, moreover, of a fanciful and irritable temper, and obstinately wedded to his old-fashioned notions of cavalry manœuvre. He advanced his four regiments forward in a single line, and though the forest was dense, not a skirmisher was sent forward to explore the way, and no reserve or supporting column was provided against temporary reverse. As the line advanced, first at a walk and then at a trot, it was broken up by trees and clumps of brushwood into numerous series of small sections, doubled behind each other. In this state of things a small body of Sikh horse, intoxicated with drugs, rushed in a mass upon the centre, wounded the brigadier, and caused a sensation of terror among the native cavalry which it was found impossible to counteract. Just at this crisis, some one in the ranks of the 14th Dragoons, whose name has never been ascertained, uttered the words, "Threes about." The regiment at once turned to the rear and moved off in confusion, and, as the Sikh horse pressed on its track, galloped headlong in disgraceful panic through the

cannon and waggons posted in its rear, ⁱⁿ notwithstanding the utmost efforts of its commander, Colonel King, and of the chaplain of the force, the Rev. Mr. Vining, to rally the fugitives. The Sikh horse entered the rear of the artillery along with the flying dragoons, and captured four guns; the disgrace of the brigade was irreparable.' On the left, however, Sir Joseph Thackwell's troopers vindicated their old renown; and riding down the Sikhs with relentless fury, cut their way to the rear of their position.

Darkness put an end to the engagement. The British army, rent and shattered, stood on the ground which the enemy had occupied in the morning; but Lord Gough judged it prudent to withdraw to Chillianwalla, that his troops might obtain fresh water and a little repose. During the night, bands of Sikhs prowled about the battlefield, murdering the wounded, and stripping and mutilating the slain; they also carried off the guns captured by the British, with the exception of twelve, which had been previously brought into camp.

Chillianwalla was not a victory. At most, it was a drawn battle. Yet the British army has no reason to be ashamed of it. Against superior numbers, strongly posted, it contended bravely, though badly led, and denied a fair opportunity of triumph; and its terrible losses proved that it nobly manifested its ancient contempt of death. Its list of killed and wounded told of eighty-nine officers and 2,269 rank and file. Of the loss of the Sikhs we find no estimate, but it probably amounted to 5,000 or 6,000. The Sikhs captured three regimental colours and four guns of the horse artillery; they themselves lost twelve guns.

When the news of Chillianwalla reached England, the nation was stricken with profound emotion. A long series of military successes had ill fitted it to hear with composure of British guns and British standards taken,

of British cavalry flying before the enemy, and of a British army scarcely able by the most desperate exertions to snatch a victory from a wild Indian people. It was felt that our fame and influence in India had undergone a heavy blow; and the disaster was attributed very generally to the blunders of the Commander-in-chief. The directors of the East India Company, with the concurrence of the government, resolved on recalling Lord Gough; and Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Sinde, was appointed to take his place.* With characteristic energy he left England within three days of his appointment, and in a few weeks arrived at Calcutta. But notwithstanding his rapid action, he arrived too late; arrived to hear of a glorious victory at Guzerat, the capture of Multan, and the annexation of the Punjab.

Before again challenging conclusions with the Sikh army, Lord Gough was compelled to wait until the reduction of Multan should leave General Whish at liberty to reinforce him.

The reader will remember that, after the treacherous defection of Shir Singh (September, 1848), General Whish withdrew to a secure position at Sûruj-Khûnd, being unable with his small force to prosecute the siege of Multan. Three months elapsed before the Bombay authorities sent him the regiments necessary to bring his army up to a moderate strength. In the meantime Mulraj employed himself in laying in an abundant stock of provisions, and repairing and extending the fortifications of the town and citadel. The Bombay division, 9,000 strong, reached Roree on the Indus about the 18th of December; and, a week later, it arrived at

* When he would have excused himself on the plea of ill health, the Duke of Wellington said to him, 'If you do not go, I must.'

effected in the situation of the army at Chillianwalla. For many a month it had kept watch and ward over the Sikhs, who lay on the entrenched heights of Russool; but on the 6th of February it became generally understood that Shir Singh, with the military tact he always displayed, had moved from Russool, turned the British right, and was marching upon Lahore. Lord Gough immediately ordered General Gilbert to reconnoitre the Sikh position; he found it silent and desolate. Either from want of supplies, or to satisfy the martial impatience of his warriors, Shir Singh had moved on to Guzerat, and even thrown a portion of his army across the Chenab at Wuzirabad. Had he pushed rapidly forward he might have crushed General Whish's brigades in succession, and decided the issue of the campaign. But he grew alarmed at his own audacity, recalled the troops he had sent across the Chenab, and gave time for General Whish to seize and guard all the fords. Thereupon he concentrated his forces at Guzerat, which was associated with some traditions of good fortune, and prepared to meet the British attack. On the 20th of February the junction of General Whish with Lord Gough was complete, and he immediately advanced, at the head of 20,000 men, with a hundred pieces of cannon, to bring the enemy to battle.

From a reconnaissance made by General Cheape, an able and experienced engineering officer, it was ascertained that Shir Singh's army numbered 50,000 men, with sixty guns, and was posted, in the form of a crescent, in front of the walled town of Guzerat. On the right it was protected by the deep, dry bed of the Dwara, which pursues a tortuous course round two sides of the town, diverging to a considerable distance on the north and west sides, and then striking to the south across the British position. A deep, narrow, and wet nullah, running from the east of the town, and falling into the

Chenab, covered its left. Between this and the Dwara extended an area of about three miles; and near Guzerat lay two small villages, which Shir Sinh had fortified and garrisoned with matchlock men. The Khâlsa regiments were planted in the open space, their front covered with batteries, while every inequality of ground which could afford protection was ingeniously utilised.

Lord Gough's disposition of his forces may be described in his own words :

‘ On the extreme left I placed the Bombay column, commanded by the Honourable H. Dundas, supported, by Brigadier White's brigade of cavalry, and the Sind horse, under Sir J. Thackwell, to protect the left, and to prevent large bodies of Sikh and Afghan cavalry from turning that flank; with this cavalry I placed Captain Duncan's and Whish's troops of horse artillery; whilst the infantry was covered by the Bombay troop of horse artillery, under Major Bond.

‘ On the right of the Bombay column, and with the right resting on the nullah, I placed Brigadier-general Campbell's division of infantry, covered by No. 5 and No. 10 light field batteries, under Major Ludlow and Lieutenant Robertson, having Brigadier Hoggan's brigade of infantry in reserve.

‘ Upon the right of the nullah I placed the infantry division of Major-general Sir Walter Gilbert, the heavy guns, eighteen in number, under Majors Day and Horsford, with Captain Shakspear and Brevet-major Sir R. Shakspear; commanding batteries being disposed, in two divisions, upon the flanks of his left brigade.

‘ The line was prolonged by Major-general Whish's division of infantry, with one brigade of infantry, under Brigadier Markham, in support, in second line; and the whole covered by three troops of horse artillery and a light field battery, with two troops of horse artillery,

in a second line, in reserve, under Lieutenant-colonel Brind.

‘My right flank was protected by Brigadiers Hearsey and Lockwood’s brigades of cavalry, with Captain Warren’s troop of horse artillery.

‘The 5th and 6th light cavalry, with the Bombay light field battery, and the 45th and 69th regiments, under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Mercer, most effectually protected my rear and baggage.

‘With my right wing, I proposed penetrating the centre of the enemy’s line, so as to turn the position of their force in rear of the nullah, and thus enable my left wing to cross it with little loss; and, in co-operation with my right, to double upon the centre the wings of the enemy’s force opposed to them.’

Lord Gough continues :

‘At half-past seven o’clock the army advanced (February 21st) in the order described, with the precision of a parade movement. The enemy opened their fire at a very long distance, which exposed to my artillery both the position and range of their guns. I halted the infantry just out of fire, and advanced the whole of my artillery, covered by skirmishers.

‘The cannonade now opened upon the enemy was the most magnificent I ever witnessed, and as terrible in its effects.’

In the Sikh camp at this time was Major George Lawrence, whom Chuttur Singh had taken prisoner at Peshawer. He was treated very courteously by the Sikh chiefs, and in conversation with him they frequently remarked on the folly of the English leader in making little or no use of his formidable artillery, and pushing forward his infantry to the very mouths of the hostile guns. Being allowed to visit on parole his brother, Sir Henry Lawrence, at Lahore, he repeated this shrewd

observation, which Sir Henry thought worthy of transmission to Lord Dalhousie in his camp on the Sutlej. It is said that the Governor-General commented upon it to Lord Gough, but there can be no doubt that expression had been given to a similar opinion by Brigadier-general Tennant and other distinguished artillery officers. The result was seen at Guzerat, where for three hours the tremendous artillery of the British, far surpassing in number and calibre anything ever before brought into the field in India, hurled its crashing fire at the Sikh position. The Sikh gunners did their best to reply, but with comparatively little effect. They were compelled to fall back, and the English guns then pushed ahead, took up a new line, and recommenced their fire. Many of the Sikh guns were dismounted, and their cannonade was almost silenced. Lord Gough then deployed his infantry, which moved forward with its usual steadiness, supported by the field batteries.

The larger of the Habra villages, in which the enemy had posted a considerable force, flanked by two batteries, lay right in the line of Sir Walter Gilbert's advance. It was carried in splendid style by Brigadier Penny's (formerly Brigadier Godby's) brigade, his men plunging in among the loopholed huts, and bayoneting the Sikh soldiers where they stood. Almost at the same time the smaller Habra was carried by Lieutenant-colonel Franks and the gallant 10th, in spite of a fierce and tenacious resistance. The heavy artillery continued to gallop forward, successively taking up positions nearer the enemy; and its terrible fire, combining with the rapid discharges of the horse artillery and light field batteries, broke down the ranks of the enemy at all points. Swift was then the advance of the exultant British infantry, and before their levelled steel the Sikhs gave way, disheartened. The nullah was cleared; several villages were stormed in a fury of

slaughter, and the guns in position carried; the camp was captured, the enemy routed in every direction, and the right wing passed in pursuit to the eastward of the town of Guzerat, while the left wing swept onward to the westward.

‘The retreat of the Sikh army, thus hotly pressed, soon became a perfect flight; all arms dispersing over the country, rapidly pursued by our troops for a distance of twelve miles, their track strewed with their wounded, their arms, and military equipments, which they threw away to conceal that they were soldiers.’

Before the battle was over, a body of Sikh horse, supported by 1,500 Afghan cavalry under Akram Khan, rode down upon the flank and rear of General Thackwell’s cavalry brigade. The Sinde horse (who had been created and disciplined by Sir Charles Napier) and the 9th Lancers, were thrown out against them; and after some hot sabre work sent them reeling back to their lines, with many empty saddles and the loss of several standards.

The pursuit of the broken Khâlsa army was taken up by the cavalry, who plunged in among the disordered masses with relentless ardour, never drawing rein or pausing for breath until half-past four, when their ‘ride of death’ had carried them fifteen miles beyond Guzerat. Next morning the chase was taken up by that veteran cavalier, *le plus brave sabreur* of the Anglo-Indian army, Sir Walter Gilbert; while Brigadier-general Campbell’s division of infantry continued the pursuit in the direction of Bosubér, and a body of cavalry, under Colonel Bradford, pushed on several miles into the hills. The Khâlsa army was utterly broken up, and the Sikh chiefs saw that no course was open to them but submission. On the 5th they gave up all their prisoners, on the 8th they negotiated with Sir Walter, and on the 12th they laid their swords at his feet. The soldiery, 16,000 in

number, at the same time surrendered their weapons, together with forty-one pieces of cannon; making, with those captured in battle, 160 in all.

The Governor-General, in the proclamation which announced these great successes, added: 'But the war is not yet concluded, nor can there be any cessation of hostilities until Dost Mohamed Khan and the Afghan army are either driven from the province of Peshawer or destroyed within it.' The pursuit of the Afghan auxiliaries was entrusted to the indefatigable Gilbert, for whom, as truly as for any mosstrooper or border rider of old, the saddle was his home. On the evening of the day on which he had superintended the disarming of Shir Sinh's army he mounted and rode away towards Attock, with the view of overtaking the Afghans before they could cross the Indus. But they had already passed over; and the general, accompanied only by his staff and a small escort, galloped to a high ground, from which he saw them labouring hotly at the destruction of the bridge of boats that had secured their transit. The artillery coming up, they were quickly put to flight, and fifteen of the best boats forming the bridge were saved. With these the British troops crossed the Indus; and negotiations were opened up with some of the mountain tribes to obstruct the retreat of the Afghans through the Khyber Pass. But the river was rising rapidly, delaying the passage of the cavalry and infantry, while the Afghans abandoned their baggage in order to expedite their flight before their dreaded foe. Thus it happened that Dost Mohamed Khan succeeded in reaching Dakka, on the west side of the Khyber, and escaping the punishment which he had justly deserved.

The war was at an end; and it remained only for the victors to determine what should be done with

their conquest. There could be but one result,—the annexation of the Punjab to the Anglo-Indian empire. By a proclamation dated March 30th, 1849, Lord Dalhousie declared this annexation to be complete.

‘For many years,’ he added, ‘in the time of the Maharaja Ranjit Singh, peace and friendship prevailed between the British nation and the Sikhs. When Ranjit Singh was dead, and his wisdom no longer guided the counsels of the state, the sirdars and the Khâlsa army, without provocation and without cause, suddenly invaded the British territories. Their army was again and again defeated. They were driven with slaughter and in shame from the country they had invaded, and at the gates of Lahore the Maharaja Dhillip Singh tendered to the Governor-General the submission of himself and his chiefs, and solicited the clemency of the British government. The Governor-General extended the clemency of his government to the state of Lahore; he generously spared the kingdom which he had acquired a just right to subvert; and, the Maharaja having been replaced on the throne, treaties of friendship were formed between the states.’

After recapitulating the misdeeds of the Sikhs and their broken promises, Lord Dalhousie continued:

‘Finally, the army of the state and the whole Sikh people, joined by many of the sirdars in the Punjab who signed the treaties, and led by a number of the regency itself, have risen in arms against us, and have waged a fierce and bloody war for the proclaimed purpose of destroying the British and their power. The government of India formally declared that it desired no further conquest, and it proved by its acts the sincerity of its professions. The government of India has no desire for conquest now; but it is bound, in its

duty, to provide fully for its own security, and to guard the interests of those committed to its charge. To that end, and as the only sure mode of protecting the state from the perpetual recurrence of unprovoked and wasting wars, the Governor-General is compelled to resolve upon the entire subjection of a people whom their own government has long been unable to control, and whom (as events have now shown) no punishment can deter from violence, no acts of friendship can conciliate to peace. Wherefore the Governor-General of India has declared, and hereby proclaims, that the kingdom of the Punjab is at an end, and that all the territories of Maharaja Dhilip Sinh are now and henceforth a portion of the British empire in India.'

On the day on which this proclamation was dated a remarkable ceremony took place in the palace at Lahore. To the young Maharaja, seated on Ranjit Sinh's throne, and surrounded by his sirdars, was read the proclamation which decreed the extinction of Ranjit Sinh's kingdom. Sir Henry Lawrence was present as Resident; also, Mr. Elliott, the foreign secretary, and other British officials; and they witnessed the act of the young prince in affixing the initials of his name in English characters to the memorable document. Afterwards, the British flag was hoisted upon the ramparts, and the roar of cannon announced the extension of the British empire to the land of the five rivers. The Maharaja obtained an annuity of five lakhs of rupees. He was sent to England to be educated, and now lives the life of an English country gentleman. The precious jewel of the koh-i-nur, intended by Ranjit Sinh as an ornament for the great idol at Orissa, now blazes in front of the imperial crown of England. Mulraj was tried for his complicity in the murder of Mr. Vans Agnew and Lieutenant Anderson, and found

guilty; he was sentenced to imprisonment for life, but died shortly afterwards. Honours were liberally bestowed on the principal agents in the conquest of the Punjab. The Governor-General was elevated to a marquissate, Lord Gough to a viscounty; Generals Gilbert and Thackwell received the grand cross of the Bath, and Generals Campbell, Wheeler, and Cheape were made knight commanders.

The administration of the Punjab was entrusted by Lord Dalhousie to a board of three members, whose powers were of the most extensive character. Sir Henry Lawrence was president; associated with him were his brother, Mr. John Lawrence, who had already made his mark in the civil service, and Mr. Mansel.* They were assisted by a band of energetic young officers, who, under their direction, speedily introduced order into the chaotic disorder of Punjabi society. The work done in three or four years, and the work contemplated, will best be understood from Sir Henry Lawrence's own words:

'We wish to make the basis of our rule a light and agreeable assessment; a strong and vigorous, though uninterfering police, and a quiet hearing in all civil and other cases. . . . We have hunted down all the dacoits [a confederacy of armed robbers and murderers]. During the first year we hanged nearly a hundred, six and eight at a time, and thereby struck such a terror that dacoity is now more rare than in any part of India. In civil justice we have not been so successful, or in putting down petty crime; but we are striving hard to simplify matters, and bring justice home to the poor. In seven years we shall have a splendid canal, with four great branches from the hills close down to Multan, and in two years we shall have

* Afterwards replaced by Mr. (now Sir Robert) Montgomery.

a magnificent trunk road to Peshawer, and in every direction we are making cross roads (in the Lahore district there are eight hundred miles of new road), and in many quarters small inundation canals have been opened out or old ones repaired. . . . The defence of the frontier alone has been no small work. . . . We have raised five regiments of as fine cavalry as any in India, and as many corps of splendid infantry, also six regiments of very good military police, and two thousand seven hundred cavalry police in separate troops. These irregulars and military police have kept the peace of the country, the regulars being in reserve. . . . Not one shot has been fired within the Punjab since annexation. The revenue has been reduced by the summary assessments about thirty lakhs, or twenty-five per cent. on the whole, varying from five and ten to fifty per cent. The poorer classes have reason to be thankful.'

This, indeed, was true. Previously the people of the Punjab had been ground down with taxation, which had been so unequally imposed, that four of the new taxes imposed by Sir Henry Lawrence and his coadjutors were found to produce as much as forty-eight of the old imposts. Further, the custom-houses, which had previously covered the country, and the duties which had impeded the free circulation of goods and merchandise from town to town and district to district, were swept away. The only classes that suffered were the native aristocracy and those who used to obtain employment under the durbar.

'Liberal life pensions,' continues Sir Henry, 'have been granted; but still there is distress in the higher circles, especially where parties are connected with the outbreak. . . . We have planted thousands of trees, so that in a few years the reproach of want of verdure

will be wiped off. Serais are at every stage on our new main roads, and police posts at every two or three miles. We are inquiring into education, and have got up a good English and vernacular school at Amritsir, where 160 boys and men attend, many of whom already speak and write English. I am very anxious to extend vernacular education, and to educate Punjabis for the public service, for engineering, and for medical and surgical offices.'

Of his personal labours Sir Henry gave the following interesting account :

'I have been twice all round the Punjab, visiting every station, and staying at each a few days. I have not missed one; and though I have not travelled in the usual style of Indian governors, or indeed in the style of most collectors, I have managed to see everything, from the bottom of the salt mines at Pindadeen Khan and Kohat to Ladakh and Isharde, on Gholab Sinh's frontier. Each year I have travelled three or four months, each day riding usually about thirty or forty miles, with light tents, and sometimes for days with none at all. Thus, last cold weather, I rode close round all the frontier, visiting every point of interest, and all our posts, small and great, and riding through most of the passes, from Hazara, by Yussufzye, Peshawer, Kohat, and the Derajat, down to the Sinde border. Each day we marched fifteen or twenty miles, sending tents on direct to the next ground, and ourselves riding long circuits, or from the new ground visiting points right or left. At stations, or where anything was going on, we halted one, two, or three days, visiting the public offices, gaols, bazaars, &c, receiving visitors of all ranks, and inspecting the Punjab regiments and police, and receiving petitions, which latter were a daily occurrence, sometimes a couple of hundred coming in. What-

ever errors have been committed, have been, I think, from attempting too much—from too soon putting down the native system, before we were prepared for a better.*

In 1852 a serious difference of opinion arose between Sir Henry Lawrence and the Governor-General, whose genius had inspired many of the beneficent measures so energetically carried out by the Board of Adminis-

* A writer in the *Calcutta Review*, March, 1854, sketches very graphically the chief incidents of the settlement of the Punjab under the Lahore administration: 'The Barre Doab Canal and the military road to Peshawar are progressing towards completion. Other great lines for commercial and social purposes are in progress, and cross roads are covering the districts in every direction. Violent crimes have been entirely put down, and secret ones have been traced to their source. Justice is dealt out in a fashion which combines the salutary promptness of the Oriental with the scrupulous investigation of the European court. The vexatious inquiries into free rent tenures are fast drawing to a close. Churches and dispensaries, the medicine of the soul and of the body, may be seen side by side in many of the principal stations. In sanatoria on the hills, the wounded or invalid soldier, and the worn-out civilian, can recruit their strength. Warlike subjects may enlist in our irregular troops, and find something better to do than to sit down and grumble at their lot. Not six months ago a grand meeting was convened at Amritsir, where measures were adopted to put down the fearful crime of infanticide, by the exercise of authority combined with persuasive influence and moral force. A civil code, sufficient to meet the growing requirements of a commercial and agricultural population, has been compiled by the joint efforts of Messrs. Montgomery and Temple, has been revised by the chief commissioner, who is now a sort of lieutenant-governor, and submitted for sanction to government. The missionary is endeavouring to win converts at Lahore. An agricultural society is striving to improve the produce of the plains. Tea cultivation is being extended in the hills. The whole face of the country tells its own tale in expanding cultivation, secure highways, long lines of camels, and carts laden with rich merchandise. There is not one of the above summary and downright assertions which we cannot prove incontestably by an appeal to printed papers, to written words, and to the testimony of hundreds of living witnesses.'

tration. He was less disposed than Sir Henry to sympathise with the sirdars and privileged classes, and agreed with John Lawrence that the interests of the whole tax-paying community demanded the chief care of the government. Moreover, he seems to have been dissatisfied with the system of an administrative board, and to have thought that the time had come for placing the government of the Punjab in the hands of a single commissioner, and that commissioner a civilian. In these circumstances, Sir Henry Lawrence and his brother offered their resignations. As might have been expected, the Governor-General accepted that of the former, with whom he disagreed, but marked his sense of his high character and abilities by appointing him resident in Rajputana. John Lawrence was nominated to the chief commissionership of the Punjab. In this position he had full scope for the exercise of his rare administrative powers and mastery over men. The Punjab became one of the most contented and prosperous of Indian provinces; the Sikhs furnished our Indian army with its bravest and trustiest soldiers. When the great Sepoy Mutiny broke out, no disloyalty raised its head within the borders of Sir John Lawrence's rule. He was able to denude himself of European troops and hurry them to swell the small army besieging Delhi, while he raised regiment after regiment of Sikhs, who proved entirely faithful to the British flag, and cheerfully executed whatever service was demanded of them. The settlement and pacification of the Punjab is assuredly one of the most remarkable works achieved by Anglo-Indian statesmen; and is at once the result and the justification of the policy pursued by the Indian government. But fortunate was that government in the possession of such agents to execute its policy as Henry and John Lawrence.*

* 'The country which had thus fallen by right of conquest into

our hands embraced an area of 50,000 square miles, and contained a population of 4,000,000 of inhabitants. These inhabitants were Hindus, Mohamedans, and Sikhs. . . . It was a Sikh government that we had supplanted, and mainly a Sikh army that we had conquered; but it must not be supposed that Punjabi is synonymous with Sikh, that the country was peopled from one end to the other with the followers of Nānak and Govind, or that they were the ancient dwellers on the banks of those five legendary rivers. The cities of the Punjab were Mohamedan cities, cities founded, perhaps, ere Mohamed arose, enlarged and beautified by the followers of the Ghaznivite. The monuments were mainly Mohamedan monuments, with traces here and there of Grecian occupation and Bactrian rule. Before Delhi had risen into the imperial city of the Moguls, Lahore had been the home of Indian kings. But the rise of the Sikh power was contemporaneous with our own, and the apostles of the new reformation had not numbered among their converts more than a section of the people. And as was the population, so was the country itself, of a varied character. Tracts of rich cultivated lands, the cornfield and the rose-garden, alternated with the scorched plain and the sandy desert. Here, as far as the eye could reach, a dreary level of jungle and brushwood; there, a magnificent panorama, bounded by the blue ranges and the snowy peaks of the Himalaya. And even the great rivers as they flowed suggested to the cultured mind of the English scholar thoughts of that grand old traditionary age when Porus fought, and Alexander conquered, and Megasthenes wrote, and the homesick Argive, on the banks of those fabulous streams, sighed for the pleasant country he had left, and rebelled against his leader and his fate.'—KAYE'S *Sepoy War*, i., 48, 49.

BOOK VII.

THE WAR IN AFGHANISTAN.

AFGHANISTAN, the land of the Afghans, lies between lat. 36° and 28° N., and long. 73° to 62° E. Thus its length may be roughly computed at about 450 miles, its breadth at 470, and its superficial area at 210,000 square miles. It is a region of mountains, deep valleys, and breezy tablelands, with a sandy desert stretching to the south-west. Its climate varies from the icy winter of the mountains to the genial summer of the valleys, where flourish the apricot and the vine, the apple, the plum, and the cherry, oranges, pomegranates, and roses, and waving crops of golden corn. On the north it is bounded by Turkistan, a country over which Russia is rapidly extending her influence; on the south, by Baluchistan; on the east, by the Indian provinces of Peshawer and Sinde; and on the west, by the rugged highlands of the Persian Khorassán. Almost everywhere it is fenced round by chains of mountain peaks. From the Punjab and the plains of the Indus, on the east, it is separated by the massive range of the Sulciman, or Soliman, and on the north by the heights of Khalabagh and Khyber; this barrier being penetrated by only three passes, the Khyber, the Bolan, and the Kuram. To the north-east rise the huge masses of the Hindu Kush, with perpetual snow on its

loftier summits, and dark, rugged ravines cloven into its depths. Defended by a warlike race, it would seem almost impossible that a country thus fortified by nature should pass under the rule of a foreign conqueror.

An old Eastern proverb says that no one can be king of India without being first lord of Kabul. Yet when the Earl of Auckland arrived at Calcutta as Governor-General in 1836, we English held India as far as the desert frontier without having at any time held the lordship of Kabul, or Afghanistan. Not but what our eyes had been frequently turned towards that strange and savage region. As early as 1808, during the short-lived alliance between Napoleon and Alexander of Russia, the Indian government had apprehended an invasion from the north-west, and had despatched Charles Metcalfe, to the Punjab and Mount-Stuart Elphinstone to Kabul, to negotiate alliances in preparation for such an attack. The dread of Russian invasion has never died out since that date, and the importance of Afghanistan as a bulwark against it has been seriously recognised. In 1835 our Indian statesmen were roused into a sudden activity. It was ascertained that the Shah of Persia, though we had placed him on his throne, had given his affections to the White Czar; and it was known that he was meditating the siege of Herat, one of the gates of India, and an advance upon Ghazni and Kandahar. If he succeeded, he would be brought so near to our frontier that only the Punjab would intervene between him and us. It was true that the Shah was no very formidable foe, and that his vicinity need not cause us anxiety; but the case was altered if he were, as was generally believed, the servant and pioneer of Russia. A vision of Russian agents on the frontier of the Punjab, of Russian intrigues in the courts of the native Indian princes, bewildered the authorities at Calcutta; and the

dream did not vanish when the gallantry of the people of Herat, under the direction of a young English officer, Lieutenant Pottinger, compelled the Shah to abandon the siege, and turn homewards. For another complication presented itself. Dost Mohamed, the ruler of Kabul, was at this time in fear of an attack from the great Sikh chief, Ranjit Sinh, and he sought assistance simultaneously from the Czar, the Shah, and the Governor-General of India. Lord Auckland had been possessed by his secretaries with that Russophobia which then infected the Indian official world; and he eagerly embraced the opportunity of establishing a mission at Kabul for the purpose of discovering and countermining the plots of Russian agents.

Lieutenant Alexander Burnes, a young man of singular energy and force of character, who was well acquainted with Central Asia, and held very decided views as to the necessity of checking the advance of Russia, was selected by Lord Auckland to conduct the projected mission to Dost Mohamed's court. He was accompanied by Lieutenants Leech and Wood and Mr. Lord, and it was given out that the objects of his mission were 'to work out the policy of the government of opening the river Indus to commerce, and establishing on its banks and in the countries beyond it such relations as should contribute to the desired end.'

Burnes left Bombay on the 26th of November, 1836, and arrived at Kabul on the 20th of September, 1837. 'We were received,' he wrote, 'with great pomp and splendour by a fine body of Afghan cavalry, led by the Amir's son, Akbar Khan. He did me the honour to place me upon the same elephant on which he himself rode, and conducted us to his father's court, whose reception of us was most cordial. A spacious garden close to the palace, and inside the Bala Hissar of Kabul, was allotted to the mission as their place of

residence. On the 21st of September we were admitted to a formal audience by Amir Dost Mohamed Khan, and I then delivered to him my credentials from the Governor-General of India. His reception of them was all that could be desired. I informed him that I had brought with me, as presents to his highness, some of the rarities of Europe; he promptly replied that we ourselves were the rarities the sight of which best pleased him.'

Weeks passed away, and months succeeded months. But the envoy and the Amir were never upon better terms than on the occasion of their first interview. Dost Mohamed, greatly embarrassed between the Sikhs on one side and the Persians on the other, wanted material assistance, and something more than assurances of friendship and proffers of commercial intercourse. So that when a Russian agent arrived at Kabul, he not unnaturally entertained the thought of a Russian alliance. Burnes lost no time in communicating the changed aspect of affairs to the Governor-General, who was then at Simla, urging upon him the necessity of immediate action if English influence were to prevail over Russian in Afghanistan. Lord Auckland, however, could not be induced to offer Dost Mohamed any assistance, or hold out to him any prospect of his recovery of Peshawer. He was bidden, in the most peremptory language, to seek a reconciliation with the Maharaja, who was declared to be the firm and ancient ally of the English, and he was ordered to hold no communication with Russia, Persia, and Turkistan, though the British government declined to protect him from the hostility he would thereby provoke. Who will wonder, then, that the Amir, thus affronted and humiliated, came to regard the British with intense antipathy?

The next step taken by Lord Auckland and his advisers was of a truly extraordinary character. They conceived the idea (as Sir John Kaye puts it) of re-instituting on the throne of Kabul the old deposed dynasty of Shah Sujah, and they picked him out of the dust of Ludiana to make him a tool and a puppet, with the nominal aid of Ranjit Sinh, the Sikh leader, who was shrewd enough to see that the British were committing a mistake calculated to prove advantageous to himself. It is only fair to the memory of Burnes to insist that in this strange and unstatesmanlike policy he had no part; that it was as unjust to him as it was to Dost Mohamed; yet it is to be regretted that he consented to help in carrying it out, allowing his hatred and suspicion of Russia to prevail over every consideration of good faith and prudence.

Mr. Macnaghten, in May, 1838, was despatched to Lahore to arrange with Ranjit Sinh the conditions on which he would co-operate. His support of Shah Sujah was bought by the promise of an annual subsidy of two lakhs of rupees, to be paid by the Shah if he recovered his throne. Mr. Macnaghten then proceeded to Ludiana, where Shah Sujah's accession to the 'tripartite treaty,' as it was called, he had no difficulty in obtaining, as the Shah (to use a familiar phrase) had everything to gain and nothing to lose. So far, however, the British government was committed only to diplomatic efforts; no mention had yet been made of a military expedition. But the project of the Governor-General and his secretaries rapidly assumed bolder proportions. There was every reason to fear that a campaign conducted by Shah Sujah and Ranjit Sinh would prove a signal failure. Such a failure would discredit the British government. Obviously, then, a British army must accompany the expedition; and so it was resolved that our troops should cross the territories

of doubtful allies, thread their way through difficult and dangerous mountain passes, and plunge into the centre of a hostile country, to place on its throne a weak and incapable prince, who had no supporters among its people! A wilder enterprise could hardly be conceived; yet it was sanctioned by the then President of the Board of Control (Sir John Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton), without having been referred to the Directors of the East India Company. By the best authorities in India it was strongly condemned, and the opinion of the native princes most friendly to our power was expressed with great clearness by the Khan of Khelat. 'The Khan,' wrote Burnes, 'with a good deal of earnestness enlarged upon the undertaking the British had embarked in, declared it to be one of vast magnitude and difficult accomplishment; that instead of relying on the Afghan nation, our government had cast them aside, and inundated the country with foreign troops; that if it was our end to establish ourselves in Afghanistan, and give Shah Sujah the nominal sovereignty of Kabul and Kandahar we were pursuing an erroneous course; that all the Afghans were discontented with the Shah, and all Mohamedans alarmed and excited at what was passing; that day by day men returned discontented, and we might find ourselves awkwardly situated if we did not point out to Shah Sujah his errors, if the fault originated with him, and alter them if they sprang from ourselves; that the chief of Kabul (Dost Mohamed) was a man of ability and resource, and though we could easily put him down by Shah Sujah, even in our present mode of procedure, we could never win over the Afghan nation by it.' We shall see that the Khan was wiser than Lord Auckland and his secretaries.

On the 1st of October Lord Auckland issued a

proclamation at Simla in explanation of the Afghan expedition. It declared that the army of Dost Mohamed had suddenly and without cause attacked Ranjit Singh, our ancient ally; that the Afghan prince had put forward the most extravagant pretensions in connection with his charges against the Sikhs; that he had projected schemes of ambition and aggrandisement which menaced the peace and security of our frontiers; and that to carry out these schemes he had allied himself with the Shah of Persia. All these statements, we are compelled to say, were either contrary to the truth or extravagantly coloured. Lord Auckland added, that the orders for the assemblage of a British army were issued with the concurrence of the Supreme Council, whereas the Council had never been consulted. The abandonment by Persia of the siege of Herat deprived the Governor-General of any reasonable justification for his bellicose policy, and dispelled all fear of danger from Russian agents and Persian warriors. But Lord Auckland's advisers had conceived the idea of playing a 'grand game,' and they were not to be balked. Therefore, on the 8th of November, he announced that, while rejoicing at the relinquishment of the siege of Herat, he should still continue to prosecute vigorously the measures on which he had previously decided, with a view to the substitution of a friendly for a hostile power in the eastern provinces of Afghanistan, and the establishment of a permanent barrier against schemes of aggression on our north-west frontier. From first to last the Governor-General, as if blinded by some adverse destiny, did all that he ought not to have done, while he did nothing of what was most imperative for him to do. He blundered into a dangerous and dishonourable policy, while neglecting to uphold the character of the British government for honourable dealing and scrupulous good faith.

Late in the year 1838, the 'army of the Indus' assembled at Ferozepur, on the banks of the Sutlej, where it was paraded before the Governor-General and Ranjit Sinh. The Bengal column, under Sir Willoughby Cotton, started on the 10th of December, with about 9,500 men of all arms, 30,000 camels, and 38,000 camp followers. The Shah's army, as it was called, though led by the Company's officers, and paid from the Company's treasury, consisted of about 6,000 men; and the Bombay column, under Sir John Keane, of 5,600, making a total of 21,000 effective fighting men. This expedition was accompanied by Mr. Macnaghten, as 'envoy and minister' at the court of Shah Sujah. Instead of pursuing the direct route through the Punjab, it was compelled, through the refusal of our 'ancient ally,' Ranjit Sinh, to permit its passage, to descend the Indus a thousand miles to Bukkur, and thence strike northward to Kabul by way of Kandahar.

In violation of the treaty of 1832 concluded with the amirs of Sinde, which prohibited the conveyance of military stores by the Indus or through the province, the Bengal column traversed northern Sinde, while Sir John Keane, who had landed at Karatchi with the Bombay contingent, moved up from the south. The convergence of these divisions upon Haidarabad was intended to compel the amirs to consent to a treaty, by which they were mulcted of a large sum of money, and were bound to pay three lakhs yearly as the charge of a subsidiary force. This object having been obtained, Sir Willoughby Cotton crossed the Indus at Bukkur, and on the 21st of February, 1839, effected a junction with Sir John Keane. Already heavy losses had occurred among the draught cattle which carried the provisions of the army, and Sir Willoughby Cotton pushed forward therefore with the

Bengal column across the sands of Cutch Gundava, a wilderness one hundred and fifty miles in extent. The march was saddened by many disasters. Stricken down by the excessive heat, the soldiers perished by scores; while hundreds of camels died for want of water and pasture, and the Baluchi robbers, hovering round the rear, lost no opportunity of plunder. Only a month's supply of provisions remained when the army reached Dadur, at the southern entrance of the Bolan Pass. This rugged gorge penetrates a range of mountains running north and south, and reaching in some places an elevation of 5,793 feet. Its passage occupied a week, though the mountaineers, controlled by the Khan of Khelat, offered no opposition. But the Afghans having filled up the wells and diverted the streams, much distress was experienced from want of water; and among the camels and artillery horses the mortality still continued.

Through the Bolan Pass Sir Willoughby Cotton's division emerged upon the vine-clad valley of Shawl, and encamped at Quetta, now one of the advanced posts of our empire. There he was joined by Sir John Keane and the Shah's divisions on the 6th of April. The army was half mutinous from want of food, and no resource remained but to push on to Kandahar, crossing the Kojuck Pass, which in its ruggedness of character approaches to the Bolan. On the British approach, the Barukzye prince took to flight; and Shah Sujah entered Kandahar without opposition on the 25th of April. A few shouts of 'welcome' were heard, and some individuals, probably bribed for the purpose, threw flowers in his path; and mistaking the curiosity of the populace, Mr. Macnaghten assured the Governor-General that the Kabul sovereign had been received almost with adoration. But on the 8th of May, when he was crowned with great pomp, and honoured with a salute of one hundred and

one guns, it was impossible to misunderstand the coldness of his reception.

For two weeks the army remained at Kandahar, waiting for the harvest to ripen, that fresh supplies of corn might be obtained. On the 27th of June the march was resumed, and through the Turnuk Valley our soldiers advanced upon Ghazni, the famous fortress of Mahmud, whence he descended, upwards of eight centuries ago, to bear the victorious standard of the crescent into the fertile plains of India. The Afghans regarded it with pride as a virgin fortress, impregnable to every enemy. It was garrisoned at this time by 3,000 men, under Dost Mohamed's son, Hyder Khan, was provisioned for six months, and in an admirable condition of defence. Sir John Keane, misled by erroneous intelligence, had left his battering train at Kandahar, believing that Ghazni could be easily carried. He found it a nut very hard to crack. A deep wet ditch surrounded it, and behind this rose a massive parapet, some sixty to seventy feet in height. For mining or escalade the conditions were unfavourable; yet there was no time to be lost, and a regular siege was impossible. From a nephew of Dost Mohamed, who was bribed to play the traitor, an exact description of the defensive works was obtained; and Captain Thomson, the chief engineer, learning that all the gates had been blocked up except one, the Kabul, suggested that this should be forced by an explosion of gunpowder. His advice was adopted; and under cover of a stormy night, nine hundred pounds of powder, packed in twelve sandbags, were placed before the gate, which was shivered into shapeless ruin by the force of their explosion. Through the breach rushed in the storming party, under Colonels Sale and Dennie; and the garrison, taken by surprise, could offer no successful resistance. Sir John Keane was apprised by three hearty cheers of the capture of the fort, and at dawn

of day the British ensign replaced the crescent. In this gallant achievement we lost seventeen men killed, and 165 wounded. About 600 of the enemy were slain, and 1,600 were made prisoners.

Two days later a desperate attempt was made by some ghazis, or Mohamedan fanatics, to burst into Shah Sujah's camp, and put him to death; but they were driven off by Captain Outram. The prisoners whom he captured, about fifty in number, were handed over to the Shah, who ordered them to be executed, and accordingly they were cut to pieces within sight of his tent.

The news of the fall of Ghazni overwhelmed Dost Mohamed. He had expected it to occupy the attention of the invaders for some months, and had intended in the interval to collect his forces, and strike a heavy blow for his crown. With the Kurân in his hands, he made a chivalrous appeal to his officers:—'For thirteen years,' he said, 'you have eaten my salt; grant me but one favour in return. Stand by the brother of Futeh Khan while he makes one last charge against these Feringhi dogs. In the onset he will fall, and you can then make your own terms with Shah Sujah.' But the rapidity of the British movements had stricken them with panic, and they listened unmoved to the fiery words of their sovereign. He, when he saw that he was left alone, parked his guns at Urgundeh, abandoned Kabul, and, with a few faithful adherents, fled towards the Hindu Kush. The British army entered Kabul; and Captain (afterwards Sir James) Outram, with eleven other officers, 250 British cavalry, and 550 Afghan cavalry, was despatched, on the 3rd of August, in pursuit of the fugitive chief. For six days and nights they followed closely in his track; but their perseverance was baffled by the treachery of the Afghan leader, Haji Khan Kaukur, who feigned illness, always kept his troopers a march

or two behind, and contrived to give the Amir a start of thirty miles. At Bameean the pursuit was abandoned, and the pursuers returned to Kabul. It is satisfactory to know that Haji was sent into Hindustan, and thrown into prison at Chunar.

On the 7th of August Shah Sujah, blazing with jewellery, entered Kabul in state, and was conducted to the Bala Hissar; but his appearance roused no popular enthusiasm, while that of the British troops called forth manifestations of hatred. Towards the end of August, his son Timur arrived, with the force under the command of Colonel Wade. The colonel had forced the Khyber Pass, and captured the fort of Ali Musjid. The important question now arose, What was to be done with the British army? It had traversed the mountain passes, captured Kandahar and Ghazni, entered Kabul in triumph, and seated Shah Sujah on the throne. Its work was done; the objects of the expedition had been accomplished. But if Shah Sujah had been seated on the throne, who was to keep him there? Mr. Macnaghten had not failed to discover, and had apprised Lord Auckland, that the Afghans despised and hated the British puppet, and that his throne would fall as soon as our bayonets ceased to support it. After considerable discussion, it was resolved to retain a portion of the expedition as an army of occupation.

The Bombay column, under General Willshire, marched out of Kabul on the 18th of September, and proceeded to chastise Mehrab Khan, the ruler of Baluchistan, for supposed unfriendly conduct. It was charged against him that he had not supplied the army of Indus with provisions on its march, nor done his utmost to keep down the Baluchistan robbers. The Khan replied that he had honestly attempted to fulfil both conditions, but had been absolutely unable to do so. General Willshire, however, put aside his excuses, and invested

Khelat. It was stoutly defended; but the gates having been beaten down with cannon-shot, our troops rushed in, and after a fierce hand-to-hand struggle, carried the fortress.

Leaving a body of about 10,000 troops to garrison Kabul, Jellalabad, Ghazni, Kandahar, and other places, with Sir Willoughby Cotton in chief command, Sir John (afterwards Lord) Keane returned with the rest of the army to India, crossing the Indus at Attock, and traversing the Punjab. On the 2nd of January, orders were issued for breaking up the 'army of the Indus.'

After his flight from Kabul, Dost Mohamed retired to Bokhara, but as he found that both himself and his second son, Akbar Khan, were treated as prisoners, he hastened to effect his escape. Returning to Kholm, he called around him the fighting men of that province, and was soon at the head of a considerable force. With some 6,000 or 7,000 warriors, including a company of Hopkins' Afghan regiment, who deserted to him with their arms and accoutrements, he prepared to cross the Hindu Kush, and, proclaiming a religious war, to march upon Kabul. The uncertain character of the British occupancy was shown by the rapidity with which all the north of Afghanistan was thrown into a state of agitation, drawing from Sir W. Macnaghten the remark that the Afghans were powder, and the Dost a lighted match. Brigadier Dennie, who had been despatched to reinforce Bamecan, fell in with the Dost on the 18th of September, and though he had but five hundred troops under his command, he gained a signal victory.

The Dost now withdrew into the Kohistan, where the chiefs received him with a glad welcome, though they had but recently sworn allegiance on the Kurân to Shah Sujah. Again an army rallied to his standard. But Major-general Sir Robert Sale followed him in

quick pursuit, tracking him through the highlands with unfailing pertinacity, and so impressing the Dost's followers by his energy that they deserted in great numbers. On the 2nd of November he overtook him in the valley of Purwandura. The Dost had only some two or three hundred troopers with him, and resolved to seek safety in flight, when the 2nd Native Cavalry rode down to charge him. Like a lion at bay he turned upon his pursuers. Baring his head, and raising himself in his stirrups, he called on his faithful partisans, in the name of God and the prophet, to assist him in driving the accursed infidels from the land of the faithful. So fierce was his onset, that the cavalry broke like reeds before a storm, and fled at full gallop, leaving their European officers to perish, sword in hand. Sir Alexander Burnes, who had accompanied Sale, wrote hastily to Sir William Macnaghten, advising him of the disaster, and intimating that they should be obliged to fall back upon Kabul. Sir William, however, did not receive the missive until the following afternoon, when he was enjoying his daily ride; and he had scarcely finished reading it, before a horseman, covered with dust, galloped up, exclaiming, 'The Amir is at hand!' 'What amir?' 'Dost Mohamed Khan'; and almost immediately afterwards up rode the Amir, with an escort of British soldiers, and dismounting, he placed his sword in Sir William's hands, and solicited his protection. He had felt, he said, even in the hour of victory, that it would be impossible for him to prolong the struggle. He had met his enemies in the open field, and overthrown them, and the time had arrived when he could claim their consideration without loss of dignity. Sir William handed him back his sword, and requesting him to remount, they rode to the British cantonments. After a day or two's rest, he was sent to Calcutta, where the Governor-General received him with distinction, and allotted

him two lakhs of rupees a year for the expenses of his household.

It might have been thought that, with the Dost a prisoner at Calcutta, Afghanistan would have submitted tranquilly to the rule of Shah Sujah, but at no time was the country in any other condition than that of violent unrest. Sir William Macnaghten, indeed, chose to see through rose-coloured spectacles, and informed the Governor-General that everything was going smoothly; but others, with keener insight, predicted that at the first favourable opportunity the whole nation would rush to arms, and rebel against the Shah and his British protectors. In the autumn of 1841 Sir William was appointed Governor of Bombay, and began to make preparations for leaving the country early in November. He was doomed, however, to pay the penalty of his want of political sagacity. During the month of October, a league which included almost every chief of influence in the country was secretly formed, for the purpose of expelling the British from the country. Warnings of the danger that impended were communicated both to Macnaghten and Burnes. Mohun Lall, a Kashmir youth, who had received an English education, and was Burnes's faithful assistant, saw him on the 1st of November, and told him 'that the confederacy had grown very high, and we should fear the consequences. He stood up from his chair, sighed, and said he knew nothing, but the time had arrived that we should leave this country.' An Afghan chief, named Taj Mohamed, called upon Sir Alexander with a similar intimation. He says:—'On the 1st of November I saw him at evening, and informed him, according to the conversation of Mohamed Murza Khan, our great enemy, that the chiefs were conspiring plans to stand against us, and therefore it would not be safe to remain without

a sufficient guard in the city. He replied, that if he were to ask the envoy to send him a strong guard, it would show them that he was afraid; and at the same time he made an astonishing speech, by saying that the time was not far distant when we must leave this country. Taj Mohamed, son of Gholam Mohamed Khan, the Dourani chief, came at night to him, and informed what the chiefs intended to do; but he turned him out under the pretended aspect that we did not care for such things.'

It was on the evening of the 1st of November that Burnes, with a strange ignorance of, or indifference to, the signs of gathering peril, called on Sir W. Macnaghten, and congratulated him on leaving the country in a condition of perfect tranquillity. It was on the same evening that some of the conspirators met in a house in the city to organise the projected outbreak. One of the leaders was Abdula Khan, a man of haughty and resentful temper, who had long brooded over the wrongs done to him by the British. Apprised of his sinister designs, Sir Alexander Burnes had sent him a stern message, calling him a dog, and threatening to recommend the Shah to cut off his ears. This man it was who suggested that the first attack on the morrow should be delivered against Sir Alexander Burnes.

Early on the 2nd some faithful friends called on the resident with fresh warnings. The first, who arrived before daybreak, was not admitted, for Burnes was asleep. But when the Afghan minister, Dosman Khan, came to the house, the servants woke their master, who rose and dressed himself, and hastened to receive the wuzier. Then, indeed, he saw signs on every side which were not to be ignored. The streets were crowded with insurgents, and the hum of threatening voices rose upon the air. Faster and faster the circle of armed men closed round his house. Dosman Khan, in the hope that Burnes might still find safety in flight, begged

him to accompany him to the British cantonments; but he was too proud and resolute to quit his post, and he still believed in his personal influence over the Afghans. Recognising the fact, however, that the city was in a state of insurrection, he wrote to Macnaghten for British troops, and to some friendly Afghan chiefs for assistance. Unfortunately, too late. The mob before his house had lashed itself into a state of violent excitement, and panted for blood. From a balcony in the front, Burnes, attended by his brother Charles, and his friend, Captain William Broadfoot, addressed the insurgents; but they drowned his voice by their shouts and yells of rage and hatred. They began to fire, and nothing was left to the English officers but to uphold the honour of their country by the heroic manner of their death. Bravely fighting, Broadfoot fell, but not before he had slain six of his assailants. The Afghans then set fire to the stables, poured into the garden, and summoned Burnes to surrender. All hope of being rescued by soldiers from the cantonments had been abandoned; but Burnes trusted that he might purchase his own life and his brother's by appealing to the cupidity of his enemies. He offered them large sums of money if they would permit him to quit the city. Their reply was a demand that he should leave off firing, and come down into the garden. A Kashmir Mussulman, who had obtained admittance to the house, swore solemnly on the Kurân that he would conduct him and his brother to a place of safety, if he ordered his guard to cease firing. Further resistance seemed useless, and Sir Alexander consented; but no sooner were he and his brother in the presence of the raging crowd, than their treacherous guide exclaimed, 'This is Secunder Burnes Sahib!' Then the Afghans fell upon him, and cut him to pieces. His brother also perished.

Passing onwards, with cries of triumph, the insurgents attacked the adjoining house of Captain Johnson, the Shah's military paymaster, and found there a booty of 100,000 rupees, which he had incautiously removed from the Bala Hissar. The officers' houses were set on fire, and all the records consumed. The sight of the rising flames was hailed by the inhabitants of Kabul with satisfaction, as an omen of their approaching deliverance from the domination of the British. Meanwhile, the British army, encamped within a mile and a half of the scene of murder and pillage, received no orders to move. Its commander was General Elphinstone, an officer of bravery and experience, but unfitted by age and physical infirmity for the important post into which Lord Auckland had intruded him. As early as seven in the morning Sir William Macnaghten had been apprised of the condition of the city, that Sir Alexander's house was beleaguered; but he treated the outbreak as one of no importance, and the general, always unwilling to make any exertion, gladly professed himself of the same opinion. Thus an insurrection which, at the outset, might have been crushed by a prompt display of energy, was allowed to assume formidable and fatal proportions. After some delay, it was thought advisable to despatch some assistance to Sir Alexander Burnes, and Brigadier Shelton's brigade, which was posted on the heights of See Sung, was ordered to march and occupy the Bala Hissar. But much valuable time was lost in obtaining the Shah's consent to the movement, and it was midday before the brigadier was able to set out. The Shah, it is only fair to admit, had acted with much more vigour than the British authorities. When he received information of the revolt, he sent his regiment of Hindustanis, under Colonel Campbell, to put it down; but that officer, instead of taking the most direct and open route, dragged

his guns through the narrow and devious streets of the city, where the inhabitants contrived to block his progress. His regiment was driven back, and Brigadier Shelton arrived just in time to cover its retreat.

The standard of revolt had thus been successfully raised; and the British, who had rested in a calm confidence of security, found themselves face to face with an unexpected emergency. They were in no position to cope with it successfully. The army was divided into two parts, one of which occupied the Bala Hissar, and the other some cantonments two miles distant, separated from it by a broad canal and the Kabul River. The commissariat stores, by some egregious blunder, had been consigned to a small, weak fort, four hundred yards beyond the cantonments. As for the cantonments, their situation rendered them almost incapable of being defended. They lay very low, so that they were commanded by the neighbouring hills and buildings; the ramparts were of such mean construction 'that a pony was backed by an officer to scramble down the ditch, and over the wall'; and the accommodation provided for a host of camp followers had rendered its area too extensive for the number of troops appointed to guard it.

Delay followed upon delay at a crisis when the most determined energy and promptitude were needed. Nothing was done on the second day until three in the afternoon, when an effort was made to enter the city; but the force sent was so inadequate that it was driven back with loss. Orders were sent to General Sale to hasten to Kabul, and to General Nott to send a couple of regiments from Kandahar. The insurgents, increasing in confidence as they increased in numbers, surrounded the commissariat depôt, which was garrisoned only by eighty men. At first, the general proposed to send out a detachment to enable its commanding

officer. Lieutenant Warren, to evacuate it; but the remonstrances of his staff induced him to alter his intention, and he ordered two companies of the 44th to reinforce the garrison. These, however, suffered so seriously from the fire of a fort in the possession of the enemy, that they were compelled to retire. A party of the 5th Light Cavalry were equally unsuccessful. The great importance of the fort was so urgently represented by Captain Boyd, that the general promised to despatch a stronger reinforcement on the following day, the 9th; but Lieutenant Warren arrived, with the garrison, stating that the enemy, by undermining the walls of the fort, had rendered it untenable. The loss of this fort and of all its stores was a disastrous blow to the British, whom it greatly discouraged, while it filled the enemy with exultant audacity.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the many serious errors committed by both the envoy and General Elphinstone. The weakness and irresolution of the latter were so painfully conspicuous, that it was thought advisable, on the 9th, to recall Brigadier Shelton from the Bala Hissar to infuse some decision into the counsels of the military authorities. Shelton was a man of brilliant courage and 'iron nerve'; but, unhappily, he was also a man of overbearing temper. Instead of acting loyally and cordially as the general's lieutenant, he desired to concentrate the direction of affairs in his own hand, and between him and his commander a desperate quarrel at once arose. The result was that he opposed every measure which the general or his advisers suggested; and when both Elphinstone and Macnaghten pressed the adoption of the Shah's advice, the retreat of the whole army to the strong position of the Bala Hissar, he persisted in recommending a withdrawal to Jellalabad.²

* 'Shelton,' says Kaye, 'was a man of a hard, uncompro-

On the morning of the 10th the Afghans, with large bodies of cavalry, mustered on the surrounding heights, firing *feux de joie*, and raising loud shouts of defiance. They seized upon several forts near the cantonments, which enabled them to pour in a harassing fire. As one of these, the Pika-Bashee, was within musket-shot of the British position, so that the Afghan marksmen coolly picked off our artillerists at their guns, the envoy persuaded General Elphinstone to give orders to Shelton to attack it, with a force of about 2,000 men of all arms. 'I was occupied,' says Shelton, 'in telling off the force about 10 a.m., when I heard Elphinstone say to his aide-de-camp, "I think we had better give it up." The latter replied, "Then why not countermand it at once?"—which was done, and I returned, as you may conceive, disgusted with such vacillation.' Again the envoy brought his influence to bear on the general, and again orders to advance were issued. But in the interval the enemy had strengthened his defences, while the ardour of our troops had been fatally dulled. The storming party blew open what was supposed

missing nature, and it is probable that he had little toleration for the indecision of the general, and was little inclined to regard with tenderness and compassion the infirmities of the poor old chief. He did what he was commanded to do, if not with much military skill, at all events with an unflinching gallantry, to which the general himself bore willing testimony. But from the absence of a right understanding between them a fatality attended almost every enterprise. Hesitation and delay at the outset, then vacillation and contradiction, resolutions taken and then abandoned, orders issued and then countermanded, so irritated the brigadier, that his temper, never of a very genial cast, was generally in a somewhat tempestuous state before he took the field at the head of his men. How far we may rightly attribute to this the want of success which attended the brigadier's operations can only now be conjectured; but it is very certain that in all of them the daring of the soldier was more conspicuous than the judgment of the commander.'—KAYE, *War in Afghanistan*, i., 48.

to be the main gate; it proved to be only a small wicket. Through this narrow aperture the men with difficulty made their way, and those who first entered suffered severely. But when a few had penetrated into the interior, a panic seized the garrison, and they fled out of the opposite gate with alacrity. On the other hand, the British musketeers at a cry of 'Cavalry!'—a cry, says Eyre, which too often during our operations paralysed the arms of those whose muskets and bayonets we had been accustomed to consider more than a match for a desultory charge of irregular horsemen—broke their ranks, and retreated, European and sepoy, deaf to the remonstrances of their officers. Twice their brave general rallied them, and at last led them to the capture of the fort, which the enemy had re-occupied. The few gallant Englishmen who had entered at the first onset had been shot down by the Afghans, with the exception of Lieutenant Bird and two sepoys, who had taken refuge in a stable. On this occasion the total loss in killed and wounded did not fall short of 200.

The envoy, deriving little comfort from the military operations, and wearied by the bickerings and delays of the commanders, endeavoured to secure the safety of the army by opening negotiations with the insurgent chiefs. Through Mohun Lall, the munshi, he offered them a bribe of two lakhs of rupees, which he increased to three and five, but without success. Captain Conolly, meanwhile, who acted as political agent with the Shah in the Bala Hissar, authorised the munshi to offer 10,000 or even 15,000 rupees for the heads of the principal rebels. We fear that the envoy cannot be held entirely absolved from complicity in this unhappy negotiation. Mohun Lall was not long in finding a couple of men willing to become assassins for 'a consideration'; and the victims marked out for the knife

were Abdula Khan and Mir Musjedi, the two chiefs who had instigated the attack on Burnes's house.

On the 13th the enemy assembled in force on the Behmaru Hills, and cannonaded the British camp. The envoy wished them dislodged, but both the general and the brigadier declined to act, until Macnaghten took all the responsibility on himself. Then the brigadier started before daybreak, and for some hours was hotly engaged. His soldiers were victorious, but the enemy speedily re-assembled in their commanding position. On the 23rd, the movement was repeated. Shelton, with his usual impetuosity, carried the hills, and posted himself on the north-east extremity, overhanging the village of Behmaru. He took with him only one gun; but this was skilfully and steadfastly worked, until it was rendered unserviceable by the overheating of the vent. The British movements had been seen from the city; and soon after daybreak, the plain was covered with thousands of the enemy, who either re-occupied the village, or took possession of an opposite hill, from which they maintained an incessant and destructive fire. Leaving five companies in position, Shelton led the rest of his force, with his one gun, to a point near the brow of the hill, over a deep gorge, where the enemy had mustered most thickly. Unhappily, the one gun soon proved useless; and our men were reduced to meet the far-reaching Afghan matchlocks with their time-worn and short-range muskets, which did no execution. They held their ground, however, until a body of Afghans, who had lain concealed in the gorge, marched up the hill-side, and suddenly fell upon their flank. Taken by surprise, and faint with hunger and fatigue, our men gave way. 'Shelton, who ever in the midst of danger stood with iron courage exposed to the thickest fire of the enemy, vainly called upon his men to charge. Not a man brought down

his bayonet to the position which the English soldier burns to assume when he sees the enemy before him. The Afghans had planted a standard upon the hill, only some thirty yards from the British squares; and now an officer proclaimed a reward, equal in the eyes of the common sepoy to a year's pay, to any one who would advance and take it. But not a man responded to the appeal. A great fear was upon them all. The officers stood up like brave men, and hurled stones at the advancing enemy. But nothing seemed to infuse courage into our panic-struck troops.' They had no confidence in themselves, in each other, in their leader.

At last the brigadier succeeded in checking their flight, in rallying them, and leading them again to the charge. In their turn the Afghans lost heart; and Abdula Khan, one of the chiefs whom Mohun Lall had marked out for assassination, being struck by a musket-ball, the Afghan cavalry, deprived of their commander, set spurs to their horses, and galloped back to the city, followed at full speed by the Afghan infantry. Had Elphinstone seized the opportunity to send in pursuit the troops whom he had retained in the cantonments, a complete victory might have been won, and the army saved. But he could not nerve himself to such an effort. Or had Shelton brought back his division to the camp, the honour of the British flag would have been preserved intact. But, for some unexplained reason, he prepared to halt. The enemy recovered from their alarm, and largely reinforced, returned to the attack. It was pressed with so much vigour, and with such a superiority of weapon, that the British troops once more abandoned the field, and took to flight, hotly pursued by the Afghan horse and foot. So hotly pursued, that they got mixed up with their enemies, and the Afghans might easily have swept on and captured the cantonments, if they had known the fulness of their triumph.

But the chiefs drew off their men, and marched back to the city with loud shouts of victory.

'This,' says Shelton, 'concluded all exterior operations.' The troops had lost heart and discipline and courage, and to have led them against the enemy would have been to have led them to absolute destruction. 'The link which bound them to their officers seemed to be broken. The privations to which they were exposed were great. Cold, hunger, and fatigue pressed upon them; and they had not strength to bear up against such a burden of woe. It was plain that no use could be made in the field of a force so feeble and dispirited. The time for action had passed.' Only two courses remained. The one recommended by the bolder spirits, such as Major Pottinger and Captain Conolly, was the concentration of the army in the Bala Hissar, which a resolute garrison could hold for a twelvemonth. This was the course urged by the Shah Sujah. The military authorities, however, set their faces against it, and Sir William Macnaghten yielded to their opinion. The other alternative, and this was recommended by Elphinstone, was to open a negotiation with the insurgent chiefs. Accordingly, a message was sent to them, inviting them to state by a deputation the preliminaries of a treaty. On the following day, Sultan Mohamed Khan, Barukzye, and Murza Akmet Ali appeared at the bridge, and were received by Captains Lawrence and Trevor. After a hot discussion of two hours' duration, the deputies asked to see the envoy, and were introduced to him in the guard-room of one of the gateways. Sultan Mohamed's tone was arrogant and offensive. He claimed for the Afghans, as they had beaten the British in battle, the right to dictate terms of capitulation; and he demanded that the British should surrender at discretion, giving up their arms, ammunition, and treasure. These harsh conditions

were resolutely rejected. 'We shall meet then,' said Sultan Mohamed, 'on the field of battle.' 'At all events,' replied Macnaghten coolly, 'we shall meet at the day of judgment.' And so the conference ended.

A week later a new actor appeared upon the stage in the person of Mohamed Akbar Khan, one of the sons of Dost Mohamed, a young man of bold and impetuous temperament, not without a genial disposition, but in moments of excitement uncontrollable in his ferocity. On his arrival at Kabul, the chiefs eagerly accepted him as the head of their confederacy. Negotiations with the British were renewed, but the terms continued to be such as British officers could not hear without indignation. Yet their position was daily growing more desperate through failure of provisions; and Akbar Khan, seizing at once the key of the situation, threatened death to every Afghan detected in supplying the enemy with any description of food. Our troops, wan and half-starved, grew incapable of strenuous exertion; and the envoy, perceiving that the army would soon perish of famine, renewed his suggestion that it should withdraw to the Bala Hissar. When the general put aside this sound counsel, Sir William advised that the troops should be sent out to forage, musket in hand; but the general had no confidence in them, and urged the resumption of negotiations. And as disaster followed disaster, and the soldiers sank daily into a deeper depression, there was no resource for the unfortunate envoy but to make the best terms he could with the Afghan chiefs. On the morning of the 11th of December there was just one day's supply of food for the fighting men; and Macnaghten, with a heavy heart, drew out the rough draft of a treaty, and met the Afghan chiefs in conference. After a debate of two hours, its main provisions were accepted; namely, That the British troops at Kabul, Jellalabad, Ghazni, and Kandahar

should evacuate the country, receiving all possible assistance in carriage and provisions; that Shah Sujah should be allowed to remain in Afghanistan or accompany the British troops, as he might prefer; that, on the arrival of the British troops at Peshawer, Dost Mohamed, his family, and all Afghans detained in India should be set at liberty; that the army was to quit the cantonments in three days, and in the meantime to receive ample supplies of provisions, for which due payment was to be made; and, finally, that four British officers were to be given up as hostages for the fulfilment of the above conditions. It is seldom that a British envoy has had to subscribe his signature to terms so humiliating; but it was the natural consequence of an unjust policy fully carried out. As to Macnaghten's conduct, it hardly calls for justification; he was forced into a shameful position by the incapacity and want of resolution of the military commanders. If, indeed, justification be needed, it is to be found in the language of the last official document which proceeded from his pen:—'The whole country, as far as we could learn,' he writes, 'had risen in rebellion; our communications on all sides were cut off; we had been fighting forty days against very superior numbers, under most disadvantageous circumstances, with a deplorable loss of valuable lives, and in a day or two we must have perished from hunger, to say nothing of the advanced season of the year and the extreme cold, from the effects of which our native troops were suffering severely. I had been repeatedly apprised by the military authorities that nothing could be done with our troops; and I regret to add that desertions to the enemy were becoming of frequent occurrence among our troops. The terms I secured were the best obtainable, and the destruction of fifteen thousand human beings would little have benefited our country, whilst our government would

have been almost compelled to avenge our fate at whatever cost. We shall part with the Afghans as friends, and I feel satisfied that any government which may be established hereafter will always be disposed to cultivate a good understanding with us. A retreat without terms would have been impracticable. It is true, that by entering into terms, we are prevented from undertaking the conquest of the entire country—a measure which, from my knowledge of the views of government, I feel convinced would never be resorted to, even were the means at hand.’

This statement, while justifying Sir William Macnaghten’s individual action, shows how thoroughly he had mistaken the Afghan character. At the time he was writing in such easy confidence of parting with the Afghans as friends, they were prepared to violate the treaty they had signed, and to prevent the British army from leaving the country. The Bala Hissar was evacuated on the 13th, and its garrison retired to the cantonments; but they were harassed by the insurgents on the road, and a considerable portion of their stores was destroyed. No provisions were supplied, or, at least, the quantity was so small as not to satisfy the hunger of our troops. Frequently it was interrupted by a rabble of robbers and fanatics who surrounded the cantonments, and who might have been dispersed by a few rounds of grape shot, if the military authorities had possessed a particle of energy.

‘The Serah Sungh gateway,’ writes Captain Johnson, ‘through which all supplies come in, is daily infested by parties of Afghans calling themselves *ghazis*, or fighters for religion. They are, without exception, the most barefaced, impertinent scoundrels under the sun. Armed with swords, daggers, and matchlocks, they acknowledge no chief, but act independently; they taunt

and insult the whole of us. Not a sepoy can venture twelve paces from the bridge over the ditch without being plundered of what he has. People from the town, bringing in grain or *boosa* (bran), are often plundered and beaten. Although our cattle and men are starving, no measures are taken by our military authorities to check all this.'

But the end of this tragical drama was rapidly approaching. The forts around the cantonments were given up; and then might be seen the pitiful spectacle of the Afghan conquerors sitting on their walls, which overlooked the British cantonments, and jeering at the humiliation of the British flag. The departure of the army was still delayed; the chiefs purposely withholding the promised supplies of provisions and carriage-forcements from Kandahar, which might turn the scales of fortune in our favour. On the 18th of December snow began to fall, and before sunset it lay several inches thick upon the ground. A new horror was thus added to the situation. Had the army moved immediately on the signature of the treaty, and proceeded by forced marches through the passes, it might have reached Jellalabad in safety; but everything was now against it; the very elements seemed to conspire for its destruction. On the 19th, orders were despatched for the evacuation of Ghazni, Jellalabad, and Kandahar. Deprived of all hope of new military combinations, the envoy resorted once more to the weapons of diplomacy, relying upon the disunion of the Afghans, and endeavouring to play one faction against another. Openly, he was in treaty with the Barukzyes, whose leader was Akbar Khan; but secretly, he offered large sums of money to the Ghilzais and the Kuzzilbashas, to espouse the cause of Shah Sujah and the British. He had not

fully read, however, the wily character of his foe, and bewildered by the anxieties of his position, he suffered himself to be overreached in the hazardous game he was playing.

On the evening of the 22nd of December, Akbar Khan sent Major Skinner, his prisoner, with two envoys, to submit a series of new proposals to Sir William. Our envoy had been cautioned not to treat separately with the young Barukzye chief, and had been apprised that a snare was spread for his destruction. But the conditions were enticing, and protracted uncertainty had rendered him desperate. One of the Sirdar's offers, indeed—that of the head of Amin-ullah, a fierce and hostile chief, for a sum of money—was indignantly rejected; the others were eagerly accepted. These were: That Akbar Khan and the Ghilzais should unite with the British troops, and attack the fort of Mohamed Shah; that the British army should remain until the spring, and then retire of its own accord; that Shah Sujah should enjoy the title of king, and Akbar Khan become his wuzier, with an annuity from the British government of four lakhs of rupees, and an immediate payment of thirty lakhs. The extravagance of these proposals should have warned Macnaghten against entertaining them; but the sanguineness of his disposition misled him. He made haste to accept them, signifying his assent in a Persian paper written by his own hand. With this the Afghan delegates returned to Akbar, accompanied by Major Skinner.

On the following morning he revealed the new treaty to General Elphinstone and Captain Mackenzie, both of whom pronounced it a plot, and endeavoured to dissuade him from attending the conference which Akbar Khan had suggested. 'Let me alone for that,' replied the envoy, 'dangerous though it be; if it succeeds, it is worth all risks; the rébels have not fulfilled one

article of the treaty, and I have no confidence in them, and if by it we can only save our honour, all will be well. At any rate, I would rather suffer a hundred deaths than live the last six weeks over again.' And he added a request to the general, that he would get ready two regiments and a couple of guns, as speedily and as quietly as possible, for the capture of Mohamed Khan's fort. At noon, accompanied by Captains Trevor, Mackenzie, and Lawrence, and escorted by sixteen horsemen, the doomed man set out on his fatal expedition.

Near the banks of the river, and about 600 yards from the cantonments, rose some small hillocks, on the farther slope of which, where the snow lay less thickly than on other parts, Akbar Khan's servants had spread some horse-cloths. The British officers exchanged salutations with the Afghan sirdars, and conversed for a short time on horseback. Sir William presented a beautiful Arab horse to Akbar Khan, who received it with many expressions of gratitude, and returned thanks also for a gift of pistols sent to him on the preceding day. Dismounting, the whole party then repaired to the hillside, where Macnaghten stretched himself at full length upon the bank, Trevor and Mackenzie, filled with apprehensions of evil, taking their seats beside him. The conference opened with a question from Akbar Khan, who sat on the other side of the envoy: Was he ready to carry out the proposals of the preceding evening? 'Why not?' said Macnaghten. The gathering numbers of armed Afghans at this time excited the suspicions of Lawrence and Mackenzie, who protested that if the conference were to be a secret one, the intruders ought to be removed. Some of the chiefs thereupon lashed out with their whips at the narrowing circle; but Akbar Khan remarked that their presence did not signify, as they were all in the secret with him. The words were scarcely spoken, when the envoy

and his companions were suddenly seized from behind. A scene of terrible confusion followed. The officers were compelled each to mount a horse ridden by an Afghan chief, and were soon running the gauntlet of a crowd of fanatical Ghazis, who struck at them as they passed. Captain Trevor unfortunately fell off, and was cut to pieces. Lawrence and Mackenzie, however, reached Mohamed Khan's fort alive.

The envoy, meanwhile, was struggling desperately with Akbar Khan. 'The look of wondering horror,' says Kaye,* 'that sat upon his upturned face will not be forgotten by those who saw it to their dying days. The only words he was heard to utter were, "Az barac Khoda" ("For God's sake"). They were, perhaps, the last words spoken by one of the bravest gentlemen that ever fell a sacrifice to his erring faith in others. He had struggled from the first manfully against his doom, and now these last manful struggles cost the poor chief his life. Exasperated past all control by the resistance of his victim, whom he designed only to seize,† Akbar Khan drew a pistol from his girdle—one of those pistols for the gift of which only a little while before he had profusely thanked the envoy—and shot Macnaghten through the body. Whether the wretched man died on the spot, or whether he was slain by the infuriated Ghazis, who now pressed eagerly forward, is not very clearly known: but these miserable fanatics flung themselves upon the prostrate body of the English gentleman, and hacked it to pieces with their knives.'

It might have been supposed that this gloomy incident would either have roused the British commanders

* KAYE, i., 152-154. We have closely followed Sir John Kaye's account of this pitiful scene.

† Akbar Khan repeatedly affirmed that he had no intention of injuring Sir William, but designed only to secure him as a hostage for his father, Dost Mohamed.

to a final and decisive movement, or have determined them to lean no longer on the broken reed of an Afghan chief's promise, but attempt a retreat under the cover of their own cowardice. Nothing seemed to recall them from their grievous despondency. In vain did Major Pottinger, who succeeded to Sir William Macnaghten's post, endeavour to infuse some energy into their counsels. His protestations and his remonstrances were equally useless. The generals had only one idea, one object, one hope: to get out of Afghanistan as soon as possible, and on any terms. The Afghan chiefs approached with a new treaty. Major Pottinger would fain have rejected its humiliating conditions: but he was overruled and outvoted in the council of war, and compelled to submit. The Afghans immediately rose in their demands. They required the surrender of all the coin and spare muskets and guns, save six; and that General Sale, his wife, and daughter, and all other officers of rank who were married and had families, should remain in the country as hostages for Dost Mohamed. On the 26th letters from Jellalabad and Peshawer brought the news that reinforcements were hurrying up from Hindustan, and begged them to hold their ground. As it was known at the same time that the Afghan chiefs were quarrelling with one another, the major again urged the generals to put aside chimerical treaties, and either to fling themselves into the Bala Hissar, or cut their way down to Jellalabad. But again he was defeated. Profoundly mortified, he proceeded with the treaty, refusing, however, to complete the pecuniary transactions without the presence of Captain Lawrence, the late envoy's secretary. He was accordingly released, and on the 29th of December he came into cantonments; and drew bills for fourteen lakhs of rupees on the Indian government. But as he made them payable after the safe arrival of the army at Peshawer, which

the chiefs pretended to guarantee, he left it open to the government to repudiate them. The next step was to surrender the guns, an indignity which even the generals felt keenly, and afterwards the hostages were delivered up; namely, Captains Walsh and Drummond, and Lieutenants Webb and Warburton, in addition to Lieutenants Conolly and Airey, who were already prisoners. On their part the Afghan chiefs released Major Skinner and Captain Mackenzie. The ratified treaty, to which were attached the seals of eighteen of the Afghan chiefs, was sent in on the 4th of January; and with it came messages from friendly Afghans to the effect that preparations were being made to attack the British troops as soon as they left their cantonments, and that Akbar Khan had sworn to annihilate all but one soldier, who was to be allowed to reach Jellalabad with the story of a British army's destruction.

The safeguard promised by the chiefs had not arrived, but on the morning of the 6th of January, 1842, the British army, about 4,500 strong, with 11,000 camp-followers, beaten and humiliated, marched out of cantonments, and began its disastrous retreat towards Hindustan.

Two hours after midnight the rearguard, who had been under arms since eight in the morning, encamped on the right bank of the river, near Begrami. They had been fiercely attacked on leaving cantonments, and had left fifty of their numbers dead or dying in the snow, while two of their guns had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Their march had not covered more than five or six miles, but it had been long enough to fill them with dark forebodings of the fate that was to befall them. The roadway was lined with dying wretches, stricken by the terrible cold. The miserable people of Hindustan, the weaker women and young children, had already

begun to lay themselves down to perish in the snow. Even the sepoy were falling on the line of march, and awaiting death in silence. Major Pottinger, and other officers had advised that all the old horse clothing, and all similar material, should be cut into strips, and rolled round the soldiers' feet and ankles after the Afghan fashion, as a better protection against snow than hard leather shoes. But no heed was given to so simple a measure of precaution, and within a few hours the frost did its work.

‘The night,’ says Kaye, ‘was one of suffering and horror. The snow lay deep on the ground. There was no order—no method in anything that was done. The different regiments encamped anywhere. Soldiers and camp-followers were huddled together in one inextricable mass of suffering humanity. Horses, camels, and baggage-ponies were mixed up confusedly with them. Nothing had been done to render more endurable the rigour of the northern winter. The weary wretches lay down to sleep—some never rose again; others awoke to find themselves crippled for life by the biting frost.

‘The morning dawned, and without any orders, without an attempt to restrain them, the camp-followers and baggage struggled on ahead, and many of the sepoy went on with them. Discipline was fast disappearing. The regiments were dwindling down to the merest skeletons. It was no longer a retreating army; it was a rabble in chaotic flight. The enemy were pressing on our rear, seizing our baggage, capturing our guns, cutting up all in their way. Our soldiers, weary, feeble, and frost-bitten, could make no stand against the fierce charges of the Afghan horsemen. It seemed that the whole rearguard would be speedily cut off. All thoughts of effectual resistance were at an end. There

was nothing now to be hoped for but from the forbearance of the Afghan chiefs.'

Had the army pushed on with all possible rapidity, and cleared the passes, a considerable number might have been saved. But with almost incredible fatuity, the general halted the second night at Butkak. Akbar then appeared on the scene, with 600 horsemen, and demanded additional hostages as security for the evacuation of Jellalabad. Major Pottinger, Captain Lawrence, and Captain Colin Mackenzie were placed in his hands; and the doomed army resumed its weary march. Its route lay through the stupendous pass of the Khurd-Kabul. This mountain gorge, five miles in length, is seldom penetrated by the rays of the sun; and a mountain torrent tumbles through it, over which the road crosses and re-crosses eight-and-twenty times. Into its recesses poured the motley mob of soldiers and camp-followers, pursued by fanatic Ghilzais, who openly laughed at the orders of Akbar Khan, and harassed the fugitives with their unerring jezails. It was a scene of indiscriminate massacre. Three thousand men are said to have perished under the enemy's fire, or to have fallen from sheer exhaustion, and been slaughtered by the Afghan knives. It is painful to think that through the midst of this carnage rode delicately-nurtured English ladies, on horseback or in camel-panniers, vainly seeking to keep their children before their eyes, and losing them too often in the disorder and bewilderment of the march.

Another night was passed in the snow. In the morning Akbar Khan reappeared, offered a supply of provisions, and advised the general to halt. In spite of the strong remonstrances of Brigadier Shelton and his principal officers, Elphinstone acted upon the insidious counsel; and an entire day was wasted, when a swift march would have got the troops clear of the

snow. Surely some judicial blindness weighed upon the eyes of the unfortunate commander of this unfortunate army! Akbar also offered to take charge of the English ladies and their children, and convey them to Peshawer; and as no other mode of deliverance presented itself, the offer was accepted, and Lady Macnaghten, Lady Sale, nine other ladies, with fifteen children, and eight married officers, were given into his hands, and rescued from a dreary fate. Next morning, the 10th, the remains—the skeleton—of the British force resumed the march to Jellalabad. The confusion and disorganisation had increased. Soldiers and camp-followers rushed pell-mell to the front. The native regiments had almost ceased to exist. Flinging away their muskets, and crowding in among the camp-followers, the sepoy helped to swell the disorderly, cowardly rabble. Their frost-bitten hands could not pull a trigger; they were overwhelmed by a mortal fear; without an aim or object they despairingly rushed forward, scarcely knowing wherefore or whither; while the Afghans, watching their opportunity, plunged, with their long knives, in among the crowd of victims, and slaughtered them like sheep. 'A narrow gorge between the precipitous spurs of two hills' became a bloody shambles. It was soon choked up with the dead and dying. There was not a single sepoy left. All the baggage had disappeared. The British army was reduced to about fifty horse artillerymen, with one howitzer gun, some 250 men of the 44th, and 150 cavalry troopers. Of the 15,500 soldiers and camp-followers who had quitted Kabul, not more than one-fourth survived.

The general despatched an officer to Akbar Khan to remonstrate with him for permitting the continuance of such butchery. But he declared himself unable to control the fierce impetuosity of the Ghilzais, unless the British laid down their arms, and placed themselves

under his protection. This last indignity was scornfully rejected; and what was left of the once victorious army of Kabul descended the steep declivities of the Huft-Kotul into a narrow defile, crowded with the dead bodies of the soldiers and camp-followers who had pushed on in advance of the column. The enemy poured a destructive fire into their rear, until Shelton turned at bay with a few Europeans. But for his intrepid courage and energy in repelling the assailants, it is probable, says Eyre, that the whole would have been sacrificed.

On reaching Jugdulluk a conference was held with Akbar Khan, who undertook to supply the famishing troops with provisions and water on condition that he retained Generals Elphinstone and Shelton and Captain Johnson as hostages for the evacuation of Jellalabad. There was nothing to be done but to submit. It was soon seen, however, that Akbar was powerless to keep his word. In vain he threatened and cajoled the Ghilzais; their lust of blood was unsatisfied, and they pursued their murderous work. At eight on the evening of the 12th, the remnant of the army, about 145 men in all, resumed the fatal march, and arrived at the Jugdulluk Pass, which the enemy had obstructed with a barrier of bushes and branches of trees. Though hampered by the shrieking crowd of camp-followers, our British soldiers defended themselves with stern fortitude, and sold their lives dearly. Alas! they were overpowered by numbers, and only some twenty officers and forty-five men struggled on to Gandamuk. Here another sanguinary conflict took place, the last; for this small company of heroes could not long prevail against the multitude of their enemies, and with the exception of two officers and a few privates, who were taken prisoners, they perished, sword in hand.

Meanwhile, seven officers and five privates had pushed on from Surkhab, which lies between Jugdulluk

and Gandamak, in advance of the column. One by one they fell, until the number was reduced to six. Captains Bellew, Collyer, and Hopkins, Lieutenant Bird, and Drs. Harpur and Brydone, reached Futtehabad alive. They were then only sixteen miles from Jellalabad, and might reasonably hope to escape. Some of the neighbouring peasants came out of their huts, and offered them bread to eat. They were hungry and feeble, and, alas! they tarried to partake of the welcome food. The delay gave the armed inhabitants of the place time to sally forth and attack them. Bellew and Bird were cut down. The others rode off, were pursued and overtaken, and Harpur, Collyer, and Hopkins perished; only Dr. Brydone escaped.

There are few more pathetic incidents in history than that of his deliverance. The English soldiers keeping guard on the ramparts of Jellalabad saw in the distance a solitary horseman, slowly and painfully traversing the open plain. They wondered greatly who the stranger might be. He came nearer and nearer. Then it was seen that the jaded animal which bore him could scarcely stumble farther on its way, and that the rider was worn and wan, like one who had suffered cruel hardships. A party was sent forth to succour him. Who could he be? His name was soon known and his tale told; he was Dr. Brydone, and the sole survivor, 120 prisoners excepted, of the 15,500 fighting men and camp-followers who, eleven days before, had marched out of Kabul.*

Of the various positions in Afghanistan which had been occupied by the invading force, Ghazni alone was surrendered. While the Kabul army was perishing in the mountain defiles, Kandahar was resolutely held by General Nott, and Jellalabad by General Sale, who

* This pathetic incident has been made the subject of a remarkable picture by Mrs. Butler (Miss Thompson) of 'Roll Call' celebrity.

gallantly sustained a rigorous blockade, in the belief that the Indian authorities would not fail to despatch a relieving force. And, indeed, when the news reached India of the disaster which had overtaken the Kabul army, after some hesitation on the part of Lord Auckland, all the troops that could be spared from northern India were pushed forward to Peshawer. The arrival of Lord Ellenborough at Calcutta on the 28th of February brought the ill-omened administration of Lord Auckland to an end; and a vigorous and decisive spirit was soon afterwards infused into our military operations.

General Pollock, who had been chosen—and no better choice could have been made—to command ‘the army of retribution,’ arrived at Peshawer on the 5th of February. He found the forces collected there in a state of mutiny and disorganisation; but his promptitude and firmness speedily restored the bonds of discipline. By the beginning of April the arrival of reinforcements had raised the strength of the army to 8,000 men, and though this was scarcely adequate to the work that had to be done, the general, aware of the distressed condition of the garrison of Jellalabad, resolved to advance. On the 5th he left Peshawer, and prepared to attempt the passage of the formidable Khyber, in the face of 10,000 Khyberis, accustomed to mountain warfare. Dividing his army into three columns, he ordered the right and the left to scale the heights on either side, and sweep them clear of the enemy, while he led the centre column into the pass itself. His plan was as brilliantly executed as it was well conceived. The British infantry clambered up the precipitous cliffs, and poured a hot fire upon the surprised and disconcerted Khyberis, who speedily took to flight; while Pollock, at the head of the centre column, destroyed the barrier erected at the mouth of the pass, and forced his way to Ali Musjid. This notable feat of arms was accom-

plished with a loss of only fourteen killed, 104 wounded, and seventeen missing.

Ali Musjid was attacked and easily captured on the 6th. Pollock was then in command of the whole stretch of the Khyber, and of the road to Jellalabad.

But we must pause for a moment to glance at the events that had taken place in the west. Fierce fighting continued to prevail around Kandahar, from which the Afghan chiefs made vigorous efforts to expel General Nott. Early in March their investment was felt to be so troublesome that the general, leaving a garrison of 2,600 men in the city, sallied forth with the rest of his army, and fell upon the enemy. Though 12,000 strong, with one-half cavalry, well mounted, they retreated hastily across the rivers Turnuk and Urghundeh. But on the 9th General Nott pressed so closely upon them that he was able to open a strong artillery fire, with the effect of scattering them wildly in all directions.

During his absence, a strong body of Afghans came suddenly upon Kandahar. Major Lane made instant preparations to receive them; but under cover of the darkness, they succeeded in approaching the Herat gate, and setting fire to it. The major at once reinforced its defence, and opened a destructive cannonade, which the enemy, who had assembled in force, returned fiercely, while some of the more daring tore down the burning fragments, and contrived to effect an entrance. They were immediately despatched, however; and about midnight, after an attack of four hours, the enemy withdrew.

Towards the end of April, Colonel Wymer and General England reinforced the army at Kandahar. As for Kabul, Shah Sujah at first continued to exercise his sovereignty without let or hindrance; but having quitted the Bala Hissar to take the command of a military expedition, it was seized by the Barukzye

sirdars, and in the struggle that ensued. Shah Sujah perished. His son, Fatah Jung, obtained possession of the Bala Hissar, though on the appearance of Akbar Khan he was compelled to surrender it. He was allowed, however, to retain his sovereign title, on condition that Akbar, as his wuzier, exercised the whole authority. At first the prince yielded; but he soon grew weary of playing a puppet's part, and making his escape, presented himself in the camp of General Pollock.

We now return to the doings of that veteran commander. It was eventually resolved, after some vacillations, to which we shall presently refer, that he should push forward from Jellalabad, and General Nott from Kandahar, to attack Kabul, assert the supremacy of the British arms, compel the restoration of the prisoners, drive out Akbar Khan, and raze to the ground all the strong fortresses of which Afghanistan could boast. Pollock reached Jellalabad on the 16th, and absorbed into his army General Sale's 'illustrious garrison,' which, ten days before, had gained a signal victory over Akbar Khan. The particulars of this meritorious action are as follow:

Having resolved to attack and break up Akbar Khan's camp, and relieve the place from blockade, Sale formed his troops into three columns, the centre mustering 500 bayonets, and the right and left about 360 each, and gave them orders to move at daybreak. Early on the following morning the battle began with great spirit. 'The artillery,' says Sale, in his published account, 'advanced at the gallop, and directed a heavy fire upon the Afghan centre, whilst two of the columns of infantry penetrated the line near the same point, and the third forced back its left from its support on the river, into the stream of which some of his horse and foot were driven. The Afghans made repeated attempts to check our advance by a smart fire of musketry, by

throwing forward heavy bodies of horse, and by opening upon us three guns from a battery screened by a garden wall, and said to have been served under the personal superintendence of the sirdar. But in a short time they were dislodged from every point of their position, their cannon taken, and their camp involved in a general conflagration. The battle was over, and the enemy in full retreat in the direction of Lighman by about 7 a.m. We have made ourselves masters of two cavalry standards, recaptured four guns lost by the Kabul and Gandamuk forces, the restoration of which to our government is matter of much honest exultation among our troops, seized and destroyed a great quantity of material and ordnance stores, and burnt the whole of the enemy's tents. In short, the defeat of Mohamed Akbar in open field by the troops whom he had boasted of blockading has been complete and signal. . . . The enemy suffered severely. . . . The field of battle was strewn with the bodies of men and horses, and the richness of the trappings of some of the latter seemed to attest that persons of distinction had been among the casualties. The loss on our side was small. Eight privates of the 13th Native Infantry and two of the 35th Native Infantry were killed. Three officers and about fifty men were wounded.'

But while the soldiers of Pollock and Sale were flushed with victory, a striking change came over the mind of Lord Ellenborough. Tidings had reached him of a repulse sustained by Brigadier England at Hykulzye, and of his retirement to Quetta; and on the 19th of April he unexpectedly made known to the Commander-in-chief his resolution to withdraw the armies of Generals Pollock and Nott as soon as possible to the points which would secure their communication with India. General Nott received orders, therefore,

to evacuate Kandahar and retreat to the Indus, after demolishing the defences and blowing up the gateways. The Commander-in-chief was directed to recall General Pollock's army to Peshawer, but he was left the option of determining 'whether the troops, redeemed from the state of peril in which they had been placed in Afghanistan, and it may still be hoped not without the infliction of some severe blow on the Afghan army, it would be justifiable again to put them forward for no other object than that of avenging our losses, and re-establishing our military character in all its original brilliancy.' Sir Jasper Nichols, the Commander-in-chief, had never been in favour of the Afghan expedition; and he hastened to order General Pollock to withdraw every British soldier to Peshawer, unless he had brought the negotiation for the release of the prisoners to such a climax that the retirement of the army would endanger its success, or was expecting an attack from Kabul.

General Pollock, who combined a good deal of statesmanlike shrewdness with his military capacity, represented strongly that the withdrawal of the army in existing circumstances would be regarded as a virtual defeat, and destroy the prestige of the British arms. He protested also against the abandonment of measures for the recovery of the prisoners. And he ingeniously added that, for the present, and perhaps for some months, he would be prevented by want of carriage-cattle from quitting Jellalabad. This suggestion furnished him with an excuse for continuing to hold his ground, until, as he hoped, another change in Lord Ellenborough's views led to a more fortunate result. In reply, the Governor-General consented to his remaining at Jellalabad till October; and Pollock proceeded to make the best use of the time at his disposal by opening negotiations for the ransom of the British

prisoners. Nor was it from any want of zeal or energy that these proved unsuccessful.

After awhile it became known to the public that Lord Ellenborough had decided on the evacuation of Afghanistan; and the knowledge aroused in the British community a feeling of the strongest indignation. This was not without its effect on the mind of the Governor-General, especially as the Court of Directors and the British ministry were of opinion that the prisoners should be released and the national honour vindicated before our armies retired from the country. But as he had committed himself to the 'withdrawal policy,' he was seriously at a loss for some device by which to preserve his personal consistency, while he retrieved the renown of the British flag. That which he finally adopted has not unjustly been described as 'unparalleled, perhaps, in the political history of the world.' He ordered Pollock and Nott to advance, but bade them look upon this forward movement solely in the light of a retirement from Afghanistan. On the 4th of July he despatched two letters to General Pollock and two to General Nott, in which he asserted that his opinions had undergone no change since he declared the withdrawal of the British armies to the provinces to be the chief object of government, but suggested that Nott might feel disposed to retire from Kandahar by way of Ghazni, Kabul, and Jellalabad, and that Pollock might incline to assist the retreat of the Kandahar army by moving forward upon Kabul.

As Kaye remarks:—'It was fortunate for Lord Ellenborough and for the country that he had to deal at this time with men who thought more of the honour of Great Britain than of their own safety; and who did not shrink from responsibility, if, by incurring it, they had a chance of conferring great and lasting benefits upon the government which they served, and the nation which they

represented.' They gladly took upon their shoulders the burden of that responsibility which the Governor-General unfairly thrust upon them. They were confident in the spirit of their troops, they were provided with adequate equipment, and having concerted a plan of operations by which both were to reach the capital at the same time, and strike the last blow together, they prepared to advance.

On the 20th of August Pollock left Jellalabad at the head of 8,000 men. At Jugdulluk he fought a fierce but successful action with the Ghilzais, driving them from heights apparently inaccessible, and inflicting upon them a bloody defeat. This severe repulse, and the swift, bold movements of General Pollock, filled the Afghans with consternation; and despatching his prisoners and hostages into Turkistan, Akbar Khan, with the principal Afghan chiefs and their followers, resolved upon a final effort for the defence of Kabul. For this purpose, they advanced to the pass of Tezeen, which, but a few months before, had been the scene of a shameless massacre. They mustered 16,000 men, whom they posted in a position of considerable strength. Here, on the 13th, Pollock and his regiments met them, and if a finer body of men were seldom marshalled under a British standard, never were soldiers more aflame with the true battle ardour. All arms had a prospect of gaining distinction; the cavalry on the plain, the infantry on the hills, which were alive with Afghan marksmen, and the artillery everywhere.

Intent on plunder, the Afghan horse poured into the valley; but the British troopers, supported by the native cavalry, were launched upon them, to sweep them afar in bewildering rout, and pursue them with avenging sabres. The infantry clambered up the steep acclivities, heedless of the furious fire of the Afghan

marksmen, and fixing bayonets, charged them with a loud hurrah, the omen of coming victory. As they would not be denied, the Afghans were forced to fall back; and flying from crag to crag, they soon became a disorderly rabble. The strength of the enemy's force was broken. But our men had not yet finished their work. Throughout the day the noise of battle rolled along those rugged hills. The Afghans, planted on the topmost heights, rained bullets upon our infantry, hiding wherever they could find shelter, and no longer anxious to meet them in hand-to-hand encounter. 'Never,' we are told, 'never did British troops display a higher courage in action, or a more resolute perseverance. Nobly did the native sepoy vie with the European soldier. . . . Many gallant feats were done that day; and many an Afghan warrior died the hero's death on his native hills, cheered by the thought that he was winning paradise by such martyrdom. Desperate was the effort to keep back the invaders from clearing the heights of the Huft-Kotul; but the British troops, on that day, would have borne down even stouter opposition. The Huft-Kotul was mounted; and three cheers burst from the victors as they reached the summit of that stupendous ascent.' *

* 'A more decisive victory was never gained. The Afghan chiefs had brought out their best fighting men against us. They had done their best to turn the difficulties of the country to good account against the strangers. Their people were at home in these tremendous defiles, whilst few of our troops had ever seen them; few were accustomed to the kind of warfare which now alone could avail. There was everything to stir into intense action all the energies of the Barukzye chief and his followers. They were fighting in defence of their hearths and altars; the very existence of the nation was at stake. It was the last hope of saving the capital from the grasp of an avenging army. But with everything to stimulate and everything to aid him, Akbar Khan could offer no effectual resistance to the advance of Pollock's retributory force. The Afghans were fairly beaten on their own

With triumphant steps, the victorious general pressed on to the formidable pass of the Khurd-Kabul. He threw out detachments of men to seize its heights, but the enemy, cowed and beaten, had made no effort to secure them. On the 14th he arrived at Butkhuk, and next day pitched his tents on the raceground at Kabul. The following morning, with his staff and a strong escort, he entered the Bala Hissar; and soon, amid ringing cheers and the well-known sounds of the national anthem, the British standard was planted on its summit.

We must now trace the progress of General Nott. As soon as this brave commander had received Lord Ellenborough's 'permissive' despatch of the 4th of July, and concerted measures with his brother general at Jellalabad, he prepared 'to retire to India by way of Kabul.' Sending back Brigadier England with a portion of his army and the heavy guns, he evacuated Kandahar on the 7th of August, leaving the province in charge of Sudder Jung, the son of Shah Sujah. It is well to note that the inhabitants witnessed the departure of the British with regret, so admirable had been the good conduct and steady discipline of the troops. Little opposition was offered to the army as

ground, and in their own peculiar style of warfare. It has been often said that our troops were maddened by the sight of the skeletons of their fallen comrades, and that they were carried onward by the irrepressible energy of revenge. It is true, that all along the line of country, from Gandamúk to Khurd-Kabul, there rose up before the eyes of our advancing countrymen hideous evidence of the great January massacre, enough to kindle the fiercest passions in the hearts of the meekest men. But I believe that if no such ghastly spectacles had lain in the path of the advancing army, the forward feeling would have glowed as strongly in the breast of every soldier of Pollock's forces.'—KAYE, *History of the War in Afghanistan*, ii., 580.

it marched upon Ghazni, where the citadel was found in excellent condition, but the town in a state of ruin. The fortifications were immediately blown up, and all the timber-work set on fire, the flames which reckened heaven throughout the night proclaiming far and wide the signal vengeance of the British. Here were found the so-called 'gates of Somnath,' which, according to tradition, had been carried away from their original site at Guzerat to adorn the tomb of Mahmud. Lord Ellenborough ordered General Nott to bring them back to India, apparently with a view to win popularity among the Hindus, or for some romantic reason which history has not recorded. 'The work,' says Major (now Sir Henry) Rawlinson, 'was performed by Europeans, and all possible delicacy was observed in not desecrating the shrine further than was absolutely necessary. The guardians of the tomb, when they perceived our object, retired to one corner of the court, and wept bitterly; and when the removal was effected, they again prostrated themselves before the shrine, and uttered loud lamentations. Their only remark was: "You are lords of the country, and can of course work your will on us: but why this sacrilege? Of what value can these old timbers be to you? while to us they are as the breath of our nostrils." The reply was: "The gates are the property of India; taken from it by one conqueror, they are restored to it by another. We leave the shrine undesecrated, and merely take our own." The sensation,' adds Rawlinson, 'is less than might have been expected; and no doubt the mullahs, who have had the guardianship of the tomb for generations in their family, will be the chief sufferers by the measure. I doubt if the Afghan tribes, lately risen from obscurity to power, and holding the country rather as conquerors than citizens, possess that feeling of unity with each other, and identity with the interests they are supposed

to protect, to view the abduction of the gates as a material outrage. The act may be made use of by the priesthood to excite fanaticism against us; but if the Barukzye chiefs could only retain their darling plaything, power, they would care little about the gates of Somnath. With Shah Sujah the case was different. As the representative of the Suddozye family, aiming at the reconsolidation of monarchical power, he could not but view the demand of Ranjit Singh for the gates as a national indignity, powerfully affecting his own personal and political interests. At present, religious excitement is alone to be apprehended from our carrying off these trophies. I call them trophies, although assured that they are spurious, for the belief in their genuineness is, politically considered, the same as if they really were so.'

Carrying with him these strange memorials of victory, General Nott pushed northward upon Kabul. But on approaching Mydan, he encountered a large Afghan force, under two principal chiefs, strongly posted on the heights. He spent the 14th and 15th of September in dislodging them from these points of vantage; and having completely broken down their defence, he continued his march to Kabul, where he joined General Pollock.

The general's first object, after the occupation of the capital had been accomplished, was the deliverance of the British prisoners. Officers and ladies, with their children, had been suddenly removed from Kabul on the 25th of August, and compelled to travel day and night, without an interval of repose, and insufficiently clothed and fed, to Bameecan, on the other side of the snow-capped range of the Hindu Kush. Sir Richmond Shakespear, the general's military secretary, was immediately sent forward, with 600 troopers, to overtake them; and he was followed next day by a brigade under

Sir Robert Sale. The commander of the Afghan cavalry, who escorted the prisoners, was Saleh Mohamed, who had deserted from Captain Hopkins' local regiment in the previous year. He was shrewdly suspected not to be incorruptible; and offers were made to him of a lakh of rupees if he would release the captives. These, at first, he seemed to ignore. But on the 11th of September he communicated to Major Pottinger and Captains Johnson and Lawrence a letter from Akbar Khan, ordering him to place the prisoners in charge of the Usbeg chief of Khulum. As this was equivalent to condemning them for life to a captivity among ignorant and savage barbarians, they were overcome with grief, until Saleh added that he had also received a message from the munshi, Mohun Lall, at Kabul, intimating General Pollock's willingness to pay him a gratuity of £2,000, and a monthly pension of £100, if he effected their deliverance. He knew nothing, he said, of General Pollock, but if Major Pottinger and the two captains guaranteed the offer he had received, he would undertake to restore them to their own people. Needless to say that the proposal was gladly accepted; and all the prisoners proceeded to sign an obligation to provide the requisite funds, according to the measure of their capability. Vigorous action was immediately taken by Major Pottinger. With astounding confidence he deposed the governor of Bamecan, and appointed in his stead a more friendly chief. He levied contributions on a party of Lohani merchants who were passing that way, and thus supplied their immediate wants. He issued proclamations, calling upon all the neighbouring chiefs to come in, and make their salaam. He granted remissions of revenue, and collected all the decent clothes in the possession of the party to bestow as khelats, or dresses of honour. In short, the superiority of *race*, and the all-powerful influence of a man of strong

will, accustomed to rule, was never more strikingly manifested.

Here is an interesting passage from Major Pottinger's despatch to General Pollock:

‘On September 16th we marched to Topchi Bala, and encamped with the castles in our front, so that we could occupy them, if need be. On the morning of the 17th I received a letter from Sir Richmond Shakespear, informing me that he had reached Sir-i-Cheshmeh with 610 Kuzzilbash horse, to our aid. We immediately crossed the Kalû Pass, and marched to the castle of Mir Morad Beg, near the foot of the Hajgkak Pass, where we were joined by Sir Richmond Shakespear with the Kuzzilbash horsemen, who had marched ninety miles from Kabul over that mountainous country in two marches. The 18th, being supplied with seventy-seven horses by the Kuzzilbash and twelve by the Hazarehs, we managed to march to Gurdendewal; at that place we learned that a body of horse and foot from the Shek-hali and Ghorebund districts had marched on Kalû to intercept us. On the 19th, with the same assistance as before, we marched to Thikaneh, where we heard that the pass of Sufeyd Khak was occupied by the Afghans, intending to check us. Sir R. Shakespear immediately wrote to request that the British officer—who, report also told us, was advancing in that direction—would occupy the pass, and to say we would, if opposed, hold out in some of the castles about, till relieved. On the morning of the 20th we marched, and found the cavalry of Sir R. Sale's detachment at Kote Ashrû, and his infantry holding the heights, and had the pleasure of joining his camp at Urghendeh, whence I proceeded with Major-general Nott's camp, and, remaining there during the night, joined yours this morning. I have given the Hazareh chiefs, who joined us at first, remis-

sions on their revenue, and on our march back I paid for the necessary supplies to the party by orders on the revenue to the amount of the supplies furnished.'

Among the captives thus happily delivered were Lady Sale and her daughter, and their meeting with General Sale was an incident never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The entire company arrived in camp on the evening of the 21st, and were received with a royal salute and the most enthusiastic acclamations. They included General Shelton (General Elphinstone died in captivity), Colonel Palmer, Majors Pottinger and Griffiths, twelve captains, three surgeons, nine lieutenants, three ensigns, and twenty-eight non-commissioned officers and privates. The females were Ladies Macnaghten and Sale, besides the wives of five officers and three privates. There remained only Captain Bygrave, who had been detained by Akbar Khan; but he, too, arrived on the 27th, with a despatch from that formidable chief.

The remnants of the Afghan army had by this time collected in the highlands of the Kohistan, north of Kahul, under Amin-ullah Khan, who burned to renew the struggle. General Pollock determined, therefore, to dislodge them from their fastnesses, and prevent their re-assembling in such force as to be dangerous. He ascertained that they had concentrated upon Istalif, a town of considerable importance, beautifully situated in a genial and fruitful valley, and accessible only across ranges of heights, separated by deep ravines, and covered with orchards, gardens, and vineyards, which afforded admirable shelter for the Afghan marksmen. General Pollock despatched against their centre a division under General McCaskill; but the plan of attack was really conceived and carried out by Captain (afterwards Sir Henry) Havelock. The troops, formed into two columns,

advanced with their accustomed steadiness in the face of a sharp fire from garden and orchard ; and then were united in a joint attack upon the village of Ismillah, which constituted the key of the enemy's position. It was carried with a rush ; and sweeping onward resistlessly, the British troops successively made themselves masters of all the enclosures, the forts, the heights, the suburbs, and finally of the town. The women and children in dismayed groups hastened to escape up the slopes of the mountains, but no attempt was made to pursue them. When, however, any bodies of armed men were seen to rally on the distant heights, some guns were dragged up the narrow paths, and brought to bear upon them. The success of the attack was complete. The Afghan army ceased to exist, and their last fortress was demolished.

With the capture of Istalif closed the active operations of the campaign. Akbar and the other chiefs principally involved in the insurrection had fled across the frontier, and sought refuge in Turkistan ; the prisoners had been recovered ; the Afghan army beaten and dispersed ; the prestige of the British flag abundantly vindicated. Thus the objects of the expedition had been achieved ; and as winter was rapidly approaching, the generals resolved on the speedy evacuation of the country. Futteh Jung, the son of Shah Sujah, had seated himself on the throne ; but the British had carefully refrained from promising him any support, and when it appeared that the Kuzzilbashas and other chiefs preferred his younger brother, Shah Pura, they offered no opposition. Before quitting the capital, Pollock desired to imprint there some significant mark of the visit of the 'army of retribution.' After some hesitation he consented to spare the Bala Hissar, and resolved to raze to the ground the great bazaar, where

the mutilated remains of Sir William Macnaghten had been exposed to the gaze of the mob. Such was the massiveness of the building that it would yield only to gunpowder, and its destruction occupied two days. Every effort was made to save the city from injury; but the impetuosity of the soldiers and camp-followers, who poured into it like a torrent, defied control.

‘That many excesses,’ says Kaye, ‘were then committed is not to be denied. The principal gates of the city were guarded; but there were many other points of ingress, and our people streamed into the streets of Kabul, applied the firebrand to the houses, and pillaged the shops. Guilty and innocent alike fell under the heavy hand of the lawless retribution which was now to descend upon the inhabitants of Kabul. Many unoffending Hindus, who, lulled into a sense of delusive security by the outward re-establishment of a government, had returned to the city and re-opened their shops, were now disastrously ruined. In the mad excitement of the hour friend and foe were stricken down by the same unsparing hands. Even the Chundarwal—where dwelt the friendly Kuzzilbashas—narrowly escaped destruction. Such excesses as were committed during the last three days of our occupation of Kabul must ever be deplored, as all human weakness and wickedness are to be deplored. But when we consider the amount of temptation and provocation; when we remember that the comrades of our soldiers and the brethren of our camp-followers had been foully butchered by thousands in the passes of Afghanistan; when everywhere tokens of our humiliation, and of the treachery and cruelty of the enemy, rose up before our people, stinging them past all endurance, and exasperating them beyond all control, we wonder less that when the guilty city lay at their feet, they should not wholly have reined in their

passions, than that, in such an hour, they should have given them so little head.'

The time of departure had now arrived. On the 12th of October the army began its homeward march in three divisions, commanded by Generals Pollock, McCaskill, and Nott respectively. A light corps, under General Sale, was thrown forward in advance, to clear the country, and occupy the heights of the Khurd-Kabul Pass. Pollock's division reached Jugdulluk on the 16th without any serious annoyance from the enemy. General McCaskill's was less fortunate; while General Nott's was much delayed by the exhaustion of the baggage-cattle, of which advantage was taken by numerous bodies of Ghilzais to deliver several fierce attacks. They were, of course, repulsed; but the British loss amounted to twelve killed and forty-nine wounded.

From Jugdulluk the divisions proceeded separately, with an interval of a day's march between them; so that they arrived at Jellalabad on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th in succession. The demolition of that celebrated stronghold occupied three days. On the 27th, General Pollock's division marched out of the ruins, followed on the 29th by McCaskill and Nott. No time was lost in getting clear of the passes. Some annoyance was inflicted by the Khyberis, for McCaskill and Nott omitted to adopt General Pollock's precaution, and cover the heights before entering the defile. At night, therefore, the Khyberis attacked the rear, and a contest ensued, in which two officers and a considerable number of men fell, and two guns were lost. These, however, were recaptured on the following day.

The fortress of Ali Musjid having been destroyed, the three divisions pushed on to Peshawar, where they were reunited. On the 17th of November they crossed

the Indus at Attock, and traversing the Punjab, passed the Sutlej to Ferozepur, where Lord Ellenborough received them with a magnificent display of ceremonial. On the 25th of October he issued a proclamation which closed the record of an erroneous and disastrous policy, for it announced that the Afghans in the power of the British government would be set at liberty. In this number was included Dost Mohamed, who soon afterwards set out on his return to his old principality; and thus, as it was bitterly said, all things reverted to the old order as it existed before we entered a country where we had scattered oceans of treasure and sacrificed the lives of thousands of gallant men.

It is said that at Dost Mohamed's farewell interview with the Governor-General, the latter asked him his opinion of the English after all he had seen of their achievements in India. 'I have been struck,' was the reply, 'with the magnitude of your power and your resources, with your ships, your arsenals, and your armies; but what I cannot understand is, why the rulers of so vast and flourishing an empire should have crossed the Indus to deprive me of my poor and barren country.' The Dost's surprise was shared by most thoughtful Englishmen—at least by all who were not possessed with a wild and irrational fear of Russia; and we fully coincide with a recent writer, who impressively says, that 'after twenty-five years of calm reflection, the expedition still presents an unparalleled instance of human rashness and folly.' Or we may adopt the words of so well-informed and impartial an authority as Sir John Kaye:

'No failure so total and overwhelming as this is recorded in the page of history. No lesson so grand and impressive is to be found in all the annals of the world. Of the secondary causes which contributed to

the utter prostration of an unholy policy, much, at different times, has been written in the course of this narrative; much more might now be written, in conclusion, of the mighty political and military errors which were baptized in the blood and tears of our unhappy countrymen. These errors are so patent, are so intelligible, that I do not now propose to enlarge upon them. . . . It is on record, by the admission of Lord Auckland himself, that when our friendly connection with Afghanistan was brought suddenly to a violent and disastrous termination, it had cost the natives of India, whose stewards we are, more than eight millions of money. To this are to be added the cost of the great calamity itself, and the expenses of the war of retribution. All this enormous burden fell upon the revenues of India, and the country is still groaning under the weight. And what have we gained? The expedition across the Indus was undertaken with the object of erecting in Afghanistan a barrier against encroachment from the west. The advance of the British army was designed to check the aggressions of Persia on the Afghan frontier, and to baffle Russian intrigues, by the substitution of a friendly for an unfriendly power in the countries beyond the Indus. And now, after all this waste of blood and treasure, a Persian army is at Herat, and every town and village of Afghanistan is bristling with our enemies. . . . The Afghans are an unforgiving race; and everywhere from Kandahar to Kabul, and from Kabul to Peshawer, are traces of the injuries we have inflicted upon the tribes. There is scarcely a family in the country which has not the blood of kindred to revenge upon the accursed Feringhis.'

There are not wanting critics in whose opinion these censures are directly applicable to the policy which in 1878 resulted in a second Afghan war.

BOOK VIII.

THE SEPOY MUTINY.

THE causes of that memorable outbreak in 1857, which seemed destined, at first, to shake to its very foundations our Indian empire, do not seem to lie beyond the perception of the contemporary historian. For the Sepoy Mutiny, we must remember, was not a national movement. Had it been such, a handful of Europeans could never have held their ground. It was simply the revolt of a class; of that native soldiery which had long been injudiciously pampered and petted into insubordination. Upon this class various unfavourable influences were brought to bear at a peculiarly critical period, when the British army in India was numerically weak, loosely organised, and dispersed over a wide area of country without any regard being paid to strategical considerations, or to the probabilities of internal commotion. The Crimean War involved a long series of disasters which shook the sepoy's belief in our superior military power. Our losses before Sebastopol had been greatly exaggerated by the voice of rumour, so that he was led to a conviction that our national resources were nearly exhausted. Moreover, he began to fear that, in default of a sufficient number of white regiments, the British government would send its sepoy battalions across the sea, across that 'black water' which the Hindu regards with undefinable dread. His

which we had destroyed, or members of old baronial families which we had reduced to poverty and shame, or the emissaries of Brahminical societies, whose precepts we were turning into folly, or mere visionaries and enthusiasts, stimulated by their own heated fancies to proclaim the coming of a new prophet or a fresh avatar of the Deity, and the consequent downfall of Christian power in the East. Whoever they were, or whatever their mission, it is certain that, just previous to the revolt of the sepoys, they appeared in our military stations and cantonments under the guise of passing travellers, hawkers, religious mendicants, or itinerant puppet-showmen, sowing the seed of sedition in a soil well fitted to receive it, where it waited only for a favourable opportunity to break forth into a terrible harvest of rebellion.

Early in 1857, the military authorities determined to arm our sepoy regiments with a new rifled musket, in lieu of the 'venerable Brown Bess,' which had hitherto been their conquering weapon. Unfortunately, this rifled musket could not be loaded unless the cartridge was previously lubricated, or greased. It was not the intention of the government that a fact so unpleasant should become known to their superstitious native soldiery, but by some means or other the truth leaked out. And it chanced that, one day in January, a low-caste lascar, meeting a high-caste sepoy in the cantonment at Dum-Dum, solicited him for a drink of water from his lotah. The Brahmin at once raised an objection on the score of caste, but was sarcastically assured that caste was nothing; that high-caste and low-caste would soon be as one, since cartridges smeared with beef fat and hog's lard were being made for the sepoys at the depôts, and, before long, would be given out to the whole army.

This story the Brahmin told to his comrades, and before long it was known to every sepoy at the dépôt. In an incredibly short time it was known to every sepoy in India. The horror which the tidings excited we can neither conceive nor describe, for such things lie beyond the range of British sympathies. The first overt act which revealed the indignant feelings of our soldiery took place at Barrackpur, a military station sixteen miles from Calcutta, where night after night the skies were reddened by incendiary fires. Excitement next showed itself at Berhampur. The native regiment mutinied, but was quickly silenced. Disaffection and alarm, however, spread from point to point, until at last the government awoke to the consciousness of the general ferment, and proceeded to inquire into its cause. This ascertained, steps were taken to counteract the mischief that had been wrought; and strict orders were given that all cartridges should be issued free from grease, and the sepoys allowed to apply with their own hands whatever suitable mixtures they might prefer. It might have been supposed that the sepoy would have recognised with glad obedience the evident anxiety of the government to consult his religious scruples. But the mischief had been done; the lie had gone abroad, and accomplished its work. Not that the greased cartridge story was much in itself. Only it was the spark that fell at the critical moment on a vast mass of inflammable material. The mine had long been ready for explosion, and the greased cartridge fired the train.

The storm broke on the 10th of May at the great military station of Meerut. The Third (native) cavalry suddenly revolted, and was followed by the two infantry regiments (the 11th and 20th) then in cantonments. Europeans were butchered remorselessly, whether officers, soldiers, or civilians. A large European force

was posted at Meerut, and had it been promptly and vigorously utilised by General Hewit, the chief in command, little doubt exists but that the mutineers might have been severely punished, and the insurrection, perhaps, arrested. But he did nothing. The night of the 10th and 11th of May was an awful night at Meerut. The rebels set fire to the European quarters, and massacred innocent women and children; yet General Hewit made no effort to check their cruel wrath. Nor when, two thousand strong, they marched out on their way to Delhi, did he attempt to intercept or overtake them. To this extraordinary and heinous supineness the historian is compelled to attribute much of the disaster that afterwards overtook the British community in India.

The mutineers reached Delhi early on the morning of the 12th. Gathering beneath the windows of the old king's palace, they loudly demanded admittance, calling upon him to help them, and proclaiming that they had killed the English at Meerut, and had 'come to fight for the faith.'

They were welcomed with open arms by the sepoy regiments of 'the sacred city'; and the work of murder and destruction began afresh. So full of uproar and confusion was the scene that the old king was bewildered and terror-stricken. 'The murderers, with their blood-stained swords in their hands, went about boasting of their crimes, and calling upon others to follow their example. The courtyards and the corridors of the palace were swarming with the mutineers of the Third cavalry and of the Thirty-eighth, and soon the Meerut infantry regiments began to swell the dangerous crowd, whilst an excited Mohamedan rabble mingled with the sepoys and the palace guards. The troopers stabled their horses in the courts of the palace. The footmen, weary with the long night march, turned the hall of audience into a barrack, and littered down on

the floor. Guards were posted all about the palace, and the wretched, helpless king found that his royal dwelling-house was in military occupation.'

Swiftly perceiving the peril that threatened the British power, Lieutenants Willoughby and Forrest, at the imminent risk of their lives, blew up the great Delhi magazine, and deprived the mutineers of the abundant resource they would have found in its vast stores of munitions. Then those Feringhis, with their wives and children, who had escaped the blood-rage of the revolted sepoys, hastened from Delhi as best they could; and the mutineers held undisputed possession of the imperial city, placed the old and infirm king of Delhi on the throne from which he had been deposed, and boasted that the British *raj* in India was at an end. Lord Canning, then Governor-General of India, with the two Lawrences, Sir Henry and Sir John, were quick to grasp the exigencies of the crisis. They saw that the first and all-important measure pressing upon the Indian authorities was the recapture of Delhi; that so long as the imperial city remained in the hands of the rebels, even though the mutiny might elsewhere be repressed, they would retain a centre and a rallying point, to which all the currents of disaffection would naturally converge; that the possession of Delhi imparted to a movement, which might otherwise have been regarded as a series of local outbreaks, a quasi-national character. To strike at Delhi was, therefore, to strike at the neck of the insurrection; and there was good reason to believe that its recovery by the British would insure an immediate collapse of 'the vital powers of rebellion.'

This was not the view taken by the Commander-in-chief, the Honourable George Anson, who, becoming suddenly aware of the unpreparedness of the various military departments, and knowing the limited nature

of the means at his disposal, gravely doubted the prudence of risking the enterprise on Delhi. 'Our small European force,' he wrote, 'is, in my opinion, insufficient for the purpose. The walls could, of course, be battered down with heavy guns. The entrance might be opened, and little resistance offered. But so few men in a great city, with such narrow streets, and an immense armed population, who knew every turn and corner of them, would, it appears to me, be in a very dangerous position, and if six or seven hundred were disabled, what would remain? Could we hold it with the whole country armed against us? Could we either stay in or out of it? My own view of the state of things now is, that by carefully collecting our resources, having got rid of the bad materials which we cannot trust, and having supplied their places with others of a better sort, it would not be very long before we could proceed without a chance of failure, in whatever direction we might please.'

But military considerations had to yield to political; Lord Canning pressed upon the Commander-in-chief the necessity of immediate action, and Sir John Lawrence was equally urgent in his remonstrances against delay. The general yielded, and addressed himself energetically to the task of collecting a sufficient force for the siege and capture of the city; in which he was largely assisted by Sir John Lawrence, as Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, who despatched all the European troops he could assemble in his province, and prepared to follow them up with a reinforcement of Sikh regiments. Anson, with the rearguard of his little army, marched from Umballa on the 25th of May; but the next day, broken down by fatigue and anxiety, he was seized with cholera, and in a few hours he died. His successor, Sir Harry Barnard, pushed forward with all possible speed, leaving orders for a siege-train to follow

on the right, it approached within a thousand yards of the Kabul Gate. It was about two miles long, and from fifty to sixty feet in height. On the left and centre it was covered with the ruins of old houses, which concealed the huts of the British from the sepoy defenders of the city. On the extreme right the key of the position was formed by a large structure known as Hindu Rao's House; and between this and the extreme left were situated the flagstaff tower, a ruined mosque, and the observatory. All four points were strongly garrisoned. Let us further note that to the right, below the Ridge, lay the Subzi-mundi, or vegetable market; nearer at hand rose the Mound, afterwards crowned with a strong battery. Owing to the smallness of the besieging force, however, our approaches could not be pushed very near the walls; the nearest battery was at least 1,500 yards distant.

As to the city and its defences: the walls of Delhi extended over a circuit of seven miles, averaged twenty-four feet in height, were massively constructed, and defended by numerous bastions, as well as by a dry ditch, twenty-eight feet broad and twenty feet deep. Each of its ten gates was surmounted by towers; those most easily assailable by the British were the Kashmir, the Mori, and the Kabul. The fort of Selimghur was a strong outwork, its guns commanding the river approach, and the mass of buildings covering the area of the palace afforded great facilities for defence. The sepoy army concentrated within the city numbered about 30,000 trained troops, and was well supplied with arms, ammunition, ordnance, and provisions. On the other hand, Sir Harry Barnard's force, exclusive of two native regiments of doubtful fidelity, of the Punjab Guides corps, and a battalion of Goorkhas, did not exceed, in June, 1857, 3,000 men. His artillery consisted of twenty-two field guns and a very inadequate siege-

train. The odds were all against him; but he had a work to do, and with all his energy prepared to do it. He preserved his ardour and chivalrous courage, but he also preserved his prudence and composure: and when it was proposed to him to carry the city by a *coup-de-main*, he wisely refused. He saw that if he succeeded in storming Delhi, it must be done at a cost of life which would so weaken his little army that he would be unable to hold it. In truth, he knew that while professing to besiege Delhi, he was himself besieged. Day after day his position was attacked by superior numbers, with the utmost persistency. No other soldiers than the British could have stood their ground. 'They had no proper rest by night,' says Mr. Rotton, 'the smallness of the force requiring so many for the ordinary pickets, and admitting scarcely of any relief for any length of time together, while those who were in camp often slept under arms, not knowing the moment when their services might be urgently required. At first, it was literally nothing but fighting by day, and watching and expecting to renew the conflict by night, and in the discharge of both duties you could not fail, from frequent visits to the pickets, to recognise the same hands everlastingly employed in the same work.'

On the 12th of June the enemy attacked the left of the British position, but were rapidly driven back. On the 13th and 15th they again assailed, and with equal ill fortune, Hindu Rao's House. On the 17th, a detachment of our men attacked and destroyed a sepoy battery which threatened to enfilade the Ridge. On the 19th, the sepoys passed the Subzi-mundi, and stole round into our rear; but were met and repulsed after very heavy fighting. They repeated the attack in greater force on the 23rd of June, the centenary of Plassey; and a fierce struggle ensued which lasted the whole day, and tried to the utmost the vigour and resolution of Sir Harry

vigilance on the part of its defenders. But they preserved their cheerfulness of spirit. 'I never saw,' said a veteran, 'British soldiers in camp so joyous. They walk and run about, in the afternoon and evening, when the rain and Pandys are at rest, as though they had nothing serious to do. Nor has it ever occurred to them that there was anything doubtful in the conflict.' Their confidence swelled into a fiery enthusiasm when, on the 7th of August, that brilliant warrior, Brigadier Nicholson, arrived in camp at the head of a column of 2,500 fine European and Sikh troops. A cry to be led against the enemy immediately arose; but before any decisive operations could be attempted with a view to carrying the city, Nicholson had a special service to perform. A long-expected siege-train was coming up from Ferozepur; and it was ascertained that the enemy had sent out a strong force to intercept it. Nicholson was despatched to cut this force to pieces. He left the camp early on the morning of the 25th of August, and marched, in heavy rain, and along roads which were no better than swamps, towards Nujufgurh. Coming up with the enemy, protected by a couple of villages and a serai in their front, he threw his European troops against the serai, while his native battalions attacked the villages. 'The resistance was resolute, the conflict desperate. The heroism which was displayed by our people was emulated by the enemy. The sepoys fought well, and sold their lives dearly. There was a sanguinary hand-to-hand encounter. Many of the gunners and the drivers were bayoneted or cut down in the battery, and those who escaped limbered up and made, in hot haste, for the bridge crossing the Nujufgurh Canal. But the attacking party pressed closely upon them. The swampy state of the ground was fatal to the retreat. The leading gun stuck fast in the morass, and impeded the advance of those in the rear. Then our pursuing force fell upon

them, and before they had made good their retreat captured thirteen guns and killed 800 of their fighting men.'

Nicholson returned to the camp before Delhi, triumphant. A few days afterwards the siege-train and the last reinforcements arrived. After some hesitation, General Wilson resolved to hazard an assault upon the city; and preparations were made to erect batteries and open fire against its walls, so as to effect a breach through which the storming columns might advance. The front to be assailed contained the Mori, the Kashmir, and the Water bastions; and against this portion of the enemy's defences an incessant storm of shell and shot was quickly poured. On the 13th the breaches were declared practicable. The attacking force was then arrayed in four columns and a column of reserve. The first column, 1,000 strong, led by Nicholson, was instructed to storm the breach near the Kashmir Bastion; the second, 850 strong, under Brigadier Jones, the breach in the Water Bastion; the third, 950 strong, under Colonel Campbell, was to assault the Kashmir Gate, after the engineers had blown it open; and the fourth, 860 strong, under Major Charles Reed, was to attack and sweep clear the suburbs of Paharunpur and Kishengunje, and then break into the city by the Lahore Gate. The advance of the storming party was covered by 200 riflemen, under Lieutenant-colonel Jones. The reserve column, under Brigadier Longfield, numbered 1,300 men. Thus the whole force destined for the capture of a great city, garrisoned by 30,000 trained soldiers, did not exceed 5,160 men.

The day fixed for the assault was the 14th of September, and before morning dawned the columns were under arms and 'eager for the fray.'

'The general design of the attack was this: the infantry, divided into four columns and a column of

column carried the breach in the Water Bastion, and springing across the open space, inclined to the right until it touched Nicholson's ranks, pushed forward to the Mori Bastion, which they soon swept clear of its dusky defenders, and advanced to the Kabul Gate, from the summit of which the British flag was quickly waving. Then the air resounded with the regimental bugle calls; the different corps were gathered together, and the smoke-smeared warriors shook hands with each other, and wondered that any had come out of such a withering fire alive. Their spirits fell when they looked around at their diminished ranks, but rose again when they remembered that those who had fallen had done their work well and gallantly, and fallen in a noble cause.

It was now that Nicholson, who had entered the city and suppressed the sepoy musketry between the Kashmir and Mori Bastions, came up, and gave directions with reference to the disposition of the troops. Returning to the first column, he found it harassed by the volleys which rattled from the Lahore Gate, and decided on assaulting it, though the approach was through a narrow thoroughfare swept witheringly by the guns and rifles of the enemy. Officers and men fell fast, and the column wavered. To encourage them, Nicholson rode forward, and drawing his tall figure to its full height, he waved his sword above his head, and called upon his warriors to follow him. Just as they were answering to his summons, a sepoy rifleman took deadly aim, and shot him through the chest. A couple of Fusiliers tenderly took him in their arms, and bore him out of the eddying battle to the hospital on the Ridge, where the surgeons at once revealed the bitter truth, that his wound was mortal. He lingered some few days, however, and died on the 23rd.

To the third column had been allotted the duty of

carrying the Kashmir Gate. The men advanced briskly, led by a party of Engineers, who were charged to blow in the gate with powder-bags. This party consisted of Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, Sergeants Carmichael, Burgess, and Smith. Home went first, and, with his bugler, leaped into the ditch. The enemy, having discovered their design, opened a rapid shower of musketry upon them, but without interrupting the march of this forlorn hope to the goal of their desires. The fire grew hotter. Home planted his bag; but Carmichael, as he advanced with his powder on his shoulder, was stricken by a fatal musket ball. Smith, springing forward, planted the poor fellow's bag in position, placed his own, and made ready the fuzes for lighting. With a slow match in his hand Salkeld stood ready, aye ready; but as he was igniting it, he too was shot down, with a bullet in his arm and another in his leg. He held out the match to Smith, but Burgess, who stood close by, took it, and attempted to light it. He failed; and Smith was in the act of passing to him a box of lucifer matches, when Burgess fell, shot through the body. Smith then struck a light, and in his turn was about to apply it, when a portfire, which had been flung aside as worthless, suddenly exploded in his face. Concealed by smoke and dust he crept down into the ditch, just as a tremendous clash and clang indicated the force of the explosion. It shattered the gate, and made way for the men of the third column to go on to their terrible work.

Groping in the ditch, amidst the fragments of falling masonry. Smith placed his hand on some one whom he could not discern, and asked, 'Who are you?' He was answered by Lieutenant Home, who said he was unhurt. As soon as the dust had partially cleared, they went to the relief of Salkeld; Home, having given some brandy from his flask to him and Burgess, left them in charge of Smith, while he went forward with the column.

Smith and the bugler contrived to bind up Salkeld's wounds, and after awhile he was carried back to the camp, while Burgess was removed to the hospital.

Having carried the gate, the third column, supported by the reserve, poured into the imperial city, and fought its way forward with desperate courage, until it took up its position at a point near St. James's Church. The fourth column, under Major Reid, advanced to Kishengunje; but its gallant commander being disabled by a shot in the head, it lost heart, and fell back before the heavy pressure of the enemy, who, but for a dashing cavalry charge led by Hope Grant, would probably have pushed their success so far as to menace the left of the British camp.

The troops were spent with long fighting, and as the day was declining, it became necessary to decide on what was next to be done. In that fierce day's work they had lost 273 killed and 872 wounded. The general was dismayed by this great sacrifice, and when, with his staff, he rode down to the city, the first thought that not unnaturally occurred to him was, that to save his columns from destruction they must be withdrawn to the Ridge. But on inquiring of Baird Smith if it were possible for them to hold the positions they had taken, he was bluntly answered, 'They *must* do so,' and he thereupon accepted the decision. The men, meanwhile, in their combined thirst and excitement, had fallen on the abundant supplies of intoxicating liquor in the city; and grave fear arose lest their excess should hand them over as easy victims to an attack from the still formidable enemy. The general immediately ordered the destruction of the dangerous fluids; and the streets soon ran with wine, beer, and spirits. The soldiers recovered consciousness, and, on the morning of the 16th, displayed all their old fighting qualities. With the loss of only three men wounded, the magazine was captured. From point to

point the rebels were driven, until hundreds of them, recognising that 'the game was up,' poured out of the city, and dispersed afar. The Lahore Gate fell on the 19th, and on the following day the palace was captured, and the siege of Delhi at an end. No one found within the imperial precincts was spared; and it is painful to record that on that last day of the prolonged struggle much blood was shed of the innocent and unarmed and peaceable.

Hodson, of Hodson's Horse, a partisan leader of dauntless temper, was despatched, with fifty of his troopers, to secure the persons of the royal family, who were known to be concealed within the precincts of the vast buildings known as Humayoun's Tomb. There the white-haired, feeble old man who represented the proud dynasty of the Mogul emperors, with his queen and their son, surrendered to the English cavalry officer; and followed by a vast crowd, were removed to Delhi, and given in charge of the principal civil authority. Hodson then rode away to hunt down the Shakzadahs, some of the king's sons and kinsmen, who still lay at Humayoun's Tomb. They made no attempt at resistance, asked only that their lives might be spared; and when Hodson refused to make any terms, came out in covered bullock-carts, and were sent on towards Delhi, guarded by our troopers on both sides of the way. Hodson tarried to command the six thousand natives assembled in or around the tomb to lay down their arms, and then galloped forward to overtake the escort. He saw a crowd pressing upon the cavalry, and formed the idea that a rescue would be attempted. Not shrinking from any responsibility, and fully believing it a righteous act of retribution, he resolved on slaying his prisoners. The wretched princes were ordered to quit their cart, and strip themselves to their undervestments. With fear and trembling they obeyed, and were ordered back to the

cart. Then Hodson snatched a carbine from one of his sowars, and coolly and calmly put his captives to death.

The deed was one which history will not attempt to defend or even to excuse; and who will not regret that with so dark a record we must close the narrative of one of the most glorious episodes in the annals of our race, the siege and recapture of Delhi?

The Sepoy Mutiny covered so extensive an area that, in the space at our disposal, it is impossible for us to trace its various aspects. Nor, indeed, is this necessary or desirable, as everywhere the leading features were the same. Tell the tale as briefly or as tenderly as we may, it still remains a tale of treachery and massacre. On the other hand, it is a tale of courage and endurance, so far as it involves the conduct of the English residents. No chapter in the history of our race is illuminated by nobler deeds—deeds of unassuming heroism, chivalrous self-sacrifice, unparalleled constancy, and brilliant valour. Taken by surprise, suddenly assailed by men whom they had implicitly trusted, scattered over the vast area of rebellion in isolated groups, unprovided with adequate means of defence, they seldom failed to exhibit the highest qualities of manhood. Nor can less praise be given to our women, our wives and daughters and sisters, who, in the most terrible and novel circumstances, menaced by the most disastrous of fates, subjected to the severest hardships, and with the din of battle around them, displayed an unfailing fortitude and serenity.

It is allowable to affirm, perhaps, that, next to Delhi, the chief, or, at least, the most pathetic interest of the Mutiny centres in Cawnpur and Lucknow. These are the three places which naturally rise to every Englishman's recollection when he is reminded of the great military insurrection of 1857. And, therefore, having

sketched the siege of Delhi, we naturally pass on to relate the incidents which have invested Cawnpur and Lucknow with so enduring a renown.

When the Mutiny broke out, the officer in command of the Cawnpur division was Major-general Sir Hugh Wheeler, K.C.B., a veteran of seventy-five, who is described as worshipping his sepoys, and speaking their language like themselves. However this may be, about the 20th of May he observed alarming signs of disaffection among the native soldiers at Cawnpur, which induced him to telegraph to Lucknow for immediate reinforcements of European troops. This was a prudent step, but unfortunately he was at the same time guilty of one of the highest imprudence. He requested the assistance of the Maharaja of Bithûr, better known as the Nana, a man who had a grievance against the British government* and an unfavourable reputation for sensuality, but whose consummate address and profuse hospitality had won him the suffrages of Anglo-Indian society. On the 22nd of May, two guns and three hundred men, cavalry, and infantry, furnished by the Maharaja, entered Cawnpur.

There were some among the Europeans at Cawnpur, however, who demurred to the excessive confidence placed in a discontented Mahratta; and at their instigation General Wheeler reluctantly set to work to provide some means of defence. A mud wall, four feet high, was raised around the buildings which composed an old military hospital; this was armed with ten guns, and a supply of provisions was slowly collected. While the intrenchment was in progress, Azimulah, the

* His real name was Sirik Dhundu Punth, and he was of the lowest extraction. Baji Rao, Peishwa of Poona, adopted him; and the Nana's grievance was that the Calcutta authorities refused to continue to him the pension they had allowed to the Peishwa.

Nana's confidential and unscrupulous agent and emissary, inquired of a British officer, 'What do you call that place you are making in the plain?' 'I am sure I don't know,' was the reply. 'It should be called,' suggested Azimulah, 'the Fort of Despair.' 'No, no,' exclaimed the Englishman; 'we will call it the Fort of Victory'; a remark which Azimulah received 'with an air of incredulous assent.'

During the closing days of May the symptoms of disaffection and insubordination increased, and our countrymen at Cawnpur, as at so many other stations, sat, pistol in hand, awaiting a catastrophe which they knew to be inevitable. On the 3rd of June, understanding that some alarm prevailed at Lucknow, Sir Hugh Wheeler despatched thither two officers and fifty men of the 84th foot; thus, not only sending back the Lucknow reinforcement that had arrived during the previous week, but increasing it by a detachment from his own scanty command. On the following night the explosion occurred. The 2nd Native Cavalry were the first to rise; their example was immediately followed by the 1st Native Infantry, and, after some hesitation, by the 53rd and 56th. Throwing off all disguise, the Nana placed himself at their head, and having been saluted as their raja, proceeded to invest the rude asylum in which the Europeans of Cawnpur, soldiers and civilians, had taken shelter. They were accompanied by some natives who had remained loyal to their flag; and in all a thousand souls had assembled in the two single-storied barracks surrounded by Sir Hugh Wheeler's mud wall. Four hundred and sixty-five were men; their wives and grown daughters were about two hundred and eighty in number, and their little ones at least as many. All who could bear arms, some twenty score, were quickly mustered, and told off in companies under their respective officers; sentries were placed, arms

and ammunition given out. This small force saw itself surrounded by a regiment of excellent cavalry, a detachment of artillery, and three battalions of trained Bengal sepoy, and might well despair of being able to hold their own until relief arrived. They went to their task, however, with resolute and manly hearts.

Having plundered the city and cantonment, and murdered all the defenceless Christian people on whom they could lay hands, the rebels began the attack upon Sir Hugh Wheeler's position. About noon, on June 6th, a round shot fell within the British intrenchments, and warned their defenders to be upon the alert. As the day wore on, the enemy's guns poured in shot after shot with dreadful rapidity and accuracy; and the fatal defects of the site which the general had chosen became only too deplorably conspicuous. The Dragoon Hospital was entirely commanded by large and solid buildings, situated at a distance of three to eight hundred yards; and these buildings afforded the assailants, whose numbers were hourly swelled by the disaffected and adventurous from all the neighbouring country, at least as effective a protection as their improvised fortifications afforded the defenders. Showers of bullets rained from roof and window throughout the hours of daylight, while, after dusk, troops of sepoy hovered about within pistol-shot, and alarmed the night with continual volleys of musketry.

Mr. Trevelyan remarks that the annals of warfare contain no episode so painful as the story of this melancholy conflict. There maybe some exaggeration in such an assertion; but assuredly the narrative is intensely tragical. 'The sun,' he says, 'never before looked on such a sight as a crowd of women and children cooped within a small space, and exposed during twenty days and nights to the concentrated fire of thousands of muskets and a score of heavy cannon. At first every

projectile which struck the barracks was the signal for heartrending shrieks and low wailing more heartrending yet; but, ere long, time and habit taught them to suffer and to fear in silence. Before the third evening every door and window had been beaten in. Next went the screens, the piled-up furniture, and the internal partitions; and soon shell and ball ranged at will through and through the naked rooms. Some ladies were slain outright by grape or round shot. Others were struck down by bullets. Many were crushed beneath falling brickwork, or mutilated by the splinters which flew from shattered sash and panel. Happy were they whose age and sex called them to the front of the battle, and dispensed them from the spectacle of this passive carnage. Better to hear more distinctly the crackle of the sepoy musketry, and the groans of wounded wife and sister more faintly. If die they both must—such was the thought of more than one husband—it was well that duty bade them die apart.’

The horrors of the siege were aggravated by the intense heat of the Indian summer. The June sun blazed like a vast ball of fire; the June breeze scorched like the breath of a furnace. At this season the wonted vigour and physical energy of Europeans always sink to a minimum; and yet, at Cawnpur, they were called upon to bear such a strain as they had never before experienced. Nobly was it borne! Not a man deserted his post; not a man flinched from the heavy burden laid upon him. The preponderant numbers that raged and raved around his weak defences never disturbed for a moment the equanimity of one of that band of heroes. He could be shaken only by the fear of what might and would happen to his wife and children if eventually his noble resistance should be overcome. The women were worthy of this anxiety; no heroine of

romance or poetry, no Cornelia or Portia of the brave old Roman days, ever manifested a truer courage or more admirable patience. Amongst them may be singled out Mrs. Moore, the true-hearted wife of the officer, Captain Moore, whose chivalry had made him the acknowledged leader of the garrison. The warriors who fought under him regarded her with unbounded sympathy, and fitted up for her use a little hut of bamboo, covered with canvas, in which she sat for hours, bravely bearing the absence of her husband on some enterprise of peculiar peril. Others, perhaps, suffered even more keenly. Not a few endured the pangs of childbirth while shot and shell stormed fatally around them. Some saw their children waste slowly at their breast; others had them torn from their arms by the deadly bullets. Those who were not prostrated by fatigue or illness, or engaged as nurses and attendants, helped the soldiers in their arduous labours. All were animated by the spirit of self-sacrifice and loving devotion.

A great calamity befell the garrison, when the siege had lasted about a week, in the destruction by fire of the barrack, which, on account of its better accommodation, had been appropriated to the sick and wounded. On the eighth evening of the bombardment its thatched roof was ignited by a live shell, and in a few minutes the whole building was in a blaze. The scene that ensued was terrible; for the helpless unfortunates who lay there were in danger of being burnt to death. Strenuously did their comrades labour to rescue them, while the sepoys, exulting in the disaster that had befallen the defenders, rained an unintermittent storm of shot and shell upon the blazing pile, guided to their mark by the flames which lit with a lurid glare the dark canopy of night. Two artillerymen perished; the rest were all saved. Not the less was the destruction of the barrack a signal calamity. Women and children,

deprived of its shelter, were compelled to lie, day after day, and night after night, upon the bare ground; their covering, scraps of wine-chests and strips of canvas; and these soon destroyed by the enemy's unceasing fire. And worse still, all the hospital stores and surgical instruments were consumed or ruined, so that thenceforth nothing could be done to alleviate the sufferings of the sick or wounded.

Scarcity of provisions was the next misfortune that threatened the little European garrison, whilst want of water was a constant and increasing evil. The garrison, meanwhile, was rapidly diminishing in number. Within the brief space of three weeks, two hundred and fifty Europeans were interred in a well, a little way outside the rampart, which served as a cemetery. 'The frequency of our casualties,' says Captain Thomson, 'may be understood by the history of one hour. Lieutenant Poole had come to the main guard to see Armstrong, the adjutant of the 53rd Native Infantry, who was unwell. While engaged in conversation with the invalid, Poole was struck by a musket-ball in the thigh, and fell to the ground. I put his arm upon my shoulder, and holding him round the waist, endeavoured to hobble across the open to the barrack, in order that he might obtain the attention of the surgeons there. While thus employed a ball hit me under the right shoulder-blade, and we fell to the ground together, and were picked up by some privates, who dragged us both back to the main guard. While I was lying on the ground, woefully sick from the wound, Gilbert Box, of the 48th Native Infantry, came to condole with me, when a bullet pierced his shoulder-blade, causing a wound from which he died upon the termination of the siege.'

Here is another narrative: 'Hillersdon, the collector, who had negotiated the alliance with the Nana

Sahib, fell a corpse at the feet of his young wife, with his entrails torn out by a round shot. A few days afterwards she was relieved from the ghastly memories of her bereavement by a merciful fall of masonry, which killed her. The general's son and aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Wheeler, was lying wounded in one of the barrack-rooms, when, in the presence of his whole family, father, mother, and sisters, a round shot boomed into the apartment, and carried off the young soldier's head. Another round shot struck up splinters into Major Lindsay's face, gashing and blinding him. He lingered on in darkness and in agony for some days, attended by his wife, when death took him, and she soon followed. Colonel Williams, of the 56th, being disabled by a wound early in the siege, died of apoplexy from sun-stroke, leaving his wife and daughters in the intrenchments. The former, shot in the face and frightfully disfigured, lay for some days, tended by her wounded daughter, until death came to the suffering widow's relief. . . . Captain Halliday was shot dead carrying from the barracks to the intrenchments a little horse-soup, which he had begged for his famishing wife. . . . And there were some who died hopelessly, though not in the flesh; for the horrors of the siege were greater than they could bear, and madness fell upon them, perhaps as a merciful dispensation.'

Three weeks passed away. No reinforcements had arrived; no relief was known to be at hand; their provisions were exhausted; their guns were rapidly becoming unserviceable, and little ammunition remained; their numbers were so reduced that the defence could not much longer be supported: what was to be done? At this juncture, a message came from the Nana to the effect that 'all who were in no way connected with the acts of Lord Dalhousie, and were willing to lay down

their arms, should receive a safe passage to Allahabad.' Sir Hugh Wheeler was at first adverse to a capitulation; but Moore and Whiting, brave soldiers though they were, gave their opinion in favour of it, as affording the only means of rescuing the women and children. An armistice being arranged, negotiations were opened with the Nana. It was finally agreed that the British should surrender their fortified position, guns, and treasure; that they should march out with their arms, and sixty rounds of ammunition for each man; and that the Nana should escort them safely to the river-side, providing boats to carry them down the Ganges to Allahabad.

On the following morning, the 27th, the British went forth from their intrenchment; the able-bodied marching out first, and the wounded being carried in palanquins, while the women and children rode on the backs of elephants or in rough bullock-carriages. Through an immense crowd, they proceeded to the place of embarkation, known as the Sutte Chowra Ghat. There the boats were ready, and our people hastened to embark, doubtless rejoicing in the prospect of peace and safety. None were prepared for, none expected the foul act of treachery which has handed down the name and memory of the Nana to perpetual execration. By his directions, Tantia Topi and some other of his confidants had massed the sepoy soldiery on the banks of the Ganges; and as soon as our people were on board the boats, a bugle sound was heard, and a murderous fire of grape-shot and musket balls opened upon the passengers. Some of the most active, leaping into the water, put their shoulders to the boats, and endeavoured to push them into mid-channel; but the bulk of the fleet remained immovable, and was presently on fire. The sick and wounded were burnt to death or suffocated by the smoke; the stronger women, with

children in their arms, sprang into the river, where they were shot down or sabred by the mounted troopers, or bayoneted on climbing the bank, or made captives and reserved for what was even a crueller fate. 'In the boat where I was to have gone,' said a half-caste Christian woman, who eventually escaped, 'was the schoolmistress and twenty-two missies. General Wheeler came last, in a palki. They carried him into the water, near the boat. I stood close by. He said, "Carry me a little farther towards the boat." But a trooper said, "No; get out here." As the general got out of the palki, head foremost, the trooper gave him a cut with his sword into the neck, and he fell into the water. My son was killed near him; I saw it: alas! alas! Some were stabbed with bayonets; others cut down. Little infants were torn in pieces. We saw it, we did; and tell you only what we saw. Other children were stabbed and thrown into the river. The schoolgirls were burnt to death. I saw their clothes and hair catch fire. In the water, a few paces off, by the next boat, we saw the youngest daughter of Colonel Williams. A sepoy was going to kill her with his bayonet. She said, "My father was always kind to sepoys." He turned away, and just then a villager struck her on the head with his club, and she fell into the water.'

Whether from a temporary feeling of remorse, or from a conviction that their lives might be made more profitable than their deaths, the Nana was induced to check the progress of the massacre, and give orders that while all the men were killed, the women and children should be spared. In this way it came to pass that one hundred and twenty-five were brought back to Cawnpur, where they were confined in two large rooms in the Savada House. Meantime, one of the boats had got off, and under a heavy fire had dropped

down the stream. Its passengers fell rapidly, for the sepoys were good marksmen; but those who survived were Englishmen, with all the Englishman's persistent resolution. On the morning of the 29th, it was found that the boat had drifted into a creek or siding, where the enemy soon discovered and opened fire upon it. Then a couple of officers (Mowbray Thomson and Delafosse), with a little band of English privates, landed to attack their assailants. Impelled by a desperate energy, they charged through the crowd of armed and unarmed sepoys and villagers, and having scattered them in all directions, returned to the point from which they had started. The boat was gone! It had floated down the river, and those on board had neither oars nor rudder with which to control its course. Eventually it was overtaken, and carried back to Cawnpur with its freight of eighty men, women, and children. The men were remorselessly shot to death; the women and children were sent to join the company of captives in the Savada House. As for the two officers and their comrades, they were quickly surrounded by the enemy, and seven of the fourteen perished in a desperate charge. The other seven took to the stream. Two were quickly shot through the head; and a third, spent with fatigue, making for a sandbank, was killed as soon as he landed. The four survivors, having extraordinary powers of doing and suffering, eventually reached the territory of a friendly Oudh raja, who sheltered and supported them; and they lived to tell the tale of their escape from Cawnpur.

It was now the Nana's hour of seeming triumph. There were no living Englishmen in Cawnpur capable of opposing his rule; and he was free to be proclaimed peishwa, to issue boastful proclamations, to bribe his soldiery with gifts and promises, and to indulge in the wildest debauchery. Soon, however, the dread intelli-

gence spread through his palace and through the barracks of the troops that an English army was on its way, hot for revenge and eager for blood. As the month of July advanced, the Nana trembled to hear of the rapid approach of the avengers. He felt that the power which he had built up at so awful a cost was already trembling to its base. But before those terrible warriors came, could he do nothing to satisfy his lust of blood and his hatred of the English? Ay, one possibility still remained. Two hundred and one women and children, and five men (the number had been increased by prisoners from Futtehghur) were in his hands, and he would not spare them; they should perish! It was necessary, too, that they should perish quickly, or they might escape his hate; for many were dying of cholera and dysentery, and of such diseases as hardship and want of food and an unwholesome atmosphere might well induce.

With six guns and 1,000 English soldiers, 130 Sikhs, and a little troop of volunteer cavalry, eighteen sabres in all, Brigadier-general Havelock moved northwards from Allahabad early in July. He was preceded by Major Renaud's detachment, which he overtook soon after midnight of the 11th—12th of July, as it was marching unwittingly into the midst of Nana Sahib's army, collected at Futtehpur. Here, early on the following morning, Havelock delivered his attack. It was swift, direct, and crushing; and in ten minutes the enemy gave way. 'It was scarcely a battle; but it was a consummate victory. Our Enfield rifles and our guns would not permit a conflict. The service of the artillery was superb. There had come upon the scene a new warrior, of whom India had before known nothing; but whose name from that day became terrible to our enemies. The improvised battery of which Havelock made such splendid use was commanded by Captain

Maude of the Royal Artillery. He had come round from Ceylon, with a few gunners, but without guns; and he had gone at once to the front as one of the finest artillerymen in the world. The best troops of the Nana Sahib, with a strength of artillery exceeding our own, could make no stand against such a fire as was opened upon them.'

Futtehpur, which was dyed red with the guilt of rebellion, was given up to plunder. Then Havelock pushed on, and on the 15th again came in front of the enemy at Aong, strongly posted, and in great force. But no opposition could withstand the British advance. The enemy speedily fled, leaving behind them their tents, stores, carriage, and munitions of war. Bala Rao, the Nana's brother, made an attempt to defend the passage of the Pandu-nuddi. In vain; his soldiers broke and fled, and the conquerors were in full march upon Cawnpur.

They arrived on the 16th, too late to save, but not too late to avenge. After a fierce encounter with the Nana's forces, commanded by the Nana in person, they bivouacked within two miles from the British cantonment, and on the following morning made haste to occupy it. They had already learned the bitter truth that the captive women and children, whom they had hoped to deliver, were beyond the reach even of their strong arms and gallant hearts.

For on the afternoon of the 15th, whether in mad rage, or brutal fear, or lust of blood; whether because they believed the English cared only to rescue the prisoners, and would turn back on hearing that they were dead; or whether because they imagined that if all the captives were slain, the arch-offenders could not be identified on any future day of retribution, the Nana and his confederates resolved on the massacre of the

women and children. The necessary orders were given. The five male prisoners were dragged forth and killed before the Nana's eyes. Then a party of sepoy's was told off to shoot the women and children through the doors and windows of the prison-house. Strange to say, they revolted from the hideous task; and so a couple of Hindu peasants, a Mussulman in the maharaja's bodyguard, and a couple of Mohamedan butchers, armed with swords or long sharp knives, were sent into the fatal chambers, to hack and cut and stab, until all were dead or dying. The bloody work was over by nightfall; the screams ceased, but the groans lasted till morning.

When the sun had been up for three hours, the murderers, accompanied by a few sweepers, hastened to remove the bodies from the house of massacre to a dry well situated behind some neighbouring trees. 'They were dragged out,' says an eyewitness, 'most of them by the hair of the head. Those who had clothes worth taking were stripped. Some of the women were alive. I cannot say how many; but three could speak. They prayed for the sake of God that an end might be put to their sufferings. I remarked one very stout woman, a half-caste, who was severely wounded in both arms, who entreated to be killed. She and two or three others were placed against the bank of the cut by which bullocks go down in drawing water. The dead were first thrown in. Yes; there was a great crowd looking on; they were standing along the walls of the compound. They were principally city people and villagers. Yes; there were also sepoy's. Three boys were alive. They were fair children. The eldest, I think, must have been six or seven, and the youngest five years. They were running round the well (where else could they go to?), and there was none to save them. No; none said a word, or tried to save them.'

The chief author of all this misery, the infamous Nana Sahib, escaped the avenger's hand. From Cawnpur he fled to Bithûr, and thence, pursued by a ceaseless fear, passed across the Nepaulese marshes to wear out his days in want and anxiety and toil among the solitudes of the Himalayas. His end we know not; but it is allowable to suppose that in his later hours he was dogged by an ever-present remorse for the innocent blood he had so foully shed, and by a bitter sense of the failure of his wild projects of ambition.*

• 'Few of the Cawnpur mutineers,' says Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, 'survived to boast of their enterprise. Evil hunted these men to their overthrow. Those whom the halter and the bayonet spared had no reason to bless their exemption. . . . All who returned to their villages empty-handed were greeted by their indignant families with bitter and most just reproaches. They had been excellently provided for by the bounty of God and the Company; their pay secured them all the comforts which a Brahman may enjoy, and left the wherewithal to help less fortunate kinsmen: yet they flung away their advantages in wilful and selfish haste. They sinned alone and for their private ends; but alone they were not to suffer. They had changed the sahibs into demons, and had conjured up tenfold more of those demons than had hitherto been conceived to exist; they had called down untold calamities upon the quiet peasantry of their native land: and all this misery they had wrought in pursuit of the vision of a military empire. Let them return to the desert, there to feed without interruption on the contemplation of their power and pre-eminence. Such were the taunts with which they were driven forth again into the jungles: some to die by the claws of tigers, on whose lair they had intruded for refuge, or beneath the clubs of herdsmen whose cattle they had pilfered in the rage of hunger; others to wander about, drenched and famished, until amidst the branches of a tree into which they had climbed to seek safety from the hyænas and the ague, or on the sandy floor of a cave whither they had crept for shelter from the tempest, they found at once their death-bed and their sepulchre. The jackals alone can tell on what bush flutter the shreds of scarlet stuff which mark the spot where one of our revolted mercenaries has expiated his broken oath.'—G. O. TREVELYAN: *Cawnpore*, pp. 351, 352.

No one will pretend to feel any regret for the sufferings or the fate of the Cawnpur murderers, or will profess to doubt the justice of the severe chastisement meted out to the rebellious sepoy and their favourers or accomplices. But it is well known that our soldiers, and even our civilians, inflamed beyond measure by a sense of the wrong done to their countrymen and countrywomen, and of the danger to which our empire in India had been exposed, too often forgot the bounds between just retribution and savage vengeance, and involved the innocent and the guilty in one common doom. The suppression of the Mutiny was unhappily marked by deeds of reckless cruelty which the historian shudders to record.

As soon as order had been restored at Cawnpur, Havelock prepared to complete the work which had been intrusted to him, and march to the relief of the Europeans beleaguered by rebels at Lucknow. A strongly intrenched camp was thrown upon an elevated plateau near the river bank, and a garrison being placed in it, under Brigadier-general Neill, Havelock crossed the Ganges, with 1,500 men, and entered Oudh, where the whole population was in arms against us. Thenceforward his march was a series of desperate conflicts. On the 29th July, he met and routed a large body of the enemy at Onao. After this he pushed forward to Bussirutgunje, where he fought another battle, and gained another victory. But he soon saw that his force was inadequate to the enterprise he had undertaken, and on the 30th he fell back to Mungulwar, to await the arrival of reinforcements. In a day or two he made another attempt to penetrate Oudh, but after beating the sepoy at Burhiya, he was compelled to return and attack a large body of the enemy at Bithûr, on the 11th of August. Having gained a decisive victory, he stationed himself at Cawnpur, convinced that with his limited means he could not

effect the relief of Lucknow. To hold his own at Cawnpur, where cholera and other terrible diseases broke out, tested his powers of endurance to the uttermost, until the arrival of reinforcements in the middle of September. Troops began to pour into the camp, and with them came 'the Bayard of the Indian army,' Sir James Outram. He had been appointed to the command-in-chief, but with a chivalrous generosity refused to take it up until Havelock had finished the work so well begun, and forced his way into the capital of Oudh.

On the 19th of September, full of hope and energy, the British crossed the Ganges, and driving the enemy before them advanced into Oudh. On the 23rd they came in sight of Lucknow; and dividing into two columns, delivered a fierce attack, fighting their way into the city, through streets and lanes swept by an incessant fire of grapeshot and musket balls, and prevailing by sheer valour over the immense bodies of armed men who disputed their advance. The loss of the British was heavy, and included Brigadier Neill, a fine though impetuous soldier; but the relieving army reached the residency, and was eagerly welcomed by its little garrison.

The annexation of Oudh, one of the great measures of Lord Dalhousie, seemed justified by the anarchy which had long desolated that important province, and was supposed by the British authorities to be the only means of securing the deliverance of the people from the exactions of a profligate court and a tyrannical landed aristocracy. The stern strictness of English rule proved unwelcome, however, to all classes of the population; and when Sir Henry Lawrence was appointed to the commissionership of Oudh, his experienced eye soon detected the numerous elements of danger that were at work. His biographer tells us that he found the aris-

tocracy, the princes and the nobles of the land, who had been arbitrarily deprived of their estates, bowed down to the dust, keeping body and soul together, men and women alike of high birth, with the best blood in their veins, by selling their shawls and jewels after dark in the bazaars. He found the country agitated by large bodies of disbanded soldiery, and the peasantry in active sympathy with them. All that could be done he did to arrest the growth of rebellion, but it had already rooted itself deeply in the soil. In other parts of India, the disaffection too plainly existing in the spring of 1857 might be only military mutiny, a mere professional agitation, accidental and superficial; but in Oudh the grave symptoms were visible of a national insurrection. For it was obvious that the introduction of British rule had incited against us all the great territorial chiefs—feudal barons with large bodies of armed followers—and all the once powerful classes which had been maintained in wealth and luxury by the court of Lucknow. It was not less clear that the disbandment of the old native army of Oudh had dispersed over the country large numbers of lawless and violent men, who traced their ruin to the English usurpation. But still more evident was it that a large proportion of the sepoy army of Bengal was drawn from the small yeomanry of Oudh, that that province was indeed the home and nursery of our native soldiery, and that in every village resided numerous families who did not fail to sympathise with the malcontents of the Company's army, those malcontents being their sons and brothers.

When the storm burst in May, 1857, Sir Henry Lawrence at once comprehended the terrible character of the crisis, and, armed by Lord Canning with full military as well as civil power, he made the most vigorous efforts to avert its fatal consequences. He saw that, in all probability, the mutinous soldiery would rise in

Lucknow, and ably seconded by Mr. Gubbins and Captain Fletcher Hayes, he took prompt and energetic measures to provide for the safety of the European garrison. 'He got in all the treasure from the city and stations; bought up and stored grain and supplies of every kind, bought up all the supplies of the European shopkeepers; got the mortars and guns to the residency, got in the powder and small ammunition, all the shot and shell, and the heavy guns; had pits dug for the powder and grain, arranged for water supply, strengthened the residency, had outworks formed, cleared away all obstructions close up to the residency, and made every preparation for the worst; and when, after the fight at Chinhut, the mutineers closed in on the residency, and the whole population of the city and the province rose against us, they found the little garrison amply supplied with provisions, ammunition, and resources of every kind.' It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than between Cawnpur and Lucknow, Sir Hugh Wheeler and Sir Henry Lawrence.

As the month of June wore on, however, the Englishmen in Lucknow saw with deep regret that the burden of his responsibilities was weighing heavily on their noble chief, who from the very beginning of his employment in Oudh had been in a frail state of health. Unwilling to spare himself, always at his post, always doing his duty, he daily grew more feeble; and aware of this fact, he thoughtfully provided for future contingencies by appointing Major Banks to succeed him in the chief commissionership. A brief rest seemed to recruit him temporarily, and on the 30th of June he took command of a military force intended to disperse a large body of the enemy who had assembled at Chinhut, about twelve miles from the capital. Unfortunately the strength of the enemy had been under-estimated, and Lawrence took with him only

seven hundred men, one-half of whom were natives. On arriving in front of the enemy's position, he discovered that the plain between Ishmailganj and Chin-hut was one 'moving mass of men.' Hopelessly outnumbered and deserted by his native gunners, he had no resource but to retreat; and abandoning his guns and wounded, he fell back upon Lucknow, closely pursued by the exulting enemy. The disaster was a serious one, for a hundred and nineteen of his little body of English soldiers had been struck down by the tropical sun or the enemy's destructive fire.

The mutineers poured into the city and speedily closed around the residency and the Mutchi-Bhawan, the two English positions, occupying all the houses that commanded them, and maintaining a tremendous fire of musketry. Under cover of the midnight darkness the Mutchi-Bhawan was successfully evacuated, and the European force concentrated in the residency, the Mutchi-Bhawan being at the same time blown up, so as to render it unserviceable to the enemy. This took place on the 1st of July. On the following day the beleaguered garrison were deprived of their noble leader. The upper room which he occupied in the residency was exposed to a tremendous hurricane of shot and shell. On the 1st of July a shell burst within it, and the officers about Sir Henry endeavoured to persuade him to retire to a more sheltered part of the building. Unfortunately, from a conviction that it was the best spot from which to superintend the defence, he refused to remove. The gravity of the error thus committed was apparent on the morrow, for as he was lying on his couch, a shell burst beside him, shattering his thigh. That the wound was mortal he felt at once, and of Dr. Fayrer, his medical attendant, he inquired how long he had to live. The answer was, 'About three days.' Then he prepared for death, receiving

the Holy Communion, and addressing a few words of parting advice or affection to those in attendance upon him. The imperative necessity of defending the residency to the last, and of never capitulating, he constantly urged. 'Let every man,' he said, 'die at his post, but never make terms. God help the poor women and children!' He told the chaplain that he wished to be buried very privately, 'without any fuss,' buried in the same grave with any of the garrison who might die about the same time. And in a low voice he repeated the words he intended for his epitaph,— 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy upon him!'

He suffered much, but he had many intervals of rest; and weak as he was, he lingered on till the beginning of the second day after his wound, passing away at last with the calmness of a child falling to sleep, about 8 a.m., on the 4th of July. He was buried the same evening in a soldier's grave, leaving behind him a glorious and stainless memory, which must ever be one of his country's most precious inheritances.

'Not once or twice in our rough island story
The path of duty—'

has been for Lawrence, and for men like Lawrence,—

'—the path of glory.'

Having relieved the besieged residency and reinforced its heroic garrison, Havelock retired, leaving Sir James Outram in command. His force was insufficient to recapture Lucknow, and before he could take further measures for crushing the rebellion, he was compelled to await the approach of Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde), who at the head of a well-equipped army was rapidly marching towards the north-west provinces. He arrived at Cawnpur on the

3rd of November, and six days later encamped at Alumbagh, near Lucknow, where he remained a week, communicating with the residency garrison and Sir Henry Havelock, and concerting measures for the relief of the former. On the 16th he captured Secunderabagh after a sharp contest, and being joined by Havelock and his soldiers, attacked the rebels on the 18th, fighting his way into the city despite a most obstinate resistance. The struggle was renewed next day, but eventually the victory of the British was complete. Sir Colin was not strong enough to hold the city, and besides his army had other work to do. He therefore removed the entire body of Europeans and faithful natives in the residency, with their stores and treasure, and quitted Lucknow, undergoing little molestation from the rebels, on the 25th, leaving behind him the remains of the gallant and devoted Havelock, who on the previous day had died of dysentery, induced or aggravated by exposure, fatigue, and anxiety. He retired rapidly to Cawnpur, where in his absence the fortunes of the British had undergone a woeful change. General Windham, who had been left in command, had been defeated with great loss in a vigorous and unfortunate attack upon the Gwalior rebels; and the latter, flushed with success, had pushed forward and occupied part of Cawnpur. On the 28th Sir Colin drove them out, and he then proceeded to strengthen the defences of the town, and to provide for the safety of the women and children whom he had brought from Lucknow; after which he went in pursuit of the Gwalior mutineers, overtook them, and defeated them heavily on the 6th of December.

By this time large reinforcements had arrived from England, and been pushed forward to the front. A naval brigade, under Captain Sir William Peel, of the *Stirling*, had been formed, and admirable service it

rendered with the 'big guns,' displaying a wonderful coolness under fire, and preserving in the most arduous circumstances the British seaman's characteristic joviality. In February, 1858, Sir Colin Campbell, with an army fit to go anywhere and do anything, undertook the pacification of Oudh. Lucknow was invested on the 8th, and after a tremendous artillery fire, was carried by a succession of assaults (in one of which perished the gallant trooper, Major Hodson, of Hodson's Horse), extending over several days (March 16th to 19th). A severe chastisement was inflicted on the rebels, and the British flag once more waved from the ramparts of Lucknow.

The neck of the rebellion was broken, and the movable columns which had been organised under such capable leaders as Rose, Roberts, Hope Grant, Whitelock, and Mitchell speedily hunted down the mutineers in various parts of the country and re-established British authority, with the concurrence of the leading native princes and population of India. If our limits permitted, it would be interesting to trace the skilful movements of Sir Hugh Rose (now Lord Strathnairn) in Central India, and to describe his capture of Jhansi, on the 6th of April. Or we might tell of the victories of Koonah and Calpi; the defeat and death of the heroic but misguided Rani of Jhansi (June 17th), who headed her troops in the open field; and of the recapture of Gwalior, and the restoration of the Maharaja Scindia (June 19th), who, throughout the darkest days of the Mutiny, remained faithful to the British cause.

The later incidents of the rebellion may be chronologically arranged as follows:—

Tantia Topi, who displayed considerable skill and pertinacity as a guerilla leader, was defeated by General Mitchell, near Rajghur, September 15th.

Subjugation of Oudh completed, November 30th.

Tantia Topi defeated at Guzerat, November 25th.

Ferozeshah joins Tantia Topi, and the two maintain a desultory warfare, in which they were defeated by our troops whenever they could be brought to bay, until Tantia Topi was encircled by a belt of steel, and his followers, seeing further resistance to be useless, dispersed in all directions, towards the end of February, 1859.

Captured on the 7th of April, Tantia Topi was hanged on the 18th.

The Begum of Oudh, who, with the Nana, had got together an army of desperadoes, was defeated by General Horsford, February 10th. The Nana was pursued by Sir Hope Grant, and defeated in the Jorwah Pass on the 23rd of May. Retreating to the borders of Nepaul, he remained at the head of a small force as late as October; after which, it is supposed he escaped into Tibet.

The Mutiny, which began in May, 1857, was crushed out by May, 1859. One important result was the dissolution of the East India Company as a governing body, and the direct assumption by the Crown of the government of India (September 1st, 1859).

The Order of the Star of India, instituted on the 25th of June, 1861, and the title of 'Empress of India,' added to the time-honoured dignities of Her Majesty in 1877, may be regarded as external signs of that intimate connection between the Crown and our Indian Empire, which sprang from the Sepoy Rebellion.

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